WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT A DRUNK? By the Author of "The Lost Weekend"

Hearst's International combined with

Cosmopolitan

may 35¢

The New Novel by

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

★

Louis Bromfield · Ben Hecht
A. A. Milne · Robert Carson
Rex Beach · Jack Dempsey

He's home again! Nothing like American women! No colors like Revlon "American originals" to idealize American beauty!

Take it from a man! **Revlon's** *new color* Nail Enamel • Lipstick • Face Powder

"Bachelor's Carnation"

breaks all the rules!

What's *this*? The one color that defies convention—*imaginative*—like the new fashions! A capricious *carmine*... with a tender passion... plucked from the heart of *his* carnation... turns *siren* on *your* matching lips and fingertips. And suddenly... it's spring! "Bachelor's Carnation" Face Powder breaks all the rules, too. *Packed* with beauty surprise! All *this*...and that incredible Revlon "stay-on" power!

"The handsomest things!"
"Bachelor's Carnation" Match Box set 1.75 Face Powder 1.00 *Plus Tax*

COPYRIGHT 1946, REVLON PRODUCTS CORP.

Note striking family resemblance between Mother, Jimmie and Ronnie—around the mouth, especially! Those sparkling three-of-a-kind smiles are proof that the Allen teeth and gums get proper care. For Mother knows that today's soft, creamy foods don't give gums the exercise they need—that Ipana is specially designed, with massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

How a Model Mother became a Star Model

Her sparkling smile made camera fan Genevieve Allen a camera star

"ALL I wanted, really, was to learn photography, my husband's hobby," insists lovely Mrs. Charles Allen of Beverly Hills.

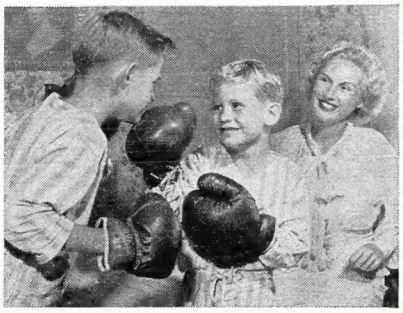
"But photographers told me that a smile like mine belonged in *front* of the camera. So I became a glamour gal—*me*, with Jimmie 8 years old and Ronnie 4!"

Now, Genevieve Allen knows what every successful model knows—the importance of a sparkling smile. So she's making sure her young sons guard their future smiles, too, by following her own dental routine: *Regular brushing followed by gum massage with extra Ipana Tooth Paste.*

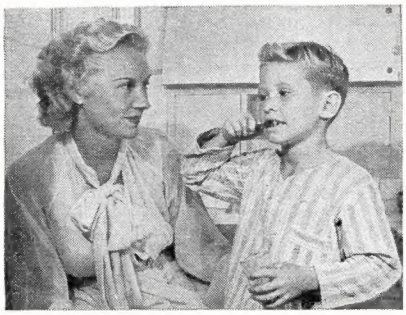
Mrs. Allen's dental care *must* be a good one—it's based on the very same theme that thousands of dentists and schools are teaching today—a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

Product of Bristol-Myers

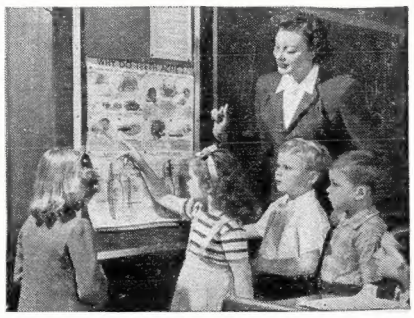
Start Today with
Ipana and Massage



A fight in the family as Mother referees, to be followed by the other half of nightly workout—on teeth and gums with Ipana. For neglected gums often herald their warning with "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to *see your dentist.* He may suggest, as so many do, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



This way to a handsome smile. Trust a "model" mother to safeguard the future smile of her son. She sees to it that after Ronnie brushes his teeth vigorously, he massages a little extra clean-tasting Ipana on his gums to speed up needed circulation and help keep gums from becoming soft and tender.



If parents went to school today, they'd learn what so many children already know—the value of gum massage. For proper care of teeth and gums is taught in thousands of classrooms. A nationwide survey shows 7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage and prefer Ipana 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice *for their own use!*

Picture of the Month

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

A. J. CRONIN'S

"THE GREEN YEARS"

CHARLES COBURN

TOM DRAKE · BEVERLY TYLER · HUME CRONYN

GLADYS COOPER · DEAN STOCKWELL

RICHARD HAYDN

Screen play by Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien

Directed by.....VICTOR SAVILLE

Produced by.....LEON GORDON

Sometimes we wish we were a novelist—just for the sheer thrill we would get from seeing our words brought magically to life on the screen. As, for instance, M-G-M has just done with A. J. Cronin's modern romantic masterpiece, "The Green Years".

If we had written "The Green Years", we would remember creating the character of young Robert Shannon—handsome, sensitive, fighting a hostile world. And then, in a hushed and darkened theatre, Robert Shannon would stand before us, the living image of what we had envisioned. And Alison, Robert's sweetheart, loveliest of all our heroines. And Grandfather Gow, as rollicking a rogue as ever caroused across the screen. And with them, a whole galaxy of fascinating characters.

What enchantment there would be for us in seeing how M-G-M transformed our best-remembered scenes into pictures! The lovers' first kiss...young Robert's struggle against a friendless town...Grandpa Gow returning after a four-day carousal to learn that he was a "suicide", and that his ghoulish in-laws were already planning the division of the life-insurance spoils.

And, if we were that famous novelist seeing our story live on the screen, we'd hand a few laurels to those who made it possible: to Charles Coburn for a memorable performance as "Dandie" Gow; to Tom Drake for his splendid portrayal of Robert; to Beverly Tyler (in her first, and very impressive, featured role), as the lovely Alison. And certainly to Director Victor Saville and Producer Leon Gordon, and to a fine supporting cast: Hume Cronyn, Gladys Cooper, Dean Stockwell, Selena Royle, Jessica Tandy, and Richard Haydn.

Yes, if we were A. J. Cronin, we'd be very happy to see "The Green Years" transformed by M-G-M into a truly fine motion picture that retains all the beauty, warmth and romance of the best-selling book.

Hearst International combined with

Cosmopolitan

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

ARTHUR GORDON, *Editor*

RICHARD E. BERLIN, *Exec. Vice-President*

HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE *Articles* · JOE McCARTHY *Articles* · LOUELLA STILL *Make-up*

DALE EUNSON *Fiction* · JOHN J. O'CONNELL *Articles* · PERCY WAXMAN *Fiction*

ELISE HENNING *Fiction* · ALICE SHERIDAN *Fiction* · EDMOND WITALIS *Art*

may 1946 VOL. 120, NO. 5

THE BLUE RIBBON STORY

The Terrified Doctor . . . . . *Ben Hecht* 66

NOVELETTE

The Victims . . . . . *George Zuckerman* 42

SIX SHORT STORIES

A Piece of Cake . . . . . *Alec Rackowe* 28
The Wine Glass . . . . . *A. A. Milne* 30
The Marvelous Adventure of Sidney J. Nealy . . *Charles Mergendahl* 36
The Incredible Annalee . . . . . *Robert Carson* 40
The Words and the Music . . . . . *Elva Williams* 50
The Wisdom of Eve . . . . . *Mary Orr* 72

THREE SERIALS

Then and Now (Part I) . . . . . *W. Somerset Maugham* 23
Lucky Streak (Conclusion) . . . . . *Laura Z. Hobson* 56
Woman on Her Way (Conclusion) . . . . . *Faith Baldwin* 76

EIGHT ARTICLES

What's So Funny about a Drunk? . . . . . *Charles Jackson* 26
Dear Mr. President . . . . . *Oscar Schisgall* 34
Food from Under the Sea . . . . . *Rex Beach* 35
Will Conn Beat Louis? . . . . . *Jack Dempsey* 38
Crash Detectives . . . . . *Luther Davis* 48
Hawaii: 49th State? . . . . . *Clark Lee* 54
Cosmopolitan's Movie Citations of the Month . . *Louella O. Parsons* 70
The Big Money . . . . . *Louis Bromfield* 78

TWELVE SPECIAL FEATURES

What's Going On . . . . . *The Editors* 4
Bonus for Babies . . . . . *William F. McDermott* 6
The Cosmopolite of the Month: Constance Babington-Smith . . . . . *John O. Rennie* 8
Judgment Day . . . . . *Hinda Gould* 11
Cosmopolitan's Male-Tested Fashions . . . . . *Hinda Gould* 12
Too Perfect . . . . . *Edward D. Radin* 16
Can You Recognize These Foods? . . . . . *Cosmopolitan Quiz* 18
This Month's Cover Girl 21
The Story of the Blarney Stone . . . . . *Robert Gibbings* 84
Both Sides of the Question . . . . . *Dorothy Marcus* 96
Everybody Has a Next of Kin . . . . . *Helen Hall* 124
Educational Guide 208

THE PHOTO STORY

How Not to Dance . . . . . *Grace and Paul Hartman* 59

Cover Design, "Jennifer Jones," by Bradshaw Crandell

COSMOPOLITAN IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HEARST MAGAZINES INC., 57TH STREET AT EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N. Y., U. S. A. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, PRESIDENT; RICHARD E. BERLIN, EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT; JOHN R. HEARST, VICE-PRESIDENT; A. S. MOORE, VICE-PRESIDENT; F. H. McHUGH, VICE-PRESIDENT; R. H. BACHMAN, VICE-PRESIDENT; HARRY M. DUNLAP, VICE-PRESIDENT; FRED LEWIS, TREASURER; R. F. McCAULEY, SECRETARY.

COPYRIGHT 1946, BY HEARST MAGAZINES INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED UNDER TERMS OF THE FOURTH AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION OF ARTISTIC AND LITERARY COPYRIGHT.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: UNITED STATES AND POSSESSIONS, $3.50 FOR ONE YEAR, $5.50 FOR TWO YEARS, $7.50 FOR THREE YEARS. CANADA $4.00 FOR ONE YEAR. PAN-AMERICAN COUNTRIES AND SPAIN $4.50 FOR ONE YEAR. OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES $5.50 FOR ONE YEAR. SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS FOUR WEEKS' NOTICE IS REQUIRED. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, CANADA. MANUSCRIPTS MUST BE TYPEWRITTEN AND WILL NOT BE RETURNED UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY SUFFICIENT POSTAGE. COSMOPOLITAN ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR THEIR SAFETY.

What's ahead for *Sweet Sixteen?*

It all depends . . .

So much happiness, so much opportunity—if she's careful.

So much trouble, so much failure—if she isn't.

Whether it's marriage you're after, or a career, or both—always put your best foot forward.

Above all, don't make the ghastly mistake of taking your breath for granted.

That's one matter you never can be sure about.

And there's nothing like a case of halitosis (unpleasant breath) to start you off with two strikes against you.

Why take unnecessary chances on offending when Listerine Antiseptic provides such an easy, effective and wholly delightful precaution?

Almost at once it makes your breath sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend.

Get into the habit of using Listerine morning and night and between times, before any date where you wish to be at your best.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces.

Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Almost immediately your breath is fresher, sweeter —less likely to offend.

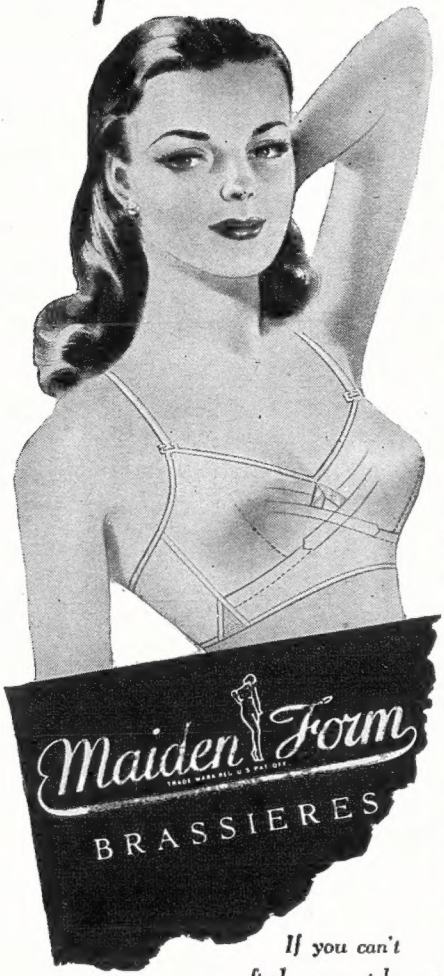
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *for Oral Hygiene*

Hire a Veteran

Surest thing you know . . .

they're genuine if you see this Trade Mark



If you can't find your style at first, try again! Dealers receive supplies monthly. Send for free folders: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York 16

"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

What's ? Going On

With somewhat pardonable pride, we call your attention to **Al Parker's** frontispiece portrait of the young Machiavelli which opens **W. Somerset Maugham's Then and Now,** a novel about that memorable character and his era, on page 23 of this month's Cosmopolitan. The illustration, like the novel, isn't the kind of thing you usually find in a popular magazine. It looks more like an aged painting from a gallery in Venice or Florence, and if you think Mr. Parker had an easy time creating that effect, you're mistaken. As a matter of fact, the mere assignment to paint a picture of Machiavelli as a young man wasn't easy. There are no paintings of Machiavelli, young or old or middle-aged, for an artist to use as a guide. At least there weren't until Mr. Parker did this one for Cosmopolitan.

a parker

When Cosmopolitan and Mr. Parker decided to illustrate the Maugham novel with this medieval style portrait they agreed that it ought to look like **Bellini's** famous **Portrait of a Young Man.** The next problem was to make it also look like Machiavelli. Mr. Parker took the only available Machiavellian likeness, a reproduction of a piece of sculpture done in the master politician's middle age, and transferred it to his canvas with black hair and other rejuvenating touches. Then he took infinite pains to give the painting an ancient flavor. He cracked the canvas and even worked some real mildew into it. The painting, however, wouldn't have had the completely real old Italian appearance without the ornate Venetian frame. Luckily, that was no problem for Mr. Parker. He collects frames, and he had just what he needed right in his own home.

Entering into the spirit of the thing, Mr. PARKER signed the painting in capital letters like Bellini instead of using his own familiar trademark, "*a parker*," in lower-case script. If you'll notice the signature on the other Parker illustration for the Maugham story, the big one spreading across Pages 24 and 25, you'll see that he puts his own name there in his usual style. That's because the second illustration is modern Parker in mood despite its medieval setting. The second illustration took more research than the portrait; it involved a lot of study of the rings, dresses and furniture of the Machiavelli period. Incidentally, Mr. Parker, or almost any other top-flight magazine illustrator, prefers working on a costume job like the Maugham assignment to a modern-dress story where the big emotional scenes are laid in a swanky night club or a Park Avenue penthouse. He feels that a medieval background is more challenging, and also more fun, to paint.

According to the best available information, **Then and Now** will be the sixty-third book Mr. Maugham has authored. He first broke into print back in 1897 in London with a novel called *Liza of Lambeth.* Since then he has produced thirty-one books of fiction—either novels or short-story collections—five books of travel writing and essays, twenty-four plays and his book of critical memoirs *The Summing Up.* There are also two books of his collected plays in the libraries, and he has edited three anthologies and Sir Charles Hawtrey's *The Truth at Last.* Mr. Maugham shows no sign of retiring. At the moment he is working on his sixty-fourth book and planning to spend the summer in Europe after wintering in South Carolina. (*Continued on page 14*)

Hire a Veteran

FOR YOUR LIBRARY

Free copies

as a new member of the

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

Grimms' Fairy Tales

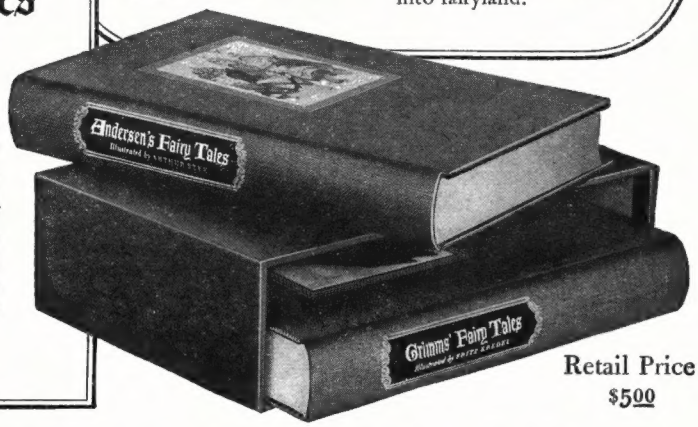
Illustrated by Fritz Kredel

IN the tales of the Brothers Grimm, the child and adult meet on common ground. Here, vividly retold, is the folklore which in itself is the very story of humankind. Mr. Kredel's many beautiful watercolors, and delicate and fanciful line drawings, are magic casements opening into fairyland.

Andersen's Fairy Tales

Illustrated by Arthur Szyk

THE tales of Hans Christian Andersen appeal forever to the essential child in all of us. Now Arthur Szyk has illustrated this new edition with a wealth of color and fancy. *Andersen's Fairy Tales* has always been a household necessity; Mr. Szyk has made the present edition a household treasure.

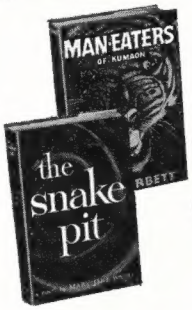


Retail Price
$5.00

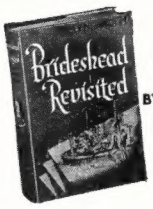
THE KIND OF BOOKS CHOSEN BY THE CLUB'S FIVE JUDGES

Begin your subscription **WITH ANY ONE OF THEM**

ARCH OF TRIUMPH
BY ERICH MARIA REMARQUE
Price to members
$2.75



MAN-EATERS OF KUMAON
BY JIM CORBETT
and
THE SNAKE PIT
BY MARY JANE WARD
(double selection)
Combined price to members
$3.00



BRIDESHEAD REVISITED
BY EVELYN WAUGH
$2.50

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
Price to members
$3.00

TO JOIN THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

SIGNING and mailing the coupon enrolls you. You pay no fixed sum as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and obligate yourself for no fixed term. *You pay for each book as you receive it,* no more than the publisher's retail price, and frequently much less. (A small charge is added to cover postage and other mailing expenses.)

As a member you receive a careful prepublication report about each book-of-the-month (and at the same time reports about all other important new books). If you want the book-of-the-month, you let it come. If not, you specify some other book you want, or simply write, "Send me nothing." With every two books-of-the-month you buy, you receive, free, a valuable book-dividend like the two books offered above. Last year the retail value of books given to Club members was over $9,000,000.

Your only obligation as a member is to buy no fewer than four books-of-the-month in any twelve-month period, and you can cancel your subscription any time after doing so. (*Prices are slightly higher in Canada.*)

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB A345
385 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive free copies of ANDERSENS'S FAIRY TALES and GRIMMS' FAIRY TALES, and for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club, I am to receive, free, the current book-dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month from the Club each full year I am a member, and I may cancel my subscription any time after purchasing four such books from the Club.

Name..... (Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. (if any) ....

State.....

Begin My Subscription With..... (choose one of the selections shown above)

.....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Limited.

Hire a Veteran

INSIDE ★ Paramount

Published Here Every Month

MILLAND IS JUST GRAND . . .

'Ray for Milland, the Oscar winning Movie Man of the Year, who follows up his brilliant "The Lost Weekend" performance by turning to the lighter side of life in a role that ought to win a laughter prize!

. . . BUT SONNY'S HER HONEY!

It's a fun-filled comedy hit that welcomes back, after two long years, all the vivacious charms of glamorous Olivia DeHavilland. With Ray and that swell smoothie, Sonny Tufts, to choose between, Olivia's up to her pretty ears in riotous romance.

★ ★ ★

Better start laughing now, so you'll be in practice when

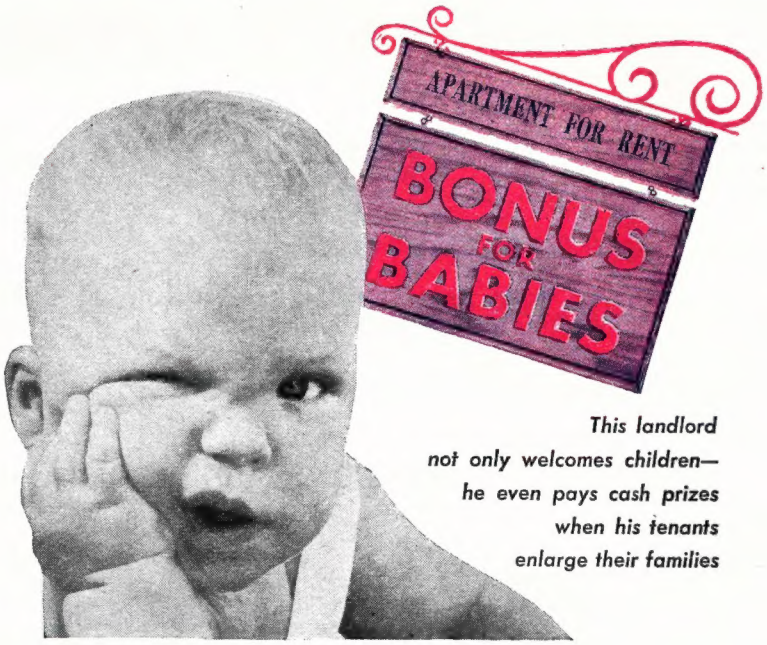
"The Well Groomed Bride"

hits a new high for hilarity at your favorite theatre!

★ ★ ★

It was made just for fun by Director Sidney Lanfield . . . and what could be more fitting than fun when Spring is here?

Paramount Pictures



This landlord not only welcomes children—he even pays cash prizes when his tenants enlarge their families

CLEVELAND has a one-man population promoter. Owner of one hundred apartments, he not only welcomes babies among his tenants, but also pays a bonus for them—a twenty-five dollar war bond for the first, fifty for the second, one hundred for the third, and so on. He makes a standing offer of the gift of the whole building in which it resides to the family that produces quintuplets. To date, he has subsidized fifty-seven babies to the tune of more than fifteen hundred dollars.

He is Henry Solomon, fifty-five-year-old immigrant from Czechoslovakia, who made his way to this country at seventeen on a ten-dollar bill, landing in Cleveland with only ten cents. Now he is Ohio representative for an insurance company.

A figurative slap in the face, given him in his early married life by a "No Children Wanted" landlord, launched him on his unusual career of subsidizing his baby tenants.

In 1923, Henry and his wife, Bertha, found a suite of rooms, rentable on a monthly basis, and made a deposit. When he came back to sign the lease, he carried his chubby, three-year-old daughter in his arms.

"You didn't tell me you had a child!" the landlord said angrily. "No cats, dogs, or children are allowed in these apartments. If you insist on moving in, your rent will be increased ten dollars next month, twenty dollars the next, forty dollars the next, doubling each time."

Solomon took back his deposit, but resolved to save money and buy an apartment building.

By 1926, the Solomons had saved three thousand dollars, and made a down payment on an eight-flat structure.

Within a few weeks, one of the renters came to Solomon, saying, "I'll have to move soon; my wife's about to have a baby, and I imagine you won't stand for children."

Solomon said, "The apartment is yours as long as you want it, and your child will be welcome."

When the baby arrived, Solomon sent flowers to the mother and a five-dollar gold piece to the father.

Later he raised the ante to ten dollars for the first child, doubling the amount for each succeeding youngster. After the war began, he started using bonds. "I was one of sixteen happy youngsters," Solomon told me. "Therefore, I have notified all my tenants that I will subsidize any number of children they have up to sixteen!"

A fellow statistician in the insurance business figured that the sixteenth child would bring his parents $819,200 in bonds, while the total payments for all sixteen would add up to $1,638,375. Solomon is willing to take his chance on meeting that bill personally, but he has taken out insurance with Lloyd's of London to cover the deeding of the building to possible "new Dionnes."

Says the landlord, "I have never had a tenant double-cross me, cheat me out of a dime, or try to beat the rent. I find people are both decent and grateful and give more in return than I give them. When the door was slammed in my face, I determined to prove that courtesy and thoughtfulness in housing families is better business, as well as a most satisfying experience. I feel I have done so."

Several hundred families agree that "Uncle Henry," trail-blazing landlord, is on the right track.

BY WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

Hire a Veteran

Longines

The World's Most Honored Watch

Throughout the world, no other name on a watch means so much as Longines, winner of 10 world's fair grand prizes and 28 gold medals; honored for accuracy in aviation, navigation, sports, and all fields of precise timing; now, as pre-war, sold and serviced by leading jewelers all over the globe

Product of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co.

New York Montreal Geneva

THE LONGINES SYMPHONETTE, MISHEL PIASTRO, CONDUCTOR • ON LEADING RADIO STATIONS COAST-TO-COAST

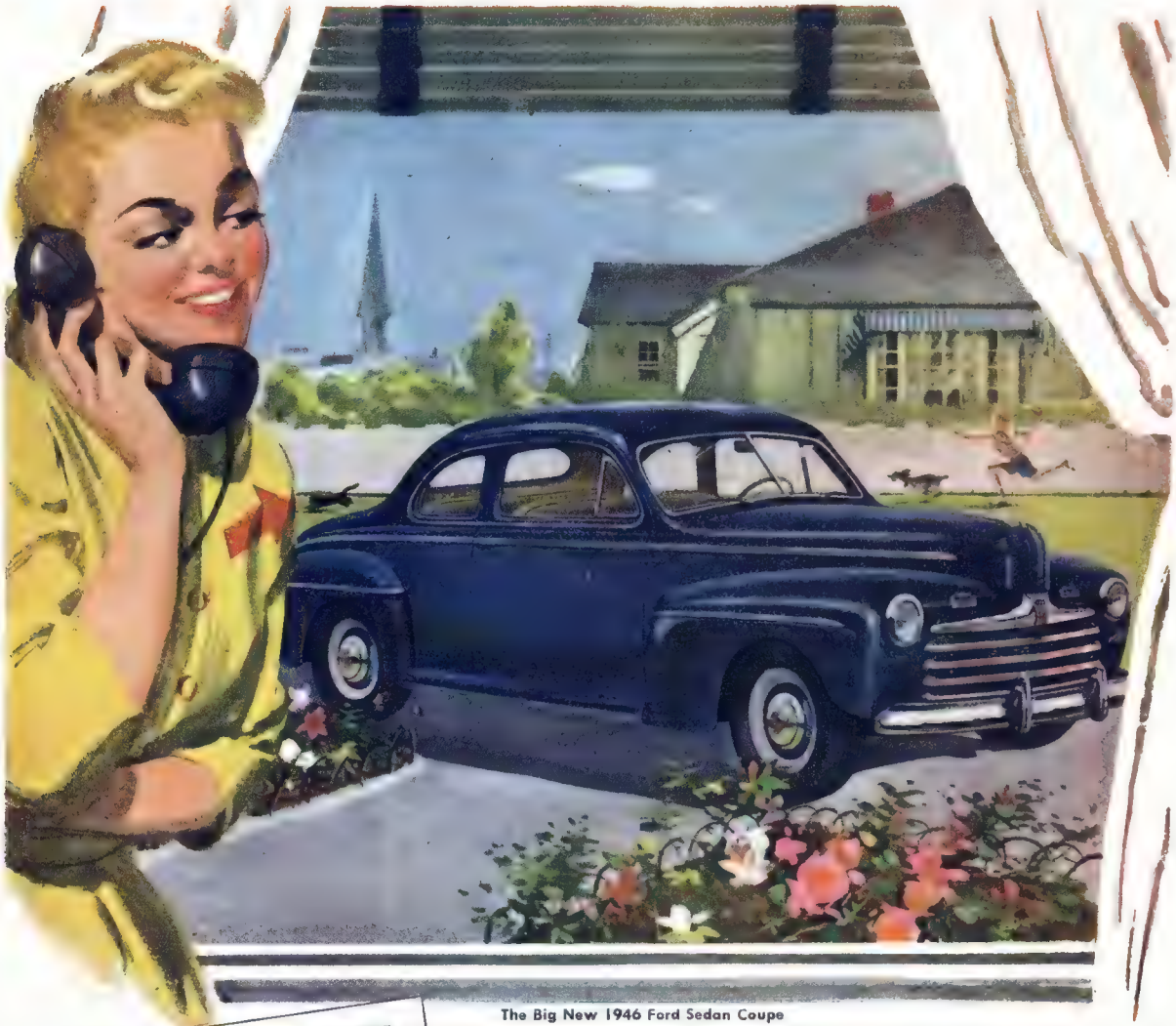
CONSTANCE BABINGTON-SMITH

THE COSMOPOLITE OF THE MONTH

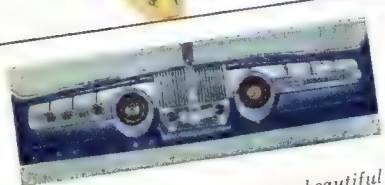
IF ANY ONE person was responsible for the failure of the Germans to attack the Eastern coast of the United States with flying bombs and rockets, it was probably Constance Babington-Smith, a British girl who served as an officer in the WAAF and worked in a photographic interpretation unit. One night in 1943 she discovered a tiny white smudge, which proved to be one of the first V1's, in an aerial photo of Peenemunde. Her report and the raid that followed, according to American ordnance experts, set back Nazi V-weapon production six months. It also killed eight hundred top German scientists and may have slowed whatever progress Germany was making with the atomic bomb. "Babs," who used to design hats and write verse in England, now works for a New York picture magazine. She was recently decorated with the Legion of Merit by Major General Frederick Anderson.

BY JOHN O. RENNIE

FORD'S OUT FRONT in style, too!



The Big New 1946 Ford Sedan Coupe



You have never seen a more beautiful instrument panel! And you have never seen a more colorful two-toned interior than you'll find in the new Ford!

Whatever model you choose, the big new 1946 Ford car is a streamlined beauty from the newly styled grille to the rugged rear bumper! And there's refreshing new elegance inside, too. Rich fabrics! Restful seats! A new instrument panel, smartly decorated with plastic trim!

For performance, Ford is the only car in the low-priced field with a 100 horsepower V-type, 8-cylinder engine (the type used in America's costliest cars) . . . the only car that gives you the safety of such big, oversized, self-centering, hydraulic brakes! See it at your Ford dealer's!

There's a Ford *in your future*

TUNE IN . . .

The FORD-Bob Crosby Show—CBS, Wednesdays, 9:30-10 P. M., E. S. T.
The FORD Sunday Evening Hour—ABC, Sundays, 8-9 P. M., E. S. T.

Very personally yours

the cushioned softness of Kotex*—the sanitary napkin made for lasting comfort

Comfort and confidence are always yours . . . with Kotex! For it's made to stay soft while wearing – made to hold its shape. Its extra comfort is only one of many special Kotex features that are all *very personally yours.*

To prevent revealing outlines, Kotex has flat, tapered ends that don't show. So, your secret's safe!

What's more, Kotex is made with an exclusive safety center—designed for plus-protection against accidents, against roping and twisting– against moist, chafing edges.

A deodorant in every Kotex napkin

As an extra safeguard for your daintiness, your poise, every Kotex napkin contains a deodorant. It's locked in so it can't shake out— a new Kotex "extra" at no extra cost! . . . And only Kotex provides 3 sizes for different women, different days — Regular in the blue box, Junior in the green box, and Super Kotex in the brown box.

More women choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

COSMOPOLITAN'S MALE-TESTED FASHIONS

judgment day

Cosmopolitan's "Male-Tested Fashions" jury met for a second time to refute the mistaken impression that men are not interested in or expert at fashion. Our distinguished jury for May, shown below left to right, Raymond Loewy, industrial designer; Tod Draz, guest illustrator; Zachary Scott, recent filmdom find; Bennett Cerf, publisher and author; and Robert Carson, noted author, had as their assignment the judgment of hats. The jury vetoed more than a dozen and voted for four. See the winners on the following pages.

The jury in toto deciding the fate of your summer bonnet. Serious? You bet they are.

Before the jury convened. Eve Siegel of Warner Bros. amuses Tod Draz, our guest illustrator, Alex Ross, whose work is on page 42, and Zachary Scott.

They smile approvingly as a winning hat passes in revue.

A difficult decision is not left to eenie meenie minie mo—our judges really do a keen analytical job.

Hinda Gould

Don't miss page 211

The Best Way to Get Started

WRITING FOR MAGAZINES

Develop the writing habit under the personal direction of an experienced writer or editor

THE Magazine Institute, a private school completely owned and operated by successful editors and writers, offers a series of fascinating assignments designed to get you started and keep you writing. They are sent regularly to your home, where you work on them in spare time. They give you a chance to polish your style the way professional writers polished theirs—by writing continually.

You may concentrate on either short story or article work, advancing as rapidly as your ability warrants. Every assignment you submit is returned with detailed criticism.

SUCCESSFUL WRITERS SHOW YOU THE TRICKS OF THE TRADE

Every Magazine Institute instructor is a writer or editor of *magazine* experience. The course was prepared by men and women who have made a success of the business of writing, whose stories and articles you have read in national magazines. You deal personally with your instructor, asking as many questions as you like, receiving his frank and friendly comments on each assignment, learning from him just what you need to do to fit your work to the demands of the modern magazine market. He suggests outlets for you, shows you where the beginning writer has the best chance.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG TODAY

The *free* catalog, offering a detailed description of the Magazine Institute plan of *modern* help to writers, telling about opportunities for writers, and identifying the writers and editors who serve as instructors, will be sent on request. Inquirers will also receive "The Best Job in the World" listing unsolicited testimonials from successful graduates. (The Magazine Institute does not use paid testimonials) Fill in the coupon below and mail it *today*.

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, Inc.
Dept. 235-D, 50 Rockefeller Plaza
Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

Please send your free catalog, without obligation, to:

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

. . . . . .

(Inquiries confidential. No salesman will call)

BY *Marion Vallé*

With summer prints and sheer black, a hat unanimous in its male acceptance.

BY *Alice May*

Our jury liked this simple cloche with cottons because it is so fresh and young.

BY *Sally Victor*

The boys say this must come off in the theater, but they voted it the most eye-compelling.

COSMOPOLITAN'S

MALE-TESTED Fashions

BY Leddie Northridge

This hat, they agreed was absolute whistle bait.

Women's hats for years have been an endless well—continually supplying milliners with healthy incomes, writers with material for gags, and men with openings for conversations. And it is well known that a flimsy bit of fabric whipped into something charming to cover the head has helped boost the morale of many a woman at crucial times. Don't ask us why—we just know that often when a woman feels low she buys a new hat. And that more often than not men recognize the season's change by the shift in headgear before they notice the leaves on the trees.

Before our "Male-Tested Fashions" jury convened to select the hats they liked the most, we had heard many conflicting versions of the kind of hats men were supposed to like best. Large ones, we were told. Veils and flowers, some experts said. Tailored and severe, others reflected.

Today male-reactions need no longer be the subject of guess, speculation or surmise, for if our jury's taste is representative—and we believe it is—these preconceived notions should be shattered by the facts. The gentlemen fooled us every time. They were hardly so set in their ways as the "authorities" would have you believe. We thought it was especially interesting that not one of the flower-laden bonnets we showed got a single vote. "They look too Eastery," they told us; and then added that summer hats ought to look cool and uncluttered. Only one large picture hat—and we showed them several—received our jury's benediction.

One member of the jury, Tod Draz, a famous fashion illustrator, volunteered what we believe is a sage piece of advice. He suggested that inasmuch as more time is spent walking and standing than sitting, hats should be selected while standing in front of a full-length mirror in order that one might see them as they are most often seen by others. Another member, Bob Carson, who wrote THE INCREDIBLE ANNA-LEE, on page 40 of this issue, suggested that a hat shouldn't be considered as just "pretty," but rather in terms of how much it complemented or completed a costume—in other words, did it appreciably add to the total effect?

Some of the hats we were so certain would arouse the wolf cry went almost unnoticed. When we asked why, Zachary Scott, whom you will remember as a sly one in MILDRED PIERCE, and as a struggling farmer in THE SOUTHERNER, said they looked too garish, and Bennett Cerf, author of TRY AND STOP ME, felt they were impractical and would never fit in a subway, bus or trolley car. Raymond Loewy, industrial designer best known for his work on automobiles and trains, nodded his head in accord and then turned to endorse the more streamlined bonnets.

In all, May's jury was a most discerning and delightful group. Its members were definite in their final selections. And now that we have the benefit of their advice and selections, it ill behooves any woman to select a bonnet without thinking of the reaction of her very own male tester. That's the way to avoid that scornful, "Where didja get *that* hat!"

HINDA GOULD

Be sure to see page 214 for details

Left to right: Robert Carson, Bennett Cerf, Zachary Scott, Tod Draz, Raymond Loewy.

New G-E Alarm Clock wakes you "as you like it"!

The HERALDER, with luminous hands and hour dots.

The amazing new Heralder, with "Select-A-Larm" brings you a brand-new feature—*volume control!*

This unique feature (first time on *any* alarm clock) enables you to set the alarm to your own individual taste. For instance . . .

Feather-light sleepers like to "come to" gradually. The Heralder's thoughtful feature "hums" these touch-and-go sleepers awake *softly, pleasantly.*

But the Heralder's "Select-A-Larm" turns out the "sleep-like-a-log" folks with a clear, loud, unmistakable call. *Tuned up*, there's just no ignoring it!

The operation of the Heralder is simplicity itself. Just set it, plug it in. The self-starting electric motor takes over from then on!

The new Heralder is an outstandingly fine clock in itself, with all the features that have made G-E Clocks the standard of quality:

Accurate—Electrically checked and regulated by your Power Company to correspond with official Arlington time.

Dependable—Sealed-in-oil construction needs no oiling.

Quiet—No "ticktock" to distract you from sleep.

Thrifty—Year after year of service—for *only a penny a week!*

For waking "as you like it" . . . for a sensational value . . . for long, accurate service, buy the Heralder with "Select-A-Larm" feature. General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

General Electric Clocks

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Hire a Veteran

(*Continued from page 4*)

"I am a person more inclined to look forward than to look back," he says. "I have settled with myself what books (not many) I propose to write in the future and have made my plans so that I may finish them while I can reasonably expect with the aid of common sense and the care of good doctors still to possess the powers, such as they are, which I have inherited from nature and developed by application."

That photographic whirlwind of skyscrapers behind the Austin Briggs' illustration for Charles Mergendahl's *The Marvelous Adventure of Sidney J. Nealy* on Pages 36 and 37 is something you ought to try with your handy pocket-sized camera on a Sunday afternoon. It was done by Ralph Steiner on Wall Street, New York. He used a 180-degree-angle lens, making the picture by placing his camera on the sidewalk and aiming it straight upward. If you did this in a room, the picture would show not only the whole four walls and the ceiling but also the floor, believe it or not.

Charles Jackson

As he explains on page 26, the audience reaction to the movie version of his novel, **The Lost Weekend,** annoys **Charles Jackson** no end. He is also not at all amused by those Lost Weekend jokes that are currently making the rounds. Sample: a confirmed alcoholic sits uncomfortably through the showing of the Ray Milland picture. Shuddering with revulsion he gropes his way out into the daylight and takes a deep breath of fresh air. "From now on," he mutters, "*I'm going to swear off movies.*" Jackson is writing a second novel in the seclusion of his country home, which is known as Six Chimney Farm. It is located in New Hampshire but if you want to reach him on the telephone, you have to call an exchange in Vermont.

George Zuckerman

Columbia has purchased the screen rights to **George Zuckerman's** novelette **The Victims** which appears on page 42 this month. **Merle Oberon** is said to be eying the story and may get the leading rôle.

Zuckerman is a Brooklyn boy. He was born there in 1916—"a year the Dodgers won the pennant," he adds proudly—and still lives there. He says that his real ambition in life was to be one of the Dodgers. He started in that direction by playing the outfield for Brooklyn's Erasmus Hall High School and for the University of South Carolina. But after taking his degree in journalism with the Class of 1940, he found himself becoming sports editor of the Atlantic City (New Jersey) World and then, in February, 1941, becoming a soldier. He served with the 44th Division at Fort Dix and with the Army Air Forces at Maxwell Field, Alabama, but ulcers disqualified him from flight training, officer candidate school and overseas duty. "The ulcers also disqualified me for the gin-mill league," he says. "So I began to spend my evenings writing fiction."

During those evenings he wrote his first popular magazine story, **Crosstown,** which appeared in the Cosmopolitan of last October.

We'd remind you not to miss this month's Blue Ribbon Story on page 66, but we don't see how anybody could possibly miss it. By the way, how do you like its illustrations? The author, **Ben Hecht,** is contemplating another drama in collaboration with Charles MacArthur. This team, as you know, has produced such plays as *The Front Page* and *Twentieth Century* and such movies as *Wuthering Heights.* They are also incurable practical jokers. One of their favorite tricks is to slip into a friend's bathroom and fill the tub with hot water into which they sprinkle jelly powder. In the morning when the friend goes to take a bath he finds the tub full of solid raspberry or lemon jelly.

Man's war against Tuberculosis can be won!

Already the death rate from this disease has dropped to less than one fourth

of the toll in 1900.

As more and more people have regular physical examinations,

doctors will be able to discover those carriers of tuberculosis who have the disease without knowing it.

An important part of such examinations is the use of the X-ray or fluoroscope.

Control of all such cases through modern medical methods *can reduce the death rate still further!*

Have an annual physical examination!

This is particularly important for those who have persistent coughs.

If you have tuberculosis, self-discipline in following *all* of your doctor's instructions will generally lead to recovery.

Periodic medical checkups will help to guard against recurrences, and permit you to lead a nearly normal life.

For information on public and private examination facilities in your community consult your doctor, health officer, or local Tuberculosis Association.

To help avoid tuberculosis, send for your free copy of Metropolitan's booklet, 56-B, "Tuberculosis."

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

COPYRIGHT 1946— METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FIBS are so easy to use!

...so Comfortable and so Safe!

Whenever you buy tampons, remember that FIBS give you two features that are extremely important:

Rounded Ends. Yes, FIBS have smooth, gently tapered ends that are bound to make insertion easy – as you can see at a glance. And your first experience with FIBS proves it's true!

Quilting. FIBS are "quilted" to keep them from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size, which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

This quilting also prevents cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal membranes—a feature fastidious women always appreciate!

Next time you buy tampons be sure to ask for FIBS*!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A TRUE CASE FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE

ON THURSDAY, September 23, 1937, the American Legion celebrated the last day of its National Convention in New York City. Millions milled about the streets in mid-Manhattan, watching the antics, and as the delegates piled into the Metropolitan Opera House, Salvatore Gatti deliberately crossed the downtown dead line.

For upward of fifty years the jewelry and financial districts south of Fulton Street in lower Manhattan have been forbidden territory to the underworld. Any known criminal found below the dead line is subject to immediate arrest.

Gatti had been preparing for this moment ever since he had learned that the Convention was to be held. He realized that all available police would be assigned to mid-town duty, leaving only a skeleton force for the rest of the city. He planned a perfect crime and rehearsed each move with Charles Sberma, his inseparable companion.

As Gatti had predicted, no detective accosted them, although both had lengthy criminal records and both were on parole. They entered a four-story building at 65 Fulton Street, climbed to the second floor and invaded the Rudisch Gold Refining Company where secondhand gold is melted down and sold to jewelers.

Gatti, armed with a gun, directed employees to face a wall. Sberma tied their hands behind their backs with picture wire purchased in a five-and-dime store and therefore practically traceproof.

The pair had failed to notice an employee behind a large packing case. He managed to slip out of a window onto a fire escape. Afraid he would be seen if he went down the fire escape, the worker went up to the roof, climbed over to another building, reached the street and found Patrolman John H. A. Wilson.

Gatti and Sberma heard Wilson dashing up the stairs and were waiting for him as he ran in, gun drawn. Wilson was clubbed over the head, and his weapon slipped from his hand. During the struggle a caldron of boiling liquid was knocked to the floor. When Wilson reached down to recover his revolver, Gatti fired two shots into the patrolman's head.

As Wilson lay dying, Gatti took out a handkerchief, wiped the death gun clean and discarded it. He reached for the patrolman's revolver but withdrew his hand when one finger touched the boiling liquid which had spilled over the weapon.

When police arrived they found Wilson dead. The frightened employees were unable to give a clear description of the two gunmen. Fingerprint men worked over the death gun without raising any prints. The serial number had been filed off. Technical experts were able to restore it, but the lead proved valueless because the gun had been stolen.

Newspapers reported that police had no clues to the identity of the killers. A week later, Gatti and Sberma, certain that they had made no mistakes, appeared at the parole board for their monthly routine visit.

As they entered they found themselves surrounded. "We've been waiting for you," they were told, "to arrest you for the murder of Patrolman Wilson." Both men were tried, convicted and executed.

Gatti had left his calling card when he reached for Wilson's gun. The boiling liquid was jeweler's wax which is extremely sensitive and hardens quickly. Etched in it was every line, loop and whorl of Gatti's finger. Even the sweat pores could be seen. In fact, Gatti, who planned the perfect crime, left the only perfect fingerprint ever found at the scene of a crime in this country!

By Edward D. Radin

She Knew What She Wanted

. . . and she stopped at nothing to get it!

ELLEN BERENT was one of the world's most breath-takingly desirable women. But beneath a loveliness that made men gasp was the soul of a tigress—with a ferocity that respected no laws; tore to shreds the lives of every man, woman or child whose most innocent action aroused her insane jealousy!

No wonder the *New York Times* stated that *Leave Her to Heaven* (the million-copy best-seller you can now have FREE) "will hypnotize you until you have turned the last page!" For here is a woman whose passionate career will hold you spellbound. Her whole being flames into deadly rage if she is forced to share even a tiny part of a man's love with anyone else—or with any *thing*.

Her devouring love gorged itself like a wild animal after a jungle triumph. Her jealousy—as racking as a never-ending heartburn—bit like acid into every life that touched her own. This woman, who gave too little and took too much, stopped at *nothing* to get what she wanted!

BOTH FREE—This MILLION-COPY Best Seller Which Has Just Been Made Into A Smash-Hit Movie

Leave Her to Heaven

and ALSO

SHORT STORIES OF De MAUPASSANT

RACHEL — who avenged France because of just one German kiss too many!

LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN is one of the most fascinating love stories of our time. And now you may have it—FREE—as a New Membership Gift from "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"!

In addition, you ALSO receive, FREE, *Short Stories of De Maupassant*, containing over fifty tales of love, hate, intrigue, jealousy, passion, madness—complete, unexpurgated, the frankest stories of their kind ever written!

Read of *Ball-of-Fat*, buxom girl of easy virtue—and what she did! Read *Love, Mademoiselle Fifi, Story of a Farm Girl, A Bad Error*—and all the best works of this master of daring realism!

YOU GET THESE 10 BIG ADVANTAGES

As a Member of "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club":

1 YOU GET *Leave Her to Heaven* AND *Short Stories of De Maupassant* at once—to keep FREE if you join.

2 YOU GET 5 days to *examine* both books while deciding whether to join.

3 YOU GET, if you join, two books monthly (valued at $3.50 to $4.00 in publishers' editions) FOR ONLY $1.49 plus few cents postage.

4 YOU GET the current Selection, by famous authors like Steinbeck, Hemingway, Ilka Chase, Ben Ames Williams, etc.

5 YOU GET, *also*, a BONUS BOOK masterpiece by Shakespeare, Balzac, Zola, etc. beautifully and *uniformly* bound.

6 YOU GET, *if desired*, your Bonus Books bound in handsome simulated leather, silver-stamped, FOR ONLY 40c extra!

7 YOU GET the privilege of "choice." You do NOT have to take the Selection every month. Accept these book bargains only six times during the year, if you wish.

8 YOU GET, also, your choice of *other* best-sellers, if preferred INSTEAD of *regular* Selection. Others are described in Club's FREE monthly "Review."

9 YOU GET the best of *new* books AND of the *old* from the *only* club that offers you "*balanced* reading."

10 YOU GET *all* these money-saving privileges without paying any dues or fees, so mail coupon *now* WITHOUT MONEY!

5 DAYS' FREE EXAMINATION

No Cost—No Obligation

Mail coupon WITHOUT MONEY. Get *Leave Her to Heaven* AND *Short Stories of De Maupassant* FOR FREE EXAMINATION. Decide for yourself whether you wish to join "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club" and enjoy ALL the 10 money-saving advantages described here.

Then if you decide that getting these first two books free—receiving valuable Bonus Books regularly—making big savings on best-sellers by today's most popular authors—enjoying the privilege of "your own choice"—building a library of world masterpieces . . . yes, if these and the other advantages prove too amazing an opportunity to miss, then join the hundreds of thousands of others who know from experience why this IS "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"!

The coupon—without money—will bring your FREE copies of these two books AT ONCE. Mail it NOW! **BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. C5, Garden City, N. Y.**

Mail this Coupon to
BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA
Dept. C5, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me—FREE—LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN and SHORT STORIES OF DE MAUPASSANT. Within 5 days I may return them if I wish, without cost or obligation. Otherwise, I will keep them as a gift, and continue to receive forthcoming new monthly selections and BONUS books—at only $1.49 plus a few cents postage for BOTH books.

However, I do NOT have to accept each month's new selection and BONUS book; only six of my own choice during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. Each month I will receive the Club's "Review" describing a number of other popular best-sellers; so that, if I prefer one of these to the regular Selection, I may choose it instead. There are no membership dues for me to pay; no further cost or obligation.

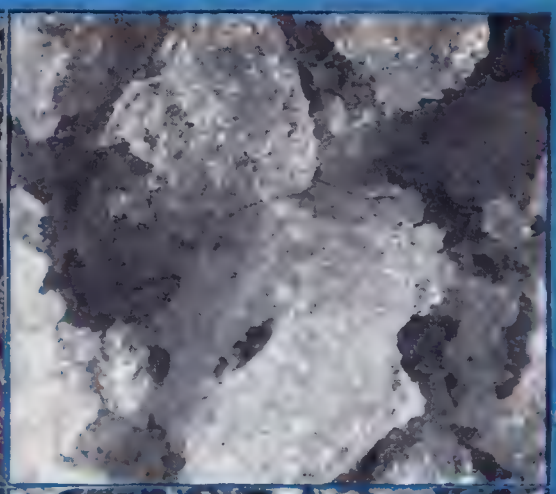
MR. }
MRS } .....
MISS } (Please print plainly)

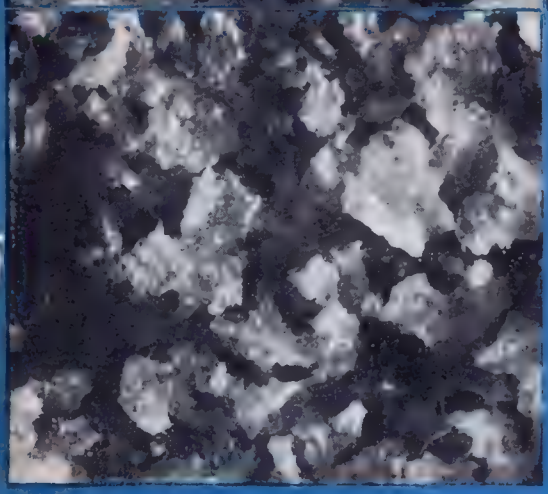
ADDRESS .....

Zone No.
CITY ..... (If any) ... STATE .....

If under 21,
Occupation ..... age please .....

☐ **HANDSOME DE LUXE BINDING.** Check box if you wish your masterpieces (monthly BONUS books) in simulated leather, silver stamped, for only 40c extra monthly. We will then also send your FREE gift copy of SHORT STORIES OF DE MAUPASSANT in this binding—at no extra charge. *Slightly Higher in Canada. Address: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Can.*





Photos from Enlyprus

They don't look it, but these pictures show grocery products that can be found in any kitchen pantry. They have been enlarged by microphotography. Can you identify each one?

For answers turn to page 200

Can YOU Recognize these Foods

The roses were our idea

WE PUT the roses up with the collectors' items to remind you of two things . . .

First, those four red roses stand for a whiskey so distinctive in flavor, so richly mellow in its own special way, that Four Roses has become recognized as a "collector's item" among fine whiskies.

For Four Roses is *all* straight whiskey, every drop. And, being an exclusive combination of *specially distilled straight whiskies*, it can't be compared with any other whiskey you ever tasted.

Secondly—like some other collectors' items, Four Roses is in such great demand that it isn't always easy to find. But when you do, *what a drink you get!*

Note to collectors: We'll be glad to supply catalogue information on the rare pieces shown above. Write to Frankfort Distillers Corp., 500 Fifth Ave., New York 18, N. Y.

FOUR ROSES

Still the same great whiskey as before the war

A blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

"Almost any kind of work can be fun, when you're feeling fresh and cheerful. And you always get a lot more done."

"Fresh up" with Seven-Up

YOU LIKE IT.. IT LIKES YOU!

When the freshness of Spring is in the air, it's an invitation to all the earth to bestir itself. And millions of people find the same invitation to be up-and-doing in a "fresh up" with 7-Up. For 7-Up has the freshness of Spring in its flavor —a grand clean taste that sows the seeds of cheerfulness with every pleasant sip. So let the taste of Spring be your toast to Spring. "Fresh up" with 7-Up at any place displaying the 7-Up signs.

Laugh with
The "Fresh Up" Show,
Mutual Network . . .
Every Wednesday evening.
8:30 ET—7:30 CT—6:30 MT—8:30 PT

COPYRIGHT 1946 BY THE SEVEN-UP COMPANY

THIS MONTH'S Cover Girl

Here's a chance to compare Bradshaw Crandell's May Cosmopolitan cover with the model as she appears in real life and with her portrait as Mr. Crandell worked on it in his studio. In case you have not recognized her, the model is Jennifer Jones, the moving picture star

Never a Dull Moment!

Simoniz Your Car Now for Care-Free Long-Lasting Beauty

Too bad you can't have a new car soon! But why not at least have a new-looking one? It's amazingly easy. First clean the finish with Simoniz Kleener, paste or liquid. Instantly—you see the brilliant luster you were so proud of when your car was new. Finally, to keep that beauty undimmed, apply famous SIMONIZ. It protects the finish from damage—makes it last longer—assures higher trade-in value when that new car you long for is at last available. So why wait? Simoniz right away!

The Simoniz Company, Chicago 16, Illinois

Recognized for over thirty years as authorities on preservation of fine finishes

Sold by grocery, hardware, drug, paint, 5 cents to $1, auto accessory and department stores.

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have Lovelier Skin in 14 days!

Why come to a party—if you're going to spend all your time in the powder room, Claire? Come on out and dance!
Who's going to ask a girl with a complexion like mine?
Just look at my complexion! Dingy, drab, dull and oily!
Claire, why don't you try the 14-Day Palmolive Plan? 36 doctors—leading skin specialists—tested this Plan on 1285 women and proved it can bring a lovelier complexion to 2 out of 3 . . . in just 14 days!
The Palmolive Plan is easy, too! For here is all you have to do:
A Wash your face with Palmolive Soap!
B Then, for 60 seconds, massage with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse!
C Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect!

YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 Days!

- ♥ Less Oily
- ♥ Smoother, Younger looking
- ♥ Less Coarse-looking
- ♥ Fewer Tiny Blemishes—
- ♥ Less Incipient Blackheads
- ♥ Fresher
- ♥ Brighter, Clearer Color

If you want a complexion the envy of every woman—the admiration of every man—start the 14-Day Palmolive Plan tonight!

Remember, the Palmolive Plan was tested on 1285 women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty—with all types of skin. Dry! Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 of these women got noticeable complexion improvement in just 14 days! No matter what beauty care they had used before.

Reason enough for every woman who longs for a lovelier complexion to start this new Beauty Plan with Palmolive Soap!

For loveliness all over
For tub and shower, too,
Try big *Bath Size* Palmolive
It's thrifty! Solid! *New!*

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

DON'T WASTE SOAP!
It uses scarce materials.

presents

Then and Now

A Novel in Two Parts by

W. Somerset Maugham

For Machiavelli, master of political intrigue, the conquest of his friend's wife should have proved easy. It did not...

BIAGIO had had a busy day. He was tired, but being a man of methodical habit, before going to bed made a note in his diary. It was brief: "The City sent a man to Imola to the Duke." Perhaps because he thought it of no importance he did not mention the man's name: It was Machiavelli. The city was The Republic of Florence. The Duke was Caesar Borgia.

It had been not only a busy day, but a long one, for Biagio had set forth from his house at dawn. With him on a stout pony went his nephew, Piero, whom Machiavelli had consented to take with him. It happened to be Piero's eighteenth birthday, October sixth, 1502, and so was a fitting day for him to go out into the world for the first time.

He was a well set up youth, tall for his age and of an agreeable aspect. Under his uncle's guidance, for his mother was a widow, he had received a good education; he could write a good hand and turn a comely phrase not only in Italian, but in Latin. On the advice of Machiavelli himself, who passionately admired the ancient Romans, he had acquired more than a cursory knowledge of their history. Machiavelli cherished the conviction that men are always the same and have the same passions, so that when circumstances are similar the same causes must lead to the same effects; and thus, by bearing in mind how the Romans coped with a given situation, men of a later day might conduct themselves with prudence and efficiency.

It was the wish both of Biagio and his sister that Piero should enter the government service in which Biagio held a modest post under his friend Machiavelli. The mission on which Machiavelli was now going seemed a good opportunity for the boy to learn something of affairs, and Biagio knew that he could not have a better mentor.

Niccolo Machiavelli was of an amiable disposition, a friend of his friends, and when Biagio asked him to take Piero with him he immediately agreed. But the lad's mother, though she saw that it was a chance that could not be missed, was uneasy. He had never been parted from her before, and he was young to go out into a hostile world; he was (*Continued on page 151*)

Much more fascinating than his host was his host's wife sitting there so demurely.

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

Looking back at the public's reaction to his best-selling novel and smash-hit movie, Charles Jackson feels that society won't help the alcoholic until it learns to stop laughing at him

what's so Funny about a Drunk?

I HAVE just come from seeing the movie of "The Lost Weekend" for the ninth time.

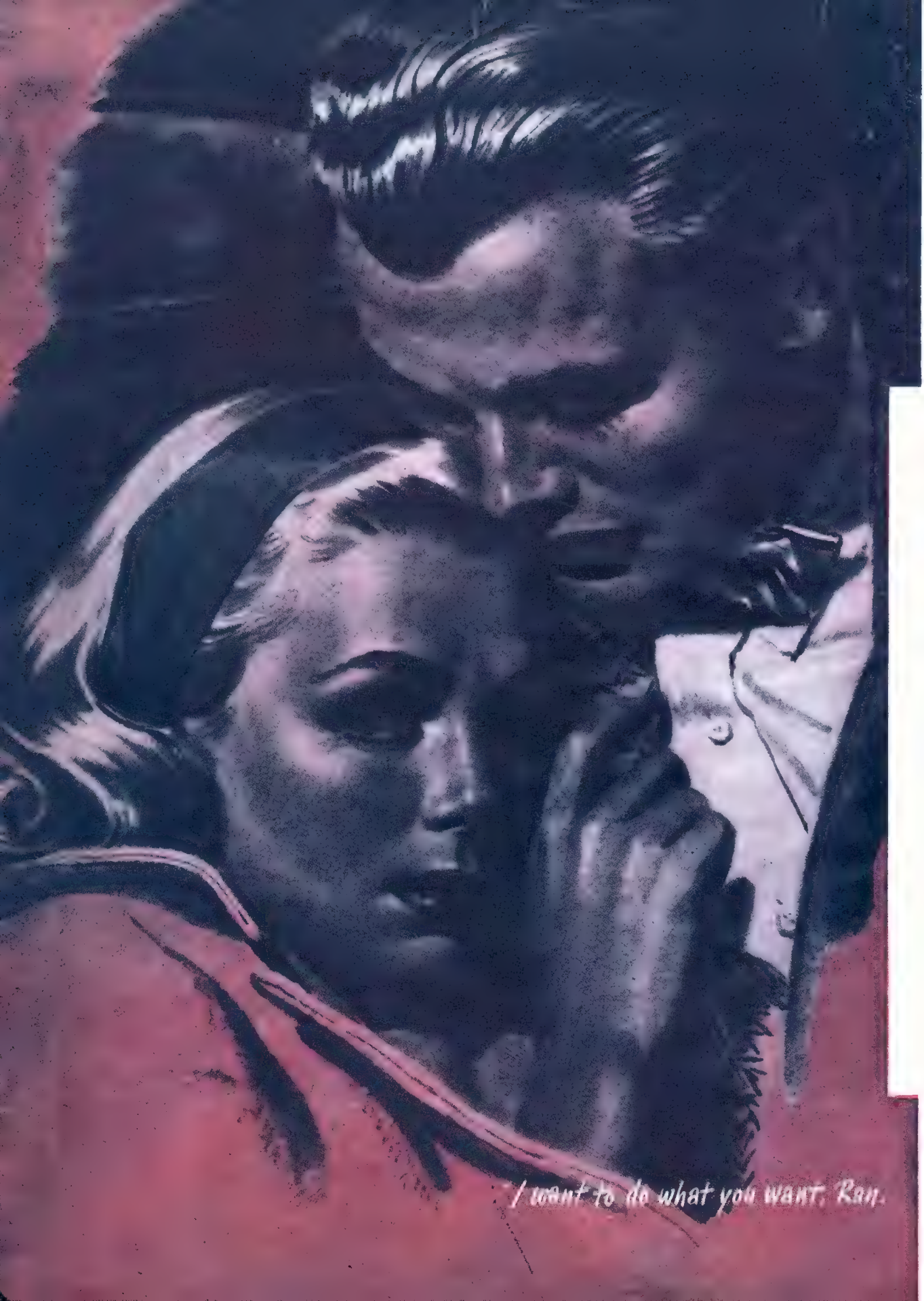
Those who have seen this brilliant but painful picture will doubtless call me a bear for punishment. The attraction for me is not necessarily the masterly adaptation, production and direction by Paramount's incomparable team Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder, nor the superb acting of its star, Ray Milland—though these were great enough to win four of this year's Academy Awards—nor is it, least of all, the fact that I wrote the novel on which the movie is based. I know the story and character by heart, of course, so the film had little novelty for me from the first. What fascinates me is the audience reaction.

The story could hardly be more serious; it is certainly a departure from Hollywood's routine run of films which provide escapist entertainment for an hour and a half and which one forgets the moment one leaves the theater. In making such a film as this, Hollywood was doing more than the unusual; it was running smack up against one of the most common concepts of popular thinking—that the drunk is a figure of fun.

It is understandable that the unthinking audience should instinctively laugh when, in the opening scene, Don Birnam is shown casting a yearning glance through the open window below which hangs a bottle of whisky he is hiding from his brother. It is equally understandable that they should laugh again when he draws the whisky over the sill and tries to break the cord to which it is tied—or even when, a moment later, his brother apprehends the bottle and pours its contents down the sink before Don Birnam's agonized eyes.

By then, however, it is about time the audience got the point; the story is no laughing matter. By any stretch of the imagination it ceases to be funny when the hero, having been done out of legitimate means by which to get a drink, resorts to the illegitimate: becomes a sneak thief, a liar, a beggar, an (*Continued on page 133*)

By Charles Jackson, author of "The Lost Weekend"


I want to do what you want, Ran.

A Piece of Cake

This is what happens sometimes when boy meets girl, and boy thinks girl will be a push-over, a cinch—thinks that his conquest of her will be no more trouble than cutting a piece of cake

THE DOOR to his parents' room was open as Ran Mason came out into the hall. He could see his reflection in the tall closet mirror, and he stopped and took a step backward so that his one-sixty-five and six-one were fully visible.

The overhead light made gleams on his well-brushed black hair, brought out the powder blue tinge of his double-breasted flannel suit. He put his fingers up and touched the knot of the darker blue tie resting against the pale shirt, flicked the matching silk handkerchief peeking negligently from his breast pocket. He grinned at the gray eyes looking back at him. "You'll do, baby," he told himself half jeeringly. "Go cut yourself that piece of cake."

He went down the hall to the stairs. The curtains at the far end billowed inward with the caress of the spring air. His kid sister Ruth was visible on her bed, the radio going, a school book propped between her elbows.

Ran said, "Make it good," and twelve-year-old Ruth took her chin from her propped hands and blinked at him. She grinned uncertainly and Ran went on down, his lips puckered in a whistle. He and Ruth hadn't got to know each other yet. She'd been eight when he went away—an infant. Too young for a man of eighteen to bother with. She still wasn't sure what sort of guy he was, and he'd been home six months. "But I know," Ran told himself with an inward chuckle. "I'm a guy who knows all the answers and all the angles."

At the bottom of the stairs he took his polo coat and the gray snapbrim from the hall closet and went into the beamed living room.

His mother and father were there. His mother looked up from her knitting. Her hair was still brown and youthful, her skin pink and clear. She said, "How nice you look, Ran. You're going out?"

"Going out," Ran said, grinning. He saw the movement of her soft throat where the instinctive question rose and he wondered what (*Continued on page 107*)

BY ALEC RACKOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The Wine Glass

A master storyteller spins a tale of crime without punishment. Sharpen your wits before you read this thriller by *A A Milne*

I AM IN A terrible predicament, as you will see directly. I don't know what to do . . .

"One of the maxims which I have found most helpful in my career at Scotland Yard," the superintendent was saying, "has been the simple one that appearances are not always deceptive. A crime may be committed exactly as it seems to have been committed and exactly as it was intended to be committed." He helped himself and passed the bottle.

"I don't think I follow you," I said, hoping thus to lead him on.

I am a writer of detective stories. If you have never heard of me, it can only be because you don't read detective stories. I wrote "Murder on the Back Stairs" and "The Mystery of the Twisted Eglantine," to mention only two of my successes. It was this fact, I think, which first interested Superintendent Frederick Mortimer in me, and, of course, me in him. He is a big fellow with the face of a Roman Emperor; I am the small neat type. We gradually became friends and so got into the habit of dining together once a month. He liked talking about his cases, and naturally I liked listening. But this evening the wine seemed to be making itself felt.

a birthday party was planned..... but the

"I don't think I follow you," I said again.

"I mean that the simple way of committing a murder is often the best way. This doesn't mean that the murderer is a man of simple mind. On the contrary. He is subtle enough to know that the simple solution is too simple to be credible."

This sounded anything but simple, so I said, "Give me an example."

"Well, take the case of the bottle of wine which was sent to the Marquis of Hedingham on his birthday. Have I never told you about it?"

"Never," I said, and I helped myself and passed the bottle.

He filled his glass and considered. "Give me a moment to get it clear," he said. "It was a long time ago." While he closed his eyes and let the past drift before him, I ordered up another bottle of the same.

"Yes," said Mortimer, opening his eyes, "I've got it now."

I leaned forward, listening eagerly. This is the story he told me.

The first we heard of it at the Yard (said Mortimer)

butler happened to sample the wine. One minute later he was dead...

Mine Host?
KILL HIS OWN BUTLER?
NOT VERY LIKELY.

Sir William?
TOO OBVIOUS.
HE SENT THE WINE.

HERE ARE THE SUSPECTS

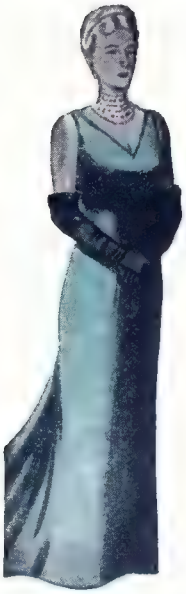
was a brief announcement over the telephone that the Marquis of Hedingham's butler had died suddenly at His Lordship's town house in Brook Street, and that poison was suspected. This was at seven o'clock. We went around at once. Inspector Totman had been put in charge of the case; I was a young detective sergeant at the time, and I generally worked under Totman. He was a brisk, military sort of fellow, with a little prickly ginger mustache, good at his job in a showy, orthodox way, but he had no imagination, and he was thinking all the time of what Inspector Totman would get out of it. Quite frankly I didn't like him. Outwardly we kept friendly, for it doesn't do to quarrel with one's superiors; indeed, he was vain enough to think that I had a great admiration for him; but I knew that he was just using me for his own advantage, and I had a shrewd suspicion that I should have been promoted before this, if he hadn't wanted to keep me under him so that he could profit by my brains.

We found the butler in his pantry, stretched out on the floor. An open bottle of Tokay, a broken wine glass with the dregs of the liquid still in it, the medical evidence of poisoning, all helped to build up the story for us. The wine had arrived about an hour before, with the card of Sir William Kelso attached to it. On the card was a typewritten message, saying, "Bless you, Tommy, and here's something to celebrate with." I can't remember the exact words, of course, but that was the idea. Apparently it was His Lordship's birthday, and he was having a small family party of about six people for the occasion. Sir William Kelso, I should explain, was his oldest friend and a relation by marriage, Lord Hedingham having married his sister; in fact, Sir William was to have been one of the party present that evening. He was a bachelor, about fifty, and a devoted uncle to his nephew and nieces.

Well, the butler had brought up the bottle and the card to His Lordship—this was about six o'clock; and Lord Hedingham, as he told us, had taken the card, said something like, "Good old Bill. We'll have that tonight, Perkins," and Perkins had said, "Very good, My Lord," and gone out again with the bottle. The card had been left lying on the table. Afterwards, there could be little doubt what had happened. Perkins had opened the bottle with the intention of decanting it but had been unable to resist the temptation to sample it first. I suspect that in his time he had sampled most of His Lordship's wine but had never before come across a Tokay of such richness. So he had poured himself out a full glass, drunk it, and died almost immediately.

"Good heavens!" I interrupted. "But how extremely providential—I mean, of course, for Lord Hedingham and the others."

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED LUDEKENS



Lady Hedingham? BUT SHE MIGHT HAVE DRUNK THE WINE.

Perkins, the butler? BUT HE WAS THE VICTIM. STILL...

His Lordship's former valet? BUT HE WAS IN JAIL.

"Exactly," said Mortimer, as he twirled his own wine glass.

The contents of the bottle were analyzed (he went on) and found to contain a more-than-fatal dose of prussic acid. Of course we did all the routine things. With young Roberts, a nice young fellow who often worked with us, I went around to all the chemists' shops in the neighborhood. Totman examined everybody from Sir William and Lord Hedingham downwards.

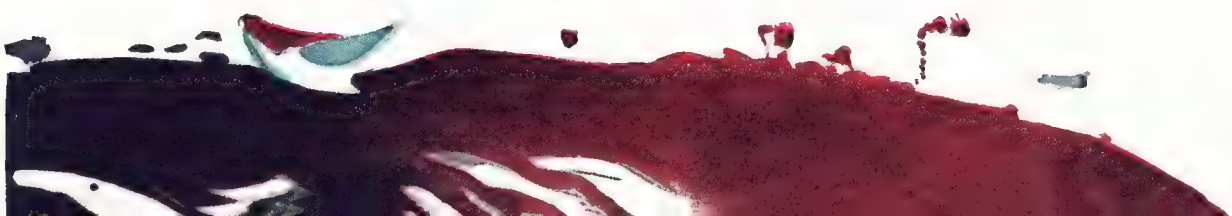
Roberts and I took the bottle round to all the wine merchants in the neighborhood. At the end of a week all we could say was this:

One: The murderer had a motive for murdering Lord Hedingham; or, possibly, somebody at his party; or, possibly, the whole party. In accordance with the usual custom, His Lordship would be the first to taste the wine. A sip would not be fatal, and in a wine of such richness the taste might not be noticeable; so that the whole party would then presumably drink His Lordship's health. He would raise his glass to them, and in this way they would all take the poison, and be affected according to how deeply they drank. On the other hand, His Lordship might take a good deal more than a sip in the first place, and so be the only one to suffer. My deduction from this was that the motive was revenge rather than gain. The criminal would avenge himself on Lord Hedingham, if His Lordship or *any* of his family were seriously poisoned; he could only profit if *definite* people were definitely *killed*. It took a little time to get Totman to see this, but he did eventually agree.

Two: The murderer had been able to obtain one of Sir William Kelso's cards, and knew that John Richard Mervyn Plantaganet Carlow, tenth Marquis of Hedingham, was called "Tommy" by his intimates. Totman deduced from this that he was therefore one of the Hedingham-Kelso circle of relations and friends. I disputed this. I pointed out: (a) that it was to strangers rather than to intimate friends that cards were presented, except in the case of formal calls, when they were left in a bowl or tray in the hall, and anybody could steal one; (b) that the fact that Lord Hedingham was called Tommy must have appeared in society papers and be known to many people; and, most convincing of all, (c) that the murderer did *not* know that Sir William Kelso was to be in the party that night. For obviously some reference would have been made to the gift, either on his arrival or when the wine was served; whereupon he would have disclaimed any knowledge of it, and the bottle would immediately have been suspected. As it was, of (*Continued on page 95*)

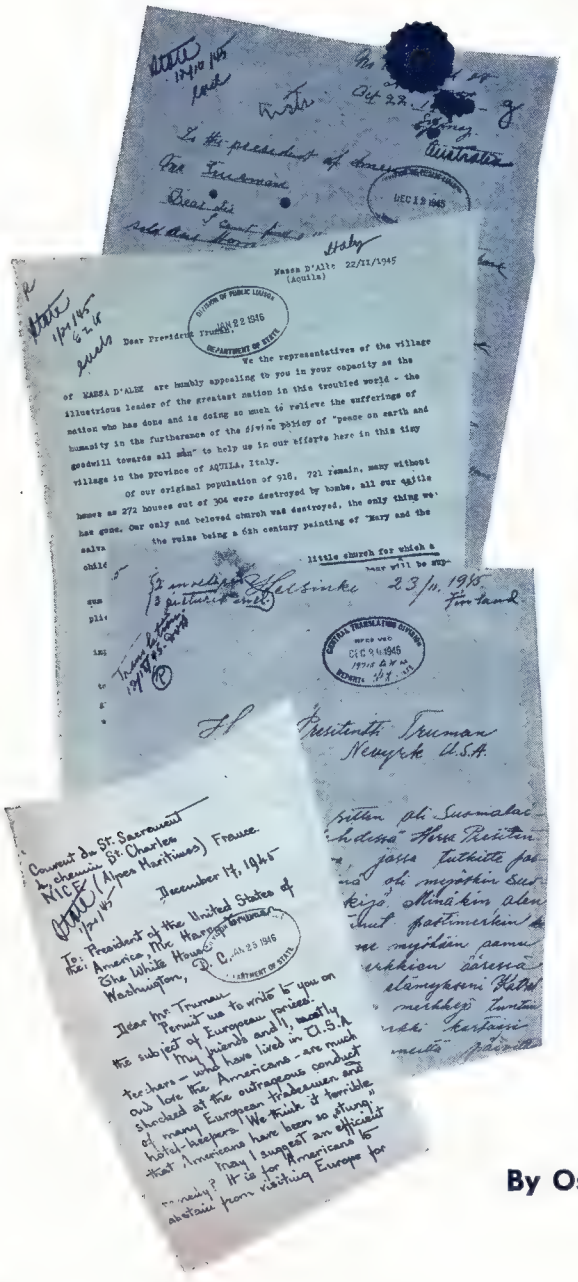
Inspector Totman? DON'T BE RIDICULOUS.

Well then, Who?



Dear Mr President

The woman in Sweden who needs shoes,
the nun in Italy trying to rebuild her bombed convent,
the man in Oklahoma who doesn't want women in our government,
the Canadian who still wonders about Amelia Earhart—
people all over the world put their problems in letters
addressed to the White House, Washington, D. C.


Massa D'Alle 22/11/1945
(Aquila)
DEPARTMENT OF STATE
Dear President Truman,
We the representatives of the village
of MASSA D'ALBE are humbly appealing to you in your capacity as the
illustrious leader of the greatest nation in this troubled world - the
nation who has done and is doing so much to relieve the sufferings of
humanity in the furtherance of the divine policy of "peace on earth and
goodwill towards all men" to help us in our efforts here in this tiny
village in the province of AQUILA, Italy.
Of our original population of 918, 721 remain, many without
homes as 272 houses out of 304 were destroyed by bombs, all our cattle
has gone. Our only and beloved church was destroyed, the only thing we
the ruins being a 6th century painting of "Mary and the
little church for which a
23/11. 1945.
Finland
President Truman
Newyork U.S.A.
Couvent de St. Sacrement
Nice (Alpes Maritimes) France
December 14, 1945
To: President of the United States of
America Mr Harry Truman
The White House
Washington,
D. C.
Dear Mr Truman
Permit me to write to you on
the subject of European affairs.
My friends and I, mostly
teachers - who have lived in U.S.A
our love the Americans - are much
shocked at the outrageous conduct
of many European tradesmen and
hotel-keepers. We think it terrible
that Americans have been so stung.
May I suggest an efficient
remedy? It is for Americans to
abstain from visiting Europe for

EVERY DAY, and from virtually every country on earth, people in despair send letters to the President of the United States. To read them by the hundreds, as I just have, is a sobering experience.

They are written, for the most part, by simple folk who don't know where else to seek help; all other hope has failed. To many of them the President is not only the most powerful but the most understanding figure in the world, and they turn to him almost in prayer. If only he knew the circumstances of their plight, they seem to feel, he would surely do something. So, in long pages of misspelled, naïve, yet honest self-revelation, they tell him intimate secrets they would utter to nobody else. "And please, Mr. President," many of them beg, "don't show this to anyone. I just want *you* to know."

How can they guess that, in all likelihood, the President himself will never be able to read their letters? If he gave all his time and sacrificed all sleep to the task, he would probably get through less than five percent of his mail. Some days bring the White House two thousand five hundred communications; others as many as seven thousand. A corps of postal clerks has to refer them for reply to the public liaison staffs of the various government departments. There is no other way to answer so great a volume of correspondence.

Of course, it isn't all heartbreak mail. There are letters of every conceivable type—political, economic, personal, even humorous—making up as unpredictable a mailbag as is to be found anywhere in the nation. It is quite usual, for instance, to have a learned discussion of the St. Lawrence Seaway Project by a Canadian college professor sandwiched between a ten-year-old girl's plea to get her brother, Private Johnny so-and-so, out of the guardhouse, and a Belgian woman's request for crutches for her son. And the return addresses on these notes fill you with wonder; they are just as likely to have been written in Madagascar or Siam as in New Jersey.

To get a cross section of the President's mail, I read some eight hundred letters. They had not been selected. They were average, run-of-the-mill communications of the kind which arrive every day. Those in foreign languages, however, had already been translated by the State Department's Central Translating Division.

The first one came from a woman in the town of Artarmon, New South Wales, Australia. Its words ran in an uneven scrawl across a sheet of ruled paper that seemed to have been torn out of a notebook: (*Continued on page 189*)

By Oscar Schisgall

By Rex Beach

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN A. HUGH

FOOD from under the Sea

The floor of the ocean, far richer in health-giving minerals than our weakened farm soil, may grow the crops and harvests for future generations

FOR SEVERAL YEARS before we went to war Japanese fishing boats off the California coast were engaged in mysterious activities Some were known to be up to no good, and they were watched. Others, carrying diving crews, behaved in a manner that aroused suspicion. Their real purpose was brought to light by an adventure-loving American, Captain John D. Craig, who was taking underwater motion pictures for a Hollywood studio. Captain Craig tells about it in his book, "Danger Is My Business."

It is a remarkable story, profoundly significant in the light of present world conditions. It points a possible answer to a grave problem.

Craig was photographing the wonders of the ocean bed around Cedros Island, off the coast of Lower California, and he was having a time with sharks, giant rays and overgrown octopi. These monsters either considered him a tidbit or indicated a desire to dance with him.

Several Nipponese boats returned daily to the same diving grounds, but the crews refused to tell Craig what they were up to They wouldn't permit him to dive in their immediate vicinity, so he anchored his craft near by and went overside with the intention of walking back towards them.

He landed in a kelp bed, his air and life lines became fouled in the heavy growth, and he was in a bad way. Happily for him, one of the Jap divers discovered his plight, cut a path through the kelp and led him out into the open. There, some thirty feet below the surface, Craig beheld an orderly field of purple sea vegetation. Five other divers were at work in it with ordinary garden rakes.

They were sargasso farmers, cultivating the beautiful plants, nursing them to maturity and harvesting them for the market. The material was baled and shipped to Japan where it brought upwards of four hundred dollars a ton. It was used for food, candy and cloth.

"The boys we met had spent nine years developing their fields," Craig writes. "Each man was harvesting two and three hundred dollars' (*Continued on page 187*)

The marvelous adventure of Sidney J. Nealy

Our first reaction to this story was that the author should be psychoanalyzed. Next we decided that possibly *we* had better be analyzed. Then . . . well, read it yourself!

MANHATTAN was asleep in darkness when Mr. Sidney J. Nealy arrived in New York City. His train had started from Higgstown, Maine, in the early hours of that same morning, and it had been a great occasion—that saying good-by to Higgstown. For Mr. Sidney J. Nealy, thirty-two, frail, ambitious and enormously excited, was on his way to the big city. It wasn't a mere visit. It was for good. "Yes, sir," he had told his friends around town, "it's about time I hied off to New York and got myself a job on a really big newspaper. I've been writing gossip talk on this little local for eight years now, and it's about time I headed for bigger things. It most certainly is." So Mr. Nealy was headed for bigger things.

It was a disappointing approach to New York, though. There wasn't much to see really. A few lights along the way—the feeling of being up high on a trestle, and then the sudden dip into a great black tunnel as the train pulled into Grand Central Station. Yes, it was a great disappointment, for Mr. Nealy had looked forward to that glorious entrance for a very long time. But it was a relief, too. For Mr. Nealy was afraid of New York. It was too big, from all he'd heard; the newspaper business was too rough and fast-going; and the city itself had a terrifying aspect. He could tell that by looking at the pictures of the New York skyline, by seeing movies of the rushing, pushing people. It was terrifying, so the softness of night was a great relief. He could sneak into the city, as it were—come in unobtrusively during the hours of darkness and adjust himself gradually to the frightening pace of Manhattan.

Mr. Nealy was thinking about that, finding some comfort in the ease of his approach, as his train chugged to a stop in the terminal. He stepped from the car with bright, eager steps, and he walked impatiently along the ramp to the station. He thought of (*Continued on page 143*)

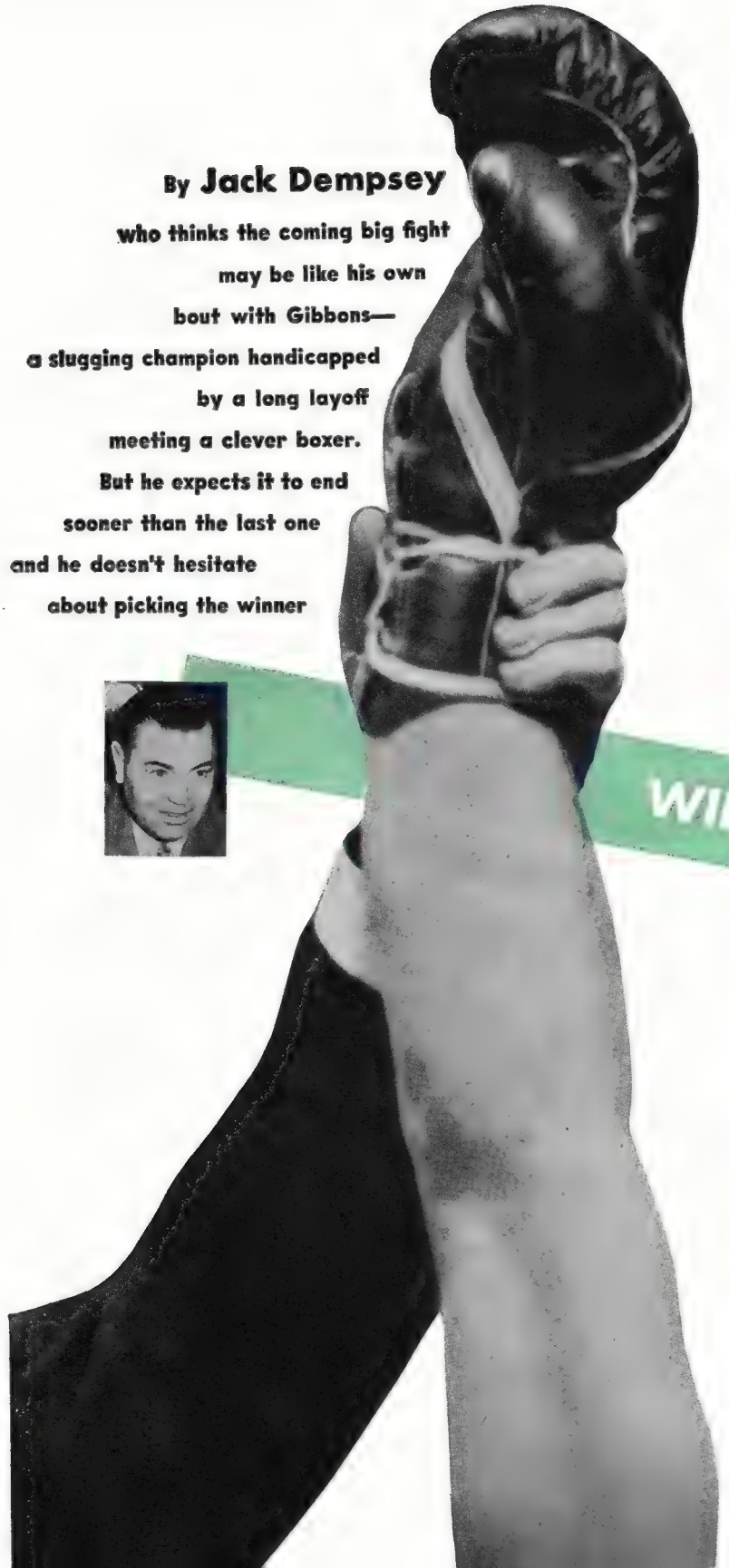
By Charles Mergendahl

ILLUSTRATION BY AUSTIN BRIGGS,
PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH STEINER

WILL CONN

By Jack Dempsey

who thinks the coming big fight may be like his own bout with Gibbons— a slugging champion handicapped by a long layoff meeting a clever boxer. But he expects it to end sooner than the last one and he doesn't hesitate about picking the winner



AS JOE LOUIS stepped down from the ring at the Polo Grounds after knocking out Billy Conn, he looked at his manager, John Roxborough.

"How many cigars you swallow, John?" he asked.

That was on June 18, 1941, and Louis had come back to flatten Conn after being staggered himself in the twelfth round of a ding-dong battle for the heavyweight championship in which the Pittsburgh Adonis had more than held his own with the Brown Bomber.

Five years will have passed when Billy the Kid and his conqueror clash in a return bout next month, this time in the Yankee Stadium, and the complexion of things has changed in that time.

This will be the first real contest for each of them in more than four years. Louis knocked out Lou Nova, Buddy Baer and Abe Simon after beating Conn, while Billy outpointed Henry Cooper. James D. Turner and Tony Zale, middleweight champion. But neither has had a battle since the spring of 1942. Those exhibition bouts while they were both in the service don't count.

In my day any heavyweight out of competition that long would be washed up. Easy, indulgent living would rob him of everything that had made him champion—stamina, speed, timing, as well as the will and gumption to train himself back into fighting condition, even if he were young enough. And by young enough I mean under thirty-one. Above that age no heavyweight champion in the history of the game has been able to stage a successful comeback after several years' layoff.

But this is not my day, and Joe Louis's case is different. It has no parallel in fistic history. He may be the exception to prove the rule.

The champion's four-year layoff was not spent in idleness and dissipation. He was in the Army, where there was enough discipline to keep him in good physical condition. Besides, Joe doesn't smoke or drink intoxicating liquor. And we must not overlook the important fact that he already has knocked out his prospective opponent, and that he is supremely confident he can repeat the trick.

Going over the champ's record, one finds he invariably has flattened every opponent he has met in a return bout, doing it quicker in cases where he had scored a knockout in the first engagement.

Ever since their memorable battle at the Polo Grounds, the legend has been fostered that Conn was overwhelmingly in front at the end of the twelfth round when he had Louis staggering.

There's no doubt that Conn did have the edge on Louis at that point. The referee, Eddie Joseph, had given seven of the first twelve rounds to Conn, five to

Louis. One judge, Marty Monroe, gave Conn seven rounds. Louis four, and called another round even. But the second judge, William Healy, called six of the first twelve rounds in Louis's favor and gave Billy the other six. Those figures hardly indicate a Conn walkaway.

But Billy the Kid is still completely sold on the idea that he had the championship won until he threw it away by changing his style, tossing science to the winds and going in to slug with Louis with the intention of knocking him out. He blames his own recklessness for his defeat.

"This time," Conn told me recently. "I'm going to do what I should have done in my first fight with Louis—outbox him, wear him out and cut him down when he becomes exhausted like he did before. The licking I gave him in the twelfth round took a lot out of him. That was the round I almost got him. And I had the better of that thirteenth for the first two minutes. He was the luckiest guy in the world to clip me when I was so far in front. I'll see that it doesn't happen again."

That doesn't jibe with Joe's version of their first shindig.

"Conn's about the best fighter I met since I been champion," said Louis. "His style puzzled me for a while, and don't you believe that man can't hit—and take it too. Some of his punches hurt me. But I got in some good ones, and I know they didn't do him any good, especially those in the body. Maybe he did have me on Queer Street at the end of that twelfth round, but I've been hit harder, even knocked down by fighters who packed a much stiffer wallop than Billy—and I got up and won.

"When I came to my corner after the twelfth, Jack Blackburn told me I'd have to go out and knock out Conn to win. So in the thirteenth I went out and carried the fight to Billy. I did what Blackburn told me—I knocked him out."

It was just as simple as that. And remembering Joe's calm, poker-faced greeting to his manager as he descended from the ring, I can't help but believe the champion was a long way from being "on Queer Street" in that next to the last round.

It was all the more to the champion's credit that he was able to come back so effectively after taking Conn's best wallops in the twelfth round. Such performance is the watermark of a champion.

Today the big questions are: Has Louis slipped and how far? How much has his lightning speed in punching slowed down? They go for Conn also.

I recall that most of the experts were inclined to believe that Louis had slipped even before his first fight with Conn. They said so in their prebattle articles. They reasoned that he had been living luxuriously in a manner to which he had not been accustomed, and that the training grind would prove tedious and distasteful to him; that he had all the money he needed, and the incentive to win was not as powerful as it was when he was battling his way to the top.

Now they're saying the same thing—and perhaps it's as true today as it was then.

But not long ago I ran across George Nicholson, the big Negro who acted as sparring partner for Louis before nearly all his important fights and who boxes in exhibitions with him.

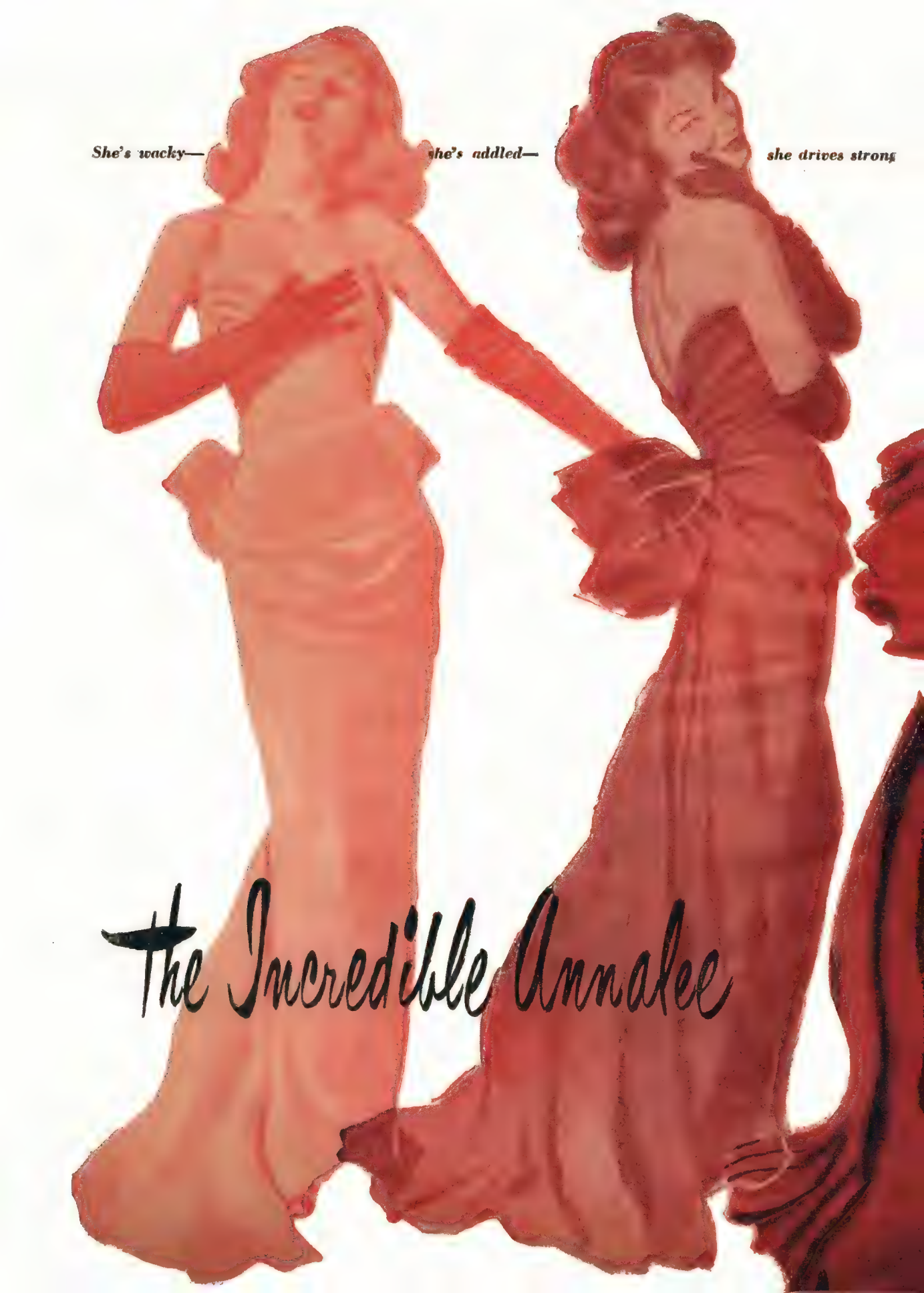
"How's Joe coming along?" I asked.

"Well, Mr. Dempsey," replied George, "I'd say he was (*Continued on page 100*)

JOE LOUIS

BILLY CONN

Photos from Acme, International, Press Association


She's wacky—
she's addled—
she drives strong
The Incredible Annalee

men mad—she's the only strictly non-Mohammedan whirling dervish.

Here's a new kind of heroine you'll remember . . . in your nightmares

COMING OUT of Mr. Zimbal's office, the ink on her contract with Imperial Pictures scarcely dry, Annalee encountered Mr. Pickerell, head of publicity for the studio. At his side was a slim, brown-haired, poker-faced man who limped slightly and smoked a crusted pipe.

"Hello, Mr. Pickerell," Annalee said excitedly. "Listen, I hooked them! They signed the contract! They start paying me tomorrow!"

"Oh, swell," Mr. Pickerell said. "Miss Barker, this is——"

"Call me Annalee," Annalee said. "I'm practically an employee now. Do you want me to pose for pictures? I have a bathing suit on under this dress, just in case."

"Got a lot of animation," the man with the pipe commented. "But that might come from benzedrine or something."

"All Michigan girls are that way." Mr. Pickerell said. "It's a thing in the water. Miss Barker, this is Jim Malvern of my department. Mr. Zimbal wants him assigned exclusively to you."

"Oh, boy!" Annalee said. "My own publicity man! I'll be famous. What'll they do when they find out I can't act?"

"The usual routine," Jim said. "You'll become a star and make (*Continued on page 126*)

By Robert Carson

ILLUSTRATED BY . . . . . .

THE VICTIMS

A COSMOPOLITAN NOVELETTE

BY GEORGE ZUCKERMAN

THE BEGINNING is a thick morning fog, and the ending—the real ending—is something I expect to gather like a thunderhead. The black clouds will come billowing toward me and then spiral skyward while I whirl ever downward.

The Mexican sun is warm, and there are no clouds in the springtime sky. Yet as I lie on a disheveled bed I am in a fifth and faraway season. I am watching a singularly beautiful woman as she combs her long blond hair. Whisky-weary, I shut my eyes and listen to the comb whisper in her tresses. The whispering expands until I hear the screaming of voices, of air brakes . . . the stridency of steel upon steel . . . and the thunder of sound ricocheting off rough walls. Because I can stand it no longer, I open my eyes hurriedly and fix them on the smart, taut face reflected in the mirror . . .

Three of us were sitting in a booth at Burke's Bar on West Fortieth Street. Burke's patrons were mostly working newspapermen and ex-newspapermen. The two men with me, Tom Watkins and Boris Landberg, had press cards in their wallets. I didn't. I had thrown mine away almost two years before when, along with two dozen other reporters, I was thrown out of the New York Bulletin-Express.

Duncan Cahill, the publisher of the Bulletin-Express, had a temper not unlike the wrath of the gods. One fine day he bellowed about a story which had appeared on the front page. It was a good story, a sensational story, but a dear friend of Duncan Cahill was the leading character. For this audacity, or oversight, Michael Enright, our saintly managing editor, was promptly canned. And all the bright young men who belonged to Enright's gang were also abruptly severed from the staff. I was one of them. Tom Watkins and Boris Landberg were also among them. But Tom and Boris very soon found other newspaper jobs in New York. I didn't. Instead, I went to work for Claude Hatcher, one of the more no-

The hero of this story—if you can call him a hero—

is a man who will do anything for money. Blackmail?

Certainly. Murder? Well, how much is he offered?

torious private detectives in Manhattan.

"Where's Claude?"

Tom Watkins directed this question at me. He was an ugly man with an angular, pocky face.

"Claude's in Cuba," I told him.

Boris Landberg laughed and his jowls quavered. Boris had been one of the few native New Yorkers on the Bulletin-Express staff.

"Claude's a tricky article," he said and, as usual, was correct.

Tom said, "So you're running the agency now, Pete."

I nodded slowly, being more resigned to the fact than proud of it.

Boris grinned. "Pete Moseley, private detective. Our own Dick Tracy."

"It pays off," I said.

"Must be thrilling too," Tom said sarcastically.

"Cut it out," I said.

Boris asked, "Pete, what are you working on now?"

I hesitated because I felt I was being taken for a ride. "You're not interested," I said.

"But I am, Pete," Boris persisted. Then

Then I felt the weight

of Manhattan fall

on my back,

and I was

. . . falling . . .

. . . falling . . .

but not in

any dream.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

he leaned forward. "Pete, why don't you let me talk to Murchison? I think I can get you on the Courier."

"Don't, Boris. I've got a job. And—if you're interested—I'm tailing a blonde from Pittsburgh."

"Business?" Tom asked.

"Business."

"Monkey business, Pete," Boris said.

"Well, I've got to work for a living," I said.

Boris and Tom smiled at each other.

"See you tomorrow?" Tom asked.

"Maybe," I replied. "That depends on the blonde.

"Remember me to her mother," Tom jested.

"Just remember," Boris said sadly.

"Remember what?"

Boris sighed and scratched his balding head. "Nothing," he muttered and turned away so that I might not see the sadness in his face.

A cold March wind hurried me uptown along Broadway. The theaters had spilled crowds into the streets, and taxis raced like mad dogs suddenly unleashed. Lights blinked crazily. The sickening sweetness of popcorn was caught by the wind. I didn't like it. I liked New York and myriad streets in New York, but Broadway at this hour wasn't one of them. I used to like to walk on Sunday on lower Broadway, near Broad and Wall, just as the dawn sun struck the quiet skyscrapers and the clean, empty streets. It was like walking in a dream, and it was the only time I really felt important in New York, because in those early morning hours I could hear the sound of my own footsteps, and I could feel that the great inanimate of steel and stone was conscious of my presence.

At Fifty-second Street I turned eastward and looked at the lights of the Club Tiara, another place I cared little about. The proprietor, like myself, was a native of Ohio. But there the similarity and the kinship end. He had a habit of handing out expensive gifts to his patrons in return for the expensive publicity the gifts and the celebrities gave him. I didn't have the habit of being nice to people about whom I cared very little.

The Club Tiara needs no description. It was very much like every other night club in New York. At least I thought so, and I thought it was one lousy place to squander money. But I didn't come to the Club Tiara to squander money. I came to earn some.

Aline Penton was my business; at least that night she was. Aline needs description because she's very much unlike most women you've met or married. For one thing it takes you a while to perceive her beauty. It's like looking at surrealist art and trying to ponder what the artist had in mind. You look at Aline and quickly decide her mouth is too wide, her cheekbones too prominent, her forehead too bumpy. Take a careful inventory and you decide she's an awkward blonde. But in a moment or more you have to change your mind. The wide mouth, the bumpy forehead, and prominent cheekbones, and even her large, almost masculine hands seem to blend and make a singularly attractive and desirable woman. Aline became very much alive once she spoke, looked at you, or walked toward you. Whenever I saw her walking away from me, I seemed to feel that the sun was sinking, and the hours were growing bleak.

More about Aline? She came from Pittsburgh, from a second-generation Polish family. Her father had made a killing in real estate, and she had been sent to an Eastern finishing school and later to college.

Aline, attired in a smart blue evening gown, was seated on a stool before the bar. With her was Frank Hudgens. How did I know? My client in Pittsburgh had informed me of the fact. He also told me Hudgens was a Harvard man who had dated Aline often when they were both college students.

He was tall, well-groomed, spoke well, usually about the stock market, and was very sure of himself. As he sat next to Aline, I thought he was very sure of Aline. That was more than I could say for my client in Pittsburgh, Porcher Hawley, who had described himself as Aline's fiancé.

Hudgens sat on Aline's right. On her left there were two empty stools, and I quickly sat down beside her. I ordered Scotch and water and studied Aline's face in the mirror. She was blithely smoking a cigarette and listening to Hudgens dissect the play they had just seen. So far as I could gather, he disliked the play because the characters betrayed the social insecurity of the playwright.

I don't know whether Aline was becoming bored by his analysis or was intrigued by my study of her. At any rate, she turned and regarded me quizzically.

"Hello," I said.

She grinned. "I've seen you before."

"You have?"

"Last night."

"Right."

"You sat at the end of the bar watching me."

"Right again."

Smoke rushed from her nostrils. "You like watching me?"

"It pays well."

Hearing this, Aline smirked, but Hudgens grimaced annoyance.

"How are you, Mr. Hudgens?" I asked, unabashed.

He arched his eyebrows. "Look here. What is this?"

Aline said, "What's my name?"

I told her, and she regarded me as she probably would have a Coney Island fortuneteller.

"What is it you want?" Hudgens asked. He was as much perturbed, as much concerned as he felt he could be and still be correct.

"Aline and I went to school together," I told Hudgens.

Hudgens looked to Aline for confirmation. "We were in the same sorority," she said, laughing.

Hudgens sneered.

"My father was a female impersonator," I said.

Hudgens lost his balance. "I could say other things about your father."

I nodded slowly. "Very good. Very good for a Harvard man."

"Why don't you find another seat? Or perhaps another club?" Hudgens asked.

Disregarding his questions, I stared at Aline. "Let's you and I have a talk."

"Sure. Let's talk."

I turned to Hudgens. "Think maybe you can look up another Harvard man . . . for a few minutes."

"Look here——"

"You can talk about the Yale game of 'thirty-seven. A very interesting game."

"You're from Yale?" Hudgens asked, thinking he saw the light.

"No, Middleville Normal High School. In Ohio."

Aline laughed. Then she turned toward Hudgens. "Come back in about ten minutes, Frank," she said.

Hudgens received this order with an open mouth. He never shut it or said anything. He merely slid off the stool and moved away.

Aline smiled at me. "Hello."

"My name's Pete."

"Never heard of you—Pete."

"Porcher Hawley did."

Unable to swallow this name, Aline looked sick. "Who are you?"

"My name's Pete. Pete Moseley."

"A friend of Porcher's?"

"No. Let's say I'm his agent."

"Business agent?"

"Of a sort."

"What sort?"

"Monkey business," I said, remembering how Boris had termed it.

She saw the light and crushed her cigarette in a small, fragile ash tray which I thought would crack under the pressure of her strong fingers. "You're a private detective."

"Right again."

Aline smiled at me, as if she was a good sport who could take a good joke. She ran the fingers of her left hand over my chin. "You don't look like a detective."

"No?"

"You look like a Yale man."

"You say the nicest things."

She laughed. "I'll bet you can say nasty things."

"I sure can."

Someone brushed against me, and I turned about and looked into the jowly face of a ponderous man.

"Excuse me," he said as he sat on the stool next to mine.

"That's all right," I muttered, and I returned my attention to Aline.

"About me?" she demanded seriously.

"About you."

"For instance."

"For instance, I can say you spent the night, last night, with Frank Hudgens."

Aline scowled. Then she remembered she ought not to take me seriously. "But I didn't."

"I know."

"You know?"

"Yes, I know. But I can still say you spent the night with——"

"Why say it?"

"For good reasons."

"Yes?"

"For financial reasons."

"You're dirty."

"Right again."

"What do you want?"

"Lots of things. I was always——"

"What kind of things?"

I kicked the door shut and pointed the automatic at him.

"Things that money can buy."

"Money?" Aline hesitated. "Give me a cigarette, please."

"I'll sell you one," I said bluntly.

She laughed aloud as if she had heard the funniest story of the year. "I like you," she said.

"Good for me," I said, reaching in my pocket for a pack of cigarettes. As I extended the pack to her I said, "I like you, too."

"I'm glad," she said, studying the pack of cigarettes. "That's not my favorite brand. I only buy my favorite brand."

I tried to withdraw the cigarettes, but she grabbed my hand. "I meant usually."

She took a cigarette, placed it in her broad mouth, and waited for me to light it. I did and then watched her blow the smoke at me.

"It's very good," she said.

"Expensive, too."

"Is that right?"

"Five hundred dollars."

She pursed her lips dramatically. "It is expensive. Perhaps it's a luxury I don't need."

"Then it's a free sample. Compliments of the agency."

"How much does a drink cost?"

"Nothing," I said. I ordered a Martini for her, and Scotch and water for myself. I happened to notice that the portly man next to me was drinking brandy.

While we waited for the drinks, Aline said, "Suppose I ask Frank to push in your lovely face?"

"Thanks for the compliment," I said, grinning.

"You're not afraid of Frank?"

"Are you?"

She laughed. "You're priceless."

"I'm not."

Her laughter grew louder and attracted the attention of the portly man. "You win."

"First prize?"

"First prize. But, tell me, Pete. What do I get for my money—besides this cigarette?"

"A clean bill of goods."

"Really!"

"If you want one."

Reflectively she said, "Porcher didn't trust me."

"I wouldn't."

"You wouldn't?"

I eyed her strongly and softly said, "No."

"I'll send you a check."

"Send me cash. First thing in the morning."

"I didn't spend the night with Frank. You know that, don't you?"

"I forget easily."

"And you have a healthy imagination?"

"Unhealthy."

"First prize. What's your address?"

I reached in a vest pocket and handed her a card.

After perusing it, she asked, "Who's Claude Hatcher?"

"My boss."

"Does he get the money?"

"What do you think?"

She laughed again. I think she had already had five hundred dollars worth of laughs. I had too. I liked being smart with her, being close to her.

"I'm going to be in New York for at least another week," she informed me.

"That's nice."

"You're going to look after me, aren't you?"

"Do I have to?"

"It's not unpleasant, is it?" she asked.

"I'll see you here tomorrow night."

"Good."

"If I see the money in the morning."

"How could I refuse?"

The bartender placed the drinks before us just as Frank Hudgens reappeared. He was distraught. He looked at Aline. "Are you ready to go?"

To worry Hudgens she hesitated, but then nodded. She took a token sip of the Martini and then slid gracefully from the stool.

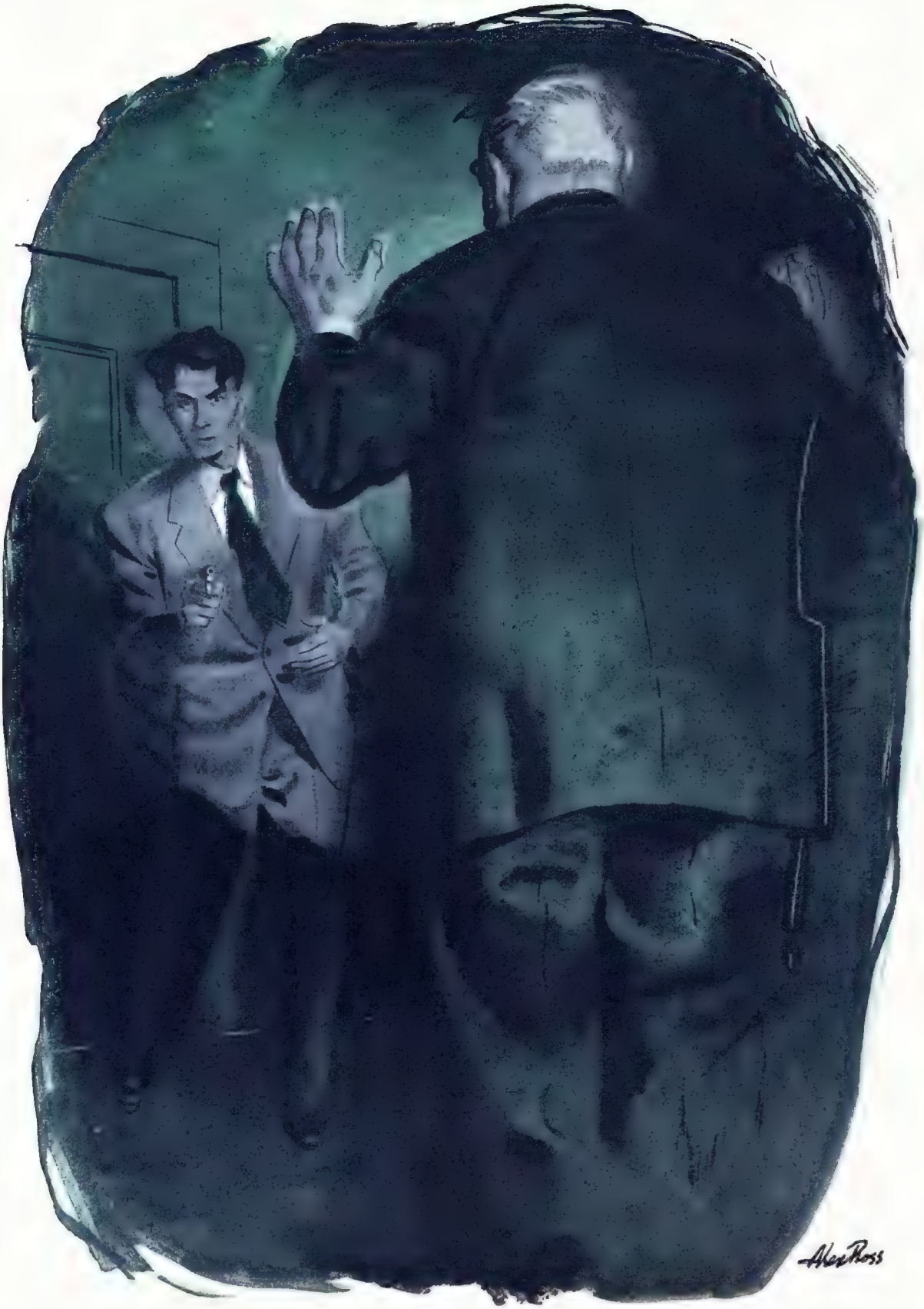
"Good night, Pete," she said.

"Good night, Aline. A good night to you too, Frank."

Hudgens ignored me and led Aline away. I didn't turn my head, but I watched them in the mirror. When they were out of sight I found myself meeting the portly man's glance in the mirror.

His was a benign face, the kind you associate with benefactors and philanthropists. His hair was sparse and silvery, and he had thick black eyebrows which hedged small squinting eyes. His nose and mouth were small, with almost an aristocratic delicacy. His chin was also small and buried in jowls. His neck was thick, and it grew out of an extremely portly body.

For a moment he would seem to be studying his own image in the mirror, and then his (*Continued on page 196*)


Alex Ross

BY LUTHER DAVIS

Crash Detectives

Air passengers who fly millions of miles safely each year owe much to these unsung government sleuths who investigate all crashes and try to eliminate the causes of them

ON NOVEMBER 4, 1944, an air liner was southbound near the town of Hanford, California. It had passed overhead at the same time thousands of times before, always delivering its passengers safely and speedily—as do 99.99 percent of all certificated air carriers. But on this occasion something went wrong.

People on the ground heard the engines stop and looked up to see what was the matter. To their horror they didn't see an airplane at all—only many separate fragments sprinkling toward them with a strange slowness, like so much pepper being shaken into the wind. Mixed with the debris were the bodies of twenty-four human beings.

The plane had been fully inspected before taking off; the pilots were qualified and in excellent health. Although the weather couldn't have been called good, it seemed to have been considerably better than that prescribed by minimum safety standards. What had happened? The answer is of more than academic interest. As the widow of one passenger killed in the crash wrote: "My husband flew all the time —hundreds of thousands of miles—without ever getting a scratch. I haven't forgotten that. Nonetheless, the cause of this tragedy must be found so that no more women will be widowed the way I am."

Find the cause. The largest single piece left of that plane could be carried on a man's back, and many important parts were never recovered at all. Finding the cause seemed impossible. Perhaps lightning struck the plane? But no (*Continued on page 117*)

INVESTIGATORS from the Civil Aeronautics Board's Safety Division examine wreckage of an air-liner crash near Morgantown, West Virginia.

THE Words AND THE Music

There is always a gulf between the woman who has chosen a husband, and the woman who has chosen a lover. But sometimes, as in this case, they think they would like to trade places for a little while

MYRA bounced uncomfortably in the back of the cab as it turned from Fifth Avenue into Forty-fourth Street. The snow had been only haphazardly cleaned away, and the street was as rough and bumpy as a country lane. Myra suffered a guilty feeling at having overslept. The mobs of people on their lunch hours, people who had already done an entire morning's work, exaggerated her feeling of guilt. She eyed with envy the girls in pairs talking animatedly, rushing to utilize every moment of their lunch hours. Any hurry on her part was a mockery, merely a matter of keeping pace with the tempo of New York. There was no motor in her to make her hurry as all these purposeful people did. Sometimes, of late, particularly at midday, when she witnessed the pushing crowds of working people, she felt that she must do something quickly to give her cause to hurry too, honestly, as the rest of the city did. She always had this feeling when she lunched in this section of the city. She always had this feeling when she had overslept. And she always had this feeling, this sense of guilty aimlessness, when she lunched with Fran, who would have been up since seven, would have tended to a score of household details before she caught the train for town.

As the cab drew up before the tearoom Myra found that, in her fear of being late, she had arrived early. Entering the crowded foyer of the restaurant she wondered why she and Fran persisted in meeting here at the Fireside. Why did they never go to some other place for variety? She supposed it was probably an unconscious effort to return to their common past, to the milieu that had been theirs when they had been so constantly together. For a period of twelve years they had been coming here. It had been one of their first discoveries when they had arrived together in New York from California. The Fireside had seemed the epitome of elegance to them then. And they had afforded lunch here only on Saturdays.

What a lifetime had been crowded into a Saturday then. Work, luncheon, window-wishing, the hairdresser, and then a rush to be home near the telephone. The weighty considerations of which invitation to accept for the evening: To go to a play you longed to see with a man who bored you, or to have a fabulous dinner in one of the luxurious speak-easies with someone who didn't. Quite the busy girls about town they had been, she and Fran, with their dark apartment and all its inconveniences—the dirty elevator that clanked so noisily, the large elaborate room that was never warm, the bookcases

BY *Elva Williams*

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY PETERSON

This woman

is a contented wife... or is she?

gorged with books left by the bachelor from whom they had rented the apartment—books they never found time to read. And then the bedroom, contrasting so shockingly with the elegant living room, more like a barracks than a boudoir. Nothing in it but the two low couches and the bureau that was always in disarray. So typically New York. All the magnificence for show, and the bedroom quite frankly telling the status of their purse.

Fran had disclosed her steady, plodding nature even then. While Myra had flitted from job to job, Fran had remained in her first place, advancing steadily, forgetting her talent for design to concentrate on the business angle of advertising. When she married George, she was earning over six thousand a year. Had she continued to work, who knows, probably Fran today would be one of those thirty-thousand-a-year women whose biographies serve as feature stories in the magazines. Myra could not take her work as seriously as Fran had. Perhaps because hers was only a chore at a desk while Fran's was a profession. In this town, a woman should have either a talent or a husband. Fran had both. Fran had done all the right, sensible things. Even to choosing a husband. A structural engineer. What could be more solid than that?

If only I'd had to work, Myra thought, maybe things would have been totally different. When her mother had died and Myra had gone back to California, her life had begun to diverge from Fran's. She had returned to New York with an income from the four beach cottages in Santa Monica. It wasn't riches, but it was enough to keep her from settling down seriously to earning a living. Enough to keep her from looking seriously for a husband. There was always that feeling of having plenty of time for that.

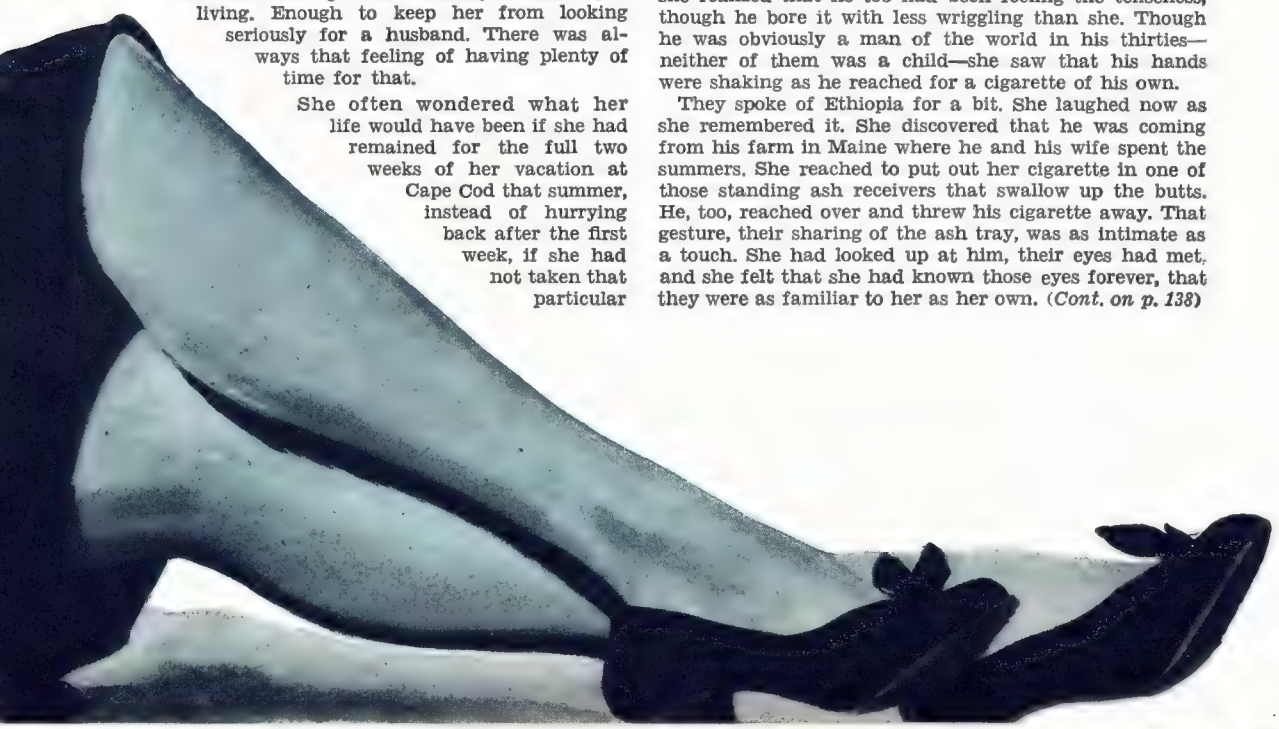
She often wondered what her life would have been if she had remained for the full two weeks of her vacation at Cape Cod that summer, instead of hurrying back after the first week, if she had not taken that particular train from Boston, if Drake had not had the adjoining seat in the club car on that hot summer day, that day when Myra had not expected anything at all to happen, that day when everything did.

She had worn an old print dress. Her oldest. And low-heeled shoes. She was hot. And in her plainest mood. She remembered how resentful she had been that he looked so well barbered, so groomed and cool as he took the chair adjoining hers. The moment he sat down, she had begun to feel irrationally ill at ease. Their chairs half faced each other and to turn hers too precipitately would have seemed uncompromisingly rude.

She began to read about the Italians in Ethiopia, but even as she read, the uncomfortable, adolescent self-consciousness mounted in her. She began to eat up cigarettes, realizing all the while that she was behaving like a fidgety school girl. Though he did not move, though he was reading quietly, he was an unavoidable presence. He did not raise his eyes. His eyebrows, she had observed, were too dark and heavy. There was something elaborate in their efforts not to intrude upon each other.

She began to think of escape, of going to the dining car. But time seemed to have changed its pace. It was much too early for lunch. Automatically she took out another cigarette. She searched in her handbag for a match. Then in her pocket. He put down his magazine and reached forward with his lighter, saying nothing. But as she accepted the light, she had looked up at him, and, remarkably, she saw a flush rise in his dark face. It was then she realized that he too had been feeling the tenseness, though he bore it with less wriggling than she. Though he was obviously a man of the world in his thirties—neither of them was a child—she saw that his hands were shaking as he reached for a cigarette of his own.

They spoke of Ethiopia for a bit. She laughed now as she remembered it. She discovered that he was coming from his farm in Maine where he and his wife spent the summers. She reached to put out her cigarette in one of those standing ash receivers that swallow up the butts. He, too, reached over and threw his cigarette away. That gesture, their sharing of the ash tray, was as intimate as a touch. She had looked up at him, their eyes had met, and she felt that she had known those eyes forever, that they were as familiar to her as her own. (*Cont. on p. 138*)



Acme

PRO— Claiming that their territory is more American than many parts of the United States, Hawaiians point with pride to Honolulu,

Hawaii—49th STATE?

Hawaii, making a serious bid to become our forty-ninth state, feels that it is as American as Vermont or Arkansas. But disapprovers point to the large Japanese population of the Islands and shake their heads

BY CLARK LEE

CON— Opponents point to Hawaii's strongly Oriental population, represented by these typical girls of Jap, Korean, American-

Galloway

with its modern buildings and highways, and to their swank resorts, like Waikiki Beach, which look forward to boom days.

IT MIGHT BE a good idea for Messrs. Truman, Bricker and the other gentlemen who are reported to be warming up for 1948 to get in a few practice licks on the ukulele or the Hawaiian steel guitar.

For there is a definite chance that by the time of the next presidential election, the Territory of Hawaii will be the forty-ninth state in the Union and its voters will participate in selecting the future occupant of the White House. The ukulele is important because music means as much in a Hawaiian campaign as a good barbecue cook does to a Georgia election rally or the hot sauce to a Tammany clambake. Of course, would-be officeholders have to be gifted with more than a slick hand with a slack key on the guitar, but no self-respecting candidate would think of appearing in public without a troupe to provide music and hula dancing between speeches.

Politics are a big thing in the life of Hawaii. For hours before a meeting, families begin to rally around: everybody from grandparents over eighty down to great-grandchildren and their pet dogs. Song, dancing and music punctuate the intervals between discourse on weighty internal and international matters. Flower *leis* are presented to the opposing candidates who, time and funds permitting, are frequently hosts at huge *luaus* at which roast pig, sweet potatoes and *poi* are the culinary attractions. The legislature opens with a song and a dance and closes the same way, and between times the lawmakers break the monotony of legislating with an occasional performance by a hula group.

Ever since it became a part of the United States by annexation as a territory in 1900, Hawaii has aspired to statehood. The status "territory" is by tradition a step toward admittance to the Union, and over the years Congressional committees and national leaders have promised that, (*Continued on page 119*)

Hawaiian, Asiatic-Hawaiian, Chinese and Caucasian ancestry. They point, too, at the typical grass shack and typical family.

Lucky Streak

Ted Varley had taken five years of marriage and tossed them in—like a losing bridge hand. But there was a new deal—for four—coming up and the ex-Mrs. Varley knew the deck was stacked

By Laura Z. Hobson

ILLUSTRATED BY VÁRADY

PART TWO OF A TWO-PART SERIAL

IN THE FIRST INSTALLMENT: What would Gail Varley's future be when her divorce became final? She didn't know, but she could hope. A lucky streak at cards had followed Gail from New York to Reno, and on her first evening in the divorce capital she encountered and worsted Carol Jeffron over a gaming table at the Club Mesquite, to the delight of Pat Manoble, a businessman, from whom Gail earned the name of "Lucky."

Gail's exultation over this temporary victory soon left her, however, when she returned to her Sierra Ranch cottage to find that her housemate, absent when Gail arrived, was none other than this same Carol, the beautiful blonde who was to put something back into Ted Varley's life that had gone out of it in his five years of marriage to Gail—fun, sparkle, adventure. Gail saw no reason why she should stay in the same quarters with Carol. Despite the housing shortage, Gail arranged to move, but not before she had seen letters and flowers from Ted arrive for Carol.

The next night at the Mesquite, with Pat at her side and her luck still holding, Gail again took Carol to the cleaners. Later Pat offered Gail a partnership in a new combine he was forming. Elated at the prospect of returning to business, Gail agreed and wrote Ted to cancel her alimony. Going to the main lodge to mail the letter, Gail overheard the night clerk and cleaning man gossiping.

"She's no amatoor gambler," the cleaning man asserted. "An' everybody's catchin' on."

"G'wan, Joe, just because that dizzy Jeffron dame says. . ."

Gail's elation was forgotten, her sense of triumph lost. She had never fought back against Carol Jeffron. She had despised her, but she had never fought her.

"I'll get out of this rotten place tomorrow," Gail savagely told herself. "I won't *get* the divorce. I won't *let* her get her dirty hands on Ted."

* * * * * *

THE HARD knocking on her door pulled Carol Jeffron out of the ragged edges of final sleep.

She glanced at her watch. It wasn't even eight. A fine way to start her last day in the place. The knocking kept on. She opened her door with a jerk.

"Why, hello," she said to Gail. "What on earth——"

She saw the fury in Gail's eyes. Without speech, Gail walked into the bedroom. A packed trunk and half-filled suitcases crowded it. From the silver

frame, Ted seemed to be looking directly at her. She wheeled to face Carol.

"How many people have you told I cheat?" she said.

"Gail! I never in this world——"

"Because you're going to take it back from every last one. *Or* I get on that plane with you tonight"—Gail saw fear leap into Carol's eyes, saw her jaw drop—"and there'll *be* no divorce."

There was a coldness in Gail's voice Carol had never heard before. For once she felt herself in a situation completely out of her control. This threat was something she understood. This was the kind of thing she'd have thought up herself. She'd underestimated this Gail Varley.

"I never even *implied* such a thing, Gail," she said quickly. "Why, I've told people about your trouncing me all those times but——"

"The word was 'cheat' or 'pro' and you were quoted."

"They were lying, whoever said it. I *hate* trouble-makers; this place crawls with them." Her voice went plaintive. "I just talked about your luck—but everybody's talking about that."

Gail felt scorn for the abjectness behind the protestations. This scared and guilty girl could not know that she'd do no such thing as quit Reno now. Last night within half an hour after she'd left the lodge porch, she'd seen that "saving Ted" would be merely an excuse for taking revenge on Carol. Having given her word to him, she would stick by it, no matter what. But Carol had to know she'd been caught at her work.

"Who are your friends out here? That marine and his girl, and I've seen you talking to June Florey. Who else?"

"I—let's see." She thought intently. Gail couldn't have any proof. She felt an odd admiration for her, cracking down like this—there was a kind of daring to it, sharp and sure. It was galling to be hauled up on the carpet—there'd be time later to get even. What had Gail heard precisely, and from whom? "Oh, yes, and Roddy." Her voice was candor itself.

"Roddy Wisser? That crook?"

"He's a darling, really. He admires winners, and I openly admitted you were too good for me."

"I can imagine."

"But heavens, I certainly never insinuated there was anything *funny* going on. Why, I'll go see him—I'll see everybody just to be *extra* sure."

There was a pause. Carol lighted a cigarette and waited. Order me around like this, she thought furiously, and I'll fix everything up—just dandy.

All at once Gail had enough. Carol, groveling, was unexpected and curiously comforting. But the vision of herself conducting Carol from person to person, listening to retraction and apology—that would be degrading.

Carol saw her glance toward the door, and some instinct told her the episode was over. Either she'd convinced her, or Gail hadn't been as sure as she sounded in the first place. "I can't blame you," Carol added, almost penitently, "for hating me a little. But you should know I wouldn't play you *dirty*."

"You did play dirty and you will again," Gail answered slowly. "And for a long time you'll have all the advantage. Because I won't play back on your level." She started out. "I don't suppose you'll get the connection—but in the end the Nazis *did* lose the war."

She left. Behind her Carol ground out her cigarette.

At luncheon in the lodge dining room, Gail had the grim satisfaction of seeing Carol talk earnestly to the beautiful brunette girl and then go over to June Florey's table and do the same. Once Carol waved from across the room, then made a movement with her hand in a "nothing to it" gesture.

"Does *she* look innocent!" Gail said to herself. "That's the only way she lets Ted see her."

Ted. Would she never stop relating everything to Ted? Roses had just come from Pat and instead of enjoying them, she had remembered that Ted had always sent her roses. Mail had come from Eve, and she had read the letter with eyes quickened for any mention of his name. Only when she saw there was none had she reread it with full attention to what Eve was saying. Dear, loyal Eve. She'd been interviewing people who wanted to rent the house. She'd already begun a search for the "bachelor-girl place."

That evening Gail had to force herself to leave her room. She hated the idea of going to the Mesquite alone. She suddenly missed Pat very much. Then she knew this was a test evening. It was the first time she'd had to go out with no escort. It was, moreover, the evening when she'd be unable to forget that Carol was on her way back to Ted. "If you stay home alone to read"—Ann Jeremy's words came back to her—"you won't read; you'll just wallow in misery."

She arrived at the casino about ten o'clock. There was no way for her to know that an hour before, dressed for traveling and divorce papers in her purse, Carol had stopped her taxi outside and gone in alone. She couldn't know of the brief, smiling talk Carol had had with the club's manager. But as Gail came through the front door, that suave-faced gentleman stepped forward to meet her.

"Good evening, Mrs. Varley."

"Hello." She started for the gaming room.

"One minute, please. May we talk?"

There was an odd authority in his voice, and she looked her astonishment.

"You know, Mrs. Varley," he went on with a deprecating gesture, "it's not very profitable for any casino to have players who—er—*always* win from the house. It is delightful that you enjoy the Club Mesquite so much, but——"

He finished the sentence to himself. Gail was gone.

Four minutes later she was at The Nevada, the other private casino Ann had told her about. She announced herself to the doorman as Mrs. Theodore Varley of New York and asked to see the manager. A moment later she was reminding him of the introduction Mrs. Jeremy had sent in and pleasantly asked what the entrance fee might be. Equally pleasantly the manager explained that with such overcrowding, "new players are quite impossible just now, Mrs. Varley."

"If they think you're shady or a pro," Pat had said, "they slam doors."

Like a fanatic, Gail drove her rented roadster back to the ranch. Carol had finally seen through her threat and had spent the day spreading her lies, not killing them! Why? To what end? She was just one of nature's vandals, Gail felt with sudden helplessness. Carol had used her last hours here to polish up the job, leaving behind this vicious legacy. And, except on Carol's own level, there *was* no way to fight back.

Gail ground the car to a stop outside her cottage. She tore into her room. She pulled her suitcases out of the closet, opened them wide on her bed. She began to pull clothes off hangers, chuck shoes into a pile, scrabble lingerie and gloves and handkerchiefs together from dresser drawers.

Suddenly she remembered another time when she'd gone berserk in just such a way.

She stopped and stood motionless.

Then something began to happen inside her head. Without moving a muscle, she felt as if her chin were lifting higher. Without flexing her fingers she felt as if she'd snapped them against the whole hostile world.

"Survivor." The word pronounced itself in her thoughts. She'd manage to get through this too. She closed the empty suitcases. The click of the locks found some answering click in her mind.

For days she scarcely left the ranch. She made a point of talking to anybody who so much as knew her name. She chatted with June Florey, the cowboys, Joe and Mike, her mousey housemate, the waiters, Mr. Leyden. No one ever broached the subject of gambling or casinos. Neither did she. But nobody was going to think she had to crawl into retirement.

"It's working," she told herself. (*Continued on page 173*)

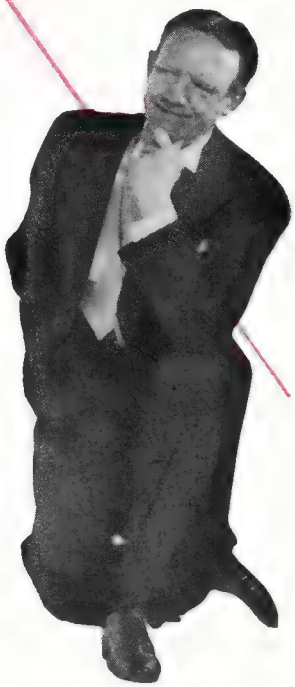
how NOT to dance

THE HARTMANS, Grace and Paul, one of America's outstanding night-club dance teams, build their act on satirical comedy. They imitate with hilarious effect the would-be jitterbugs, the middle-aged rumba and tango artists, and those other types who generally clutter up country-club and cabaret floors. On the following pages, the Hartmans show you, with appropriate comments, some of the men that women would rather not be caught dancing with and some of the ladies who are never annoyed by too much cutting in from the stag line.

By Grace and Paul Hartman

"THEY call this the 'Anniversary Waltz,'" says Paul Hartman. "But I call it 'When You and I Were Young, Maggie.' It's done by the numbers like drill in the Army—one, two, three; one, two, three. It might be all right in the home where there's plenty of space, but why do they always try it in a Saturday-night hotel crowd where that long reach is always getting into the chicken-a-la-king at the ringside tables?"

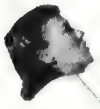
The Gay Nineties



"YOU got anniversaries?" replies Grace. "Look what I got. Our old 'Adorables' number brought up to date in the Boyer-Bacall manner. Imagine that poor girl's back. Such bliss! Does that guy always droop when he's exposed to soft lights and slow music, or is he simply afraid that the ceiling is too low?"

"HERE," Paul says, "we have the inexperienced uncle who finds himself out there with one of those girls who wants to rumba with all her heart, although she isn't quite the type. Her wartime stockings are not quite the type for this demonstration, either."

THE HEAVY LATINS



"AH!" exclaims Grace. "Now we have Emil Coleman, our dynamic orchestra leader. What do you think of the way he butchers—I mean, dances—the samba? I suppose he's wondering what George Raft has that he hasn't got, but I imagine the silently suffering lady could tell him. That is, if she could ever get her breath again."

The Jitters

"THE last time our daughter Janet saw her mother and father mixed up in this maneuver she shook her head sadly and said, 'Somebody ought to be well paid for this, and it shouldn't be Daddy.'"

"THERE ought to be a law against this," says Paul. "The proper authorities should bring it up before the United Nations Security Council. What will our great-great-grandchildren think of us when they find a picture like that in the family album?"

The Hartman way
"NOW here is the way that a nice respectable couple should conduct themselves on a ballroom floor. Notice the great difference between these dancers and the undignified clowns you see at most social gatherings."

The terrified doctor

Doctor Frank Webb sat on the edge of his cot in the death cell. He was unable to move.

He felt strangely swollen. His fingers in particular. They seemed lumpy and magnified.

His throat burned. He tried to swallow. The thing that had always turned over in his throat and made swallowing possible refused to work. The muscles of his throat weren't functioning. He struggled with them, holding his breath.

He gripped his throat with his fingers. A pulse was beating desperately. This was himself. This was life beating in him. His fingers clung to the throbbing vein, and then he pulled them away. Yet something remained around his throat, something tight and unbearable. They were hanging him.

He screamed.

The two deputies seized his arms and held him rigidly between them.

He stopped struggling. A deep sense of relief came over him. He had swallowed.

How dark the night was outside. How queerly the smells of the jail burned the lining of his nose. If they would let him out in the air for a few minutes, let him stand in the street and breathe in the clean winds off the lake . . .

He noticed something strange about his breathing. When he breathed something ominous happened inside him. He could take only a half breath. Then this thing happened.

A hot, dissolving sensation as if something were moving inside him, as if something queer, alien and horrifying had crept into his organs. Then he became aware that this prowling and dreadful thing between his stomach and his heart was himself. It was more himself than all the rest of him—a sensation that absorbed his personality and his consciousness.

He could neither see it nor even think about it. He could only sit still and feel this shuddering thing that beat, burned, gasped and fled through him; that clung so heavily to his breath as if it wanted to be lifted and expelled out of his mouth.

His mind cleared, and he began thinking separately from this ominous confusion within him—separately, as if he were reading something from a book.

This thing in him was life. It wasn't he who was terrified, but life. All his healthy, normal organs—his heart, lungs, liver, stomach, tissues, bones, blood cells—all these were going to be destroyed. He could not control their panic.

THIS STORY IS COMPLETE ON THESE FOUR PAGES

By Ben Hecht

The Blue Ribbon Story

For a moment he saw himself inside. He became horribly conscious of his inner physiological self as if he were an anatomical chart.

Then this vision changed. He was lying dead. He was filling a coffin.

He sat between the two deputies, trembling. The vibrations soothed him. He desired to increase them. But even here he was powerless.

He moaned aloud, closing his eyes and rolling his head. This noise and gesture released a tension. He felt relieved.

But the ominous burning inside him returned. Something still clutched at the air he inhaled, seizing on it hungrily, clinging to it and filling his insides with a hot, alien pulse.

He studied the sensation dully. How desperately and with how many new and hitherto unknown tongues life cried out within him. This dissolving and annihilating sensation, he knew what it was. Fear. As long as he could keep it where it was he would be all right. All it could do was burn up his stomach.

Again he moaned aloud and rolled his head. This was unnecessary but while doing it he felt better, almost happy.

He began to think. Pictures of the gallows, the dangling rope, the coffin, returned. He swept at them with his will. He wanted to think of something else. Of what? Of what? He couldn't answer. He struggled to remember a name, a subject. But his brain was no longer his. It had a life of its own. It went on thinking by itself.

He would stand alive on the gallows.

One minute he would be alive. The next instant he would be dead.

Between his living and his dying there would be an instant—a tiny, incredible instant. He began to live this instant.

He was falling through the gallows drop. In a tiny second the rope would snap his neck. That last second. My God, how fast he fell! Falling. Falling. Now it would come. Now it was coming.

He fought crazily, with queer, helpless forces. But he was still moving downward. Maybe the rope had broken, and he was falling to the floor. No! Here it was. Death. And he hung limply in a shroud. His toes were pointed like a ballet dancer's.

Doctor Webb screamed. He sprang to his feet. The two deputies seized him.

"Hang me, for God's sake! Take me out and hang me!" he cried.

The deputies wrestled him back to his cot.

He began to whimper. The sound pleased him. He tried to keep it up. While he was whimpering and moaning, nothing else was happening.

He listened to them dully. Moans, broken cries, sobs. They were coming from him. That was all right. That was himself who made these sounds, the self he knew and could control.

But again he felt something coming. He knew what it was. He closed his eyes, gritted his teeth. His will hammered at this brain. For a moment he triumphed. He remembered a name. Joe. Joe was the man he had killed. He began crying the name aloud. "Joe! Joe!"

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID STONE MARTIN

But the name disappeared. Something else was returning. The tiny, incredible instant between life and death. Again he was hurled into this drama of falling. Again he fell.

The deputies clung to his arms. They grew frightened. It seemed he would wrench loose from them.

"Oh, my God," he screamed in the struggle, "hang me! Have it over. Hang me, merciful God!"

His screams continued.

The prisoners on the floor were awakened. They began wailing. An agonized din filled the jail.

The deputies fought with their charge in vain. Doctor Webb struggled with a frenzy beyond their strength. They were twisting his wrists. The skin about his wrists broke and began to bleed. The pain pleased him. Anything—anything. He must keep on howling, howling to be hanged, or else the tiny instant would return.

The door of the death cell opened. The warden and sheriff appeared. They had to shout to be heard.

The dimly lighted corridors were filled with screams. From the darkened cells came long-drawn wails. Tin cups were banging against the steel bars.

The warden administered a dose of morphine. It had no effect. The cries of the doomed man only increased. The sheriff shook him and knocked him about the cell.

"We can't hang you before seven A.M.," he shouted. "Shut up! Damn you! Shut up!"

The warden looked at his watch. It was a quarter to five.

"Now! Now!" Doctor Webb clung to the officials. "Take me now. I can't stand it."

The sheriff and the warden looked at each other and nodded.

Twenty minutes later Doctor Frank Webb was being marched to the gallows. He clung to the chaplain who walked beside him. His feet stumbled. His mouth was open. He could repeat none of the chaplain's words. The instant, the incredible instant was coming. They dragged him through the door into the death room.

He was unable to move, unable to see what was around him. But through the terror of death that was dissolving his soul he managed to utter hoarsely the one word, "Hurry . . . hurry . . ."

The body of Doctor Frank Webb was cut down after it had been hanging eighteen minutes. The rope had failed in its intended function. He had strangled to death in the noose.

Ten minutes after the body had been removed out of the death room the telephone in the sheriff's office rang. Deputy Johnson answered.

It was the governor. A reprieve from death had been granted Doctor Frank Webb after an all-night discussion. His sentence had been commuted to life imprisonment.

THE STAR—Vincent Price gives a stirring performance as the aristocratic and egomaniac Nicholas Van Ryn opposite Gene Tierney in "Dragonwyck."

Cosmopolitan's Movie Citations of the Month

By Louella O. Parsons

Motion Picture Editor, International News Service

THE PICTURE—"The Green Years," from A. J. Cronin's novel, with Dean Stockwell as the Irish lad and Charles Coburn as his great-grandfather.

THE SUPPORTING ROLE—Ivan Kirov, a newcomer from the ballet and musical stage, in Ben Hecht's drama of the ballet, "Specter of the Rose."

CURRENTLY in Hollywood they are telling the story of the studio head who got his producers together for a conference the morning after the Academy Awards.

He looked angrily at the magnificent scripts submitted for his royal approval. He snorted at the glittering names lined up for his casts.

"You're all fired," he snapped angrily. "Look at these plans, nothing but hits, hits, hits. These days anybody can make a hit picture. What I want is a man with such genius that he can make a failure."

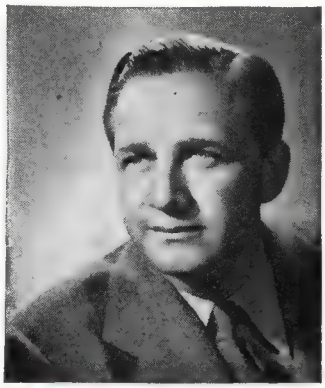
Yes, we have bonanzas today in Hollywood, such box-office bonanzas as were never dreamed of previously. The average movie attendance in this country used to be approximately eighty million weekly customers. Now it has shot up to one hundred million. The movie that grossed five million dollars in earnings used to rate banner lines in the film trade papers. Now it takes a ten- or fifteen-million-dollar netter to raise so much as a Hollywood eyebrow. Maybe what the economists say is true. Maybe we are sitting around in this country waiting to buy new toasters, vacuum cleaners and cars—but we're not sitting at home, my friends. We're sitting in the movie theaters, and the producers are picking up the pieces of change.

I'll confess that for a while, during the war, the boys in the movie front offices had me worried. Too many of them were glibly turning out slick quickies. Their pictures weren't so downright bad as they were sloppy and vacuous. In fact, the producing joke I heard most often in 1945 was the one about the head of a studio who took a film out to preview, only to mutter at the end of it, "Why, this picture is so thin, we'll have to take it back to the studio and give it added scenes even to make it stink." There was either that attitude or that of the fellows who went 'way over to the other side and turned out movies that reflected only gore and gloom. After one of the latter was shown, one producer turned to another and asked, "Tell me, how does this picture depress you?"

But this month, viewing new releases for the Cosmopolitan Citations, I was happy to observe that the profits are being plowed back. Over-slickness has evolved into real smoothness. Quickness has been replaced by alertness and real perception. The four pictures I finally chose for you are all distinctive and distinguished, plus being polished like a raja's rubies.

One is a psychological melodrama, another is a brooding mystery. The third is a high, romantic comedy. The fourth is "The Green Years."

You'll notice I don't classify "The Green Years." It's because I can't find any pat phrase with which to pigeonhole a picture like this—and that isn't just because it's (*Continued on page 185*)

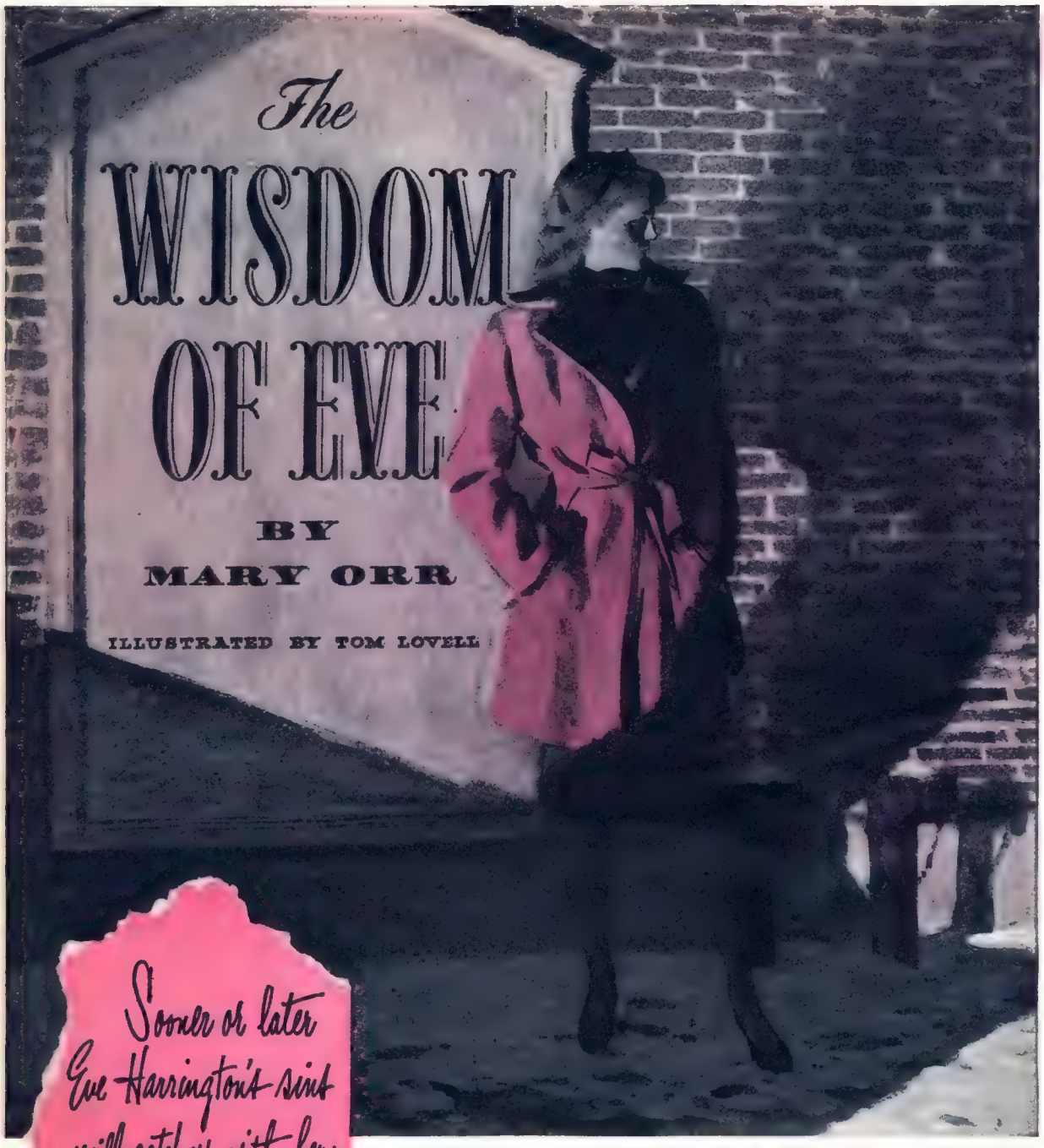


THE DIRECTOR
Mervyn LeRoy extracts every possible laugh from the smartly paced bright comedy "Without Reservations."

The WISDOM OF EVE

BY
MARY ORR

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL



She just stood there, odd-looking

Sooner or later Eve Harrington's sins will catch up with her. Not today, perhaps, or tomorrow but eventually...

A YOUNG GIRL is on her way to Hollywood with a contract for one thousand dollars a week from a major film company in her pocketbook. I shall call her Eve Harrington because that is not her name, though the Eve part of the alias is not unapt, considering the original's snaky activities in a once peaceful garden. In a year or two I am sure Miss Harrington will be as much of a household word to you as Ingrid Bergman or Joan Fontaine. When she is a star, I am equally positive that the slick publicity agents of Hollywood who surround these celestial beings with glamour will give you their version of her success. But no matter what they concoct, it will not be as interesting or ironic as her real story. It would never occur to them to tell you the truth. Stars must be presented to their public in a warm sympathetic light, and one could scratch a long time before kindling any such spark from the personality of Eve Harrington.

I first saw her on a cold, snowy night in January. I was sitting snugly under a fur rug in the back seat of Margola Cranston's town car. We were parked at the stage entrance of Margola's theater waiting for her to come out. By we, I

and aloof, staring at the stage door.

mean Henry, her chauffeur, and I. Henry sat patiently in front of me displaying the proper fortitude of one whose chief occupation in life was to wait. But marking time is not my long suit, and my gloved fingers played an irritated tattoo on Margola's polychrome upholstery. I am an actress myself and am able to get in and out of my make-up with the same speed that I duck in and out of a cold shower. Not so Margola. Rarely did she leave the theater before a quarter to twelve. What went on in her dressing room for three-quarters of an hour was a mystery known only to her maid, Alice, and herself. Consequently, if one wanted to see Margola after the theater, one waited. However, it was not a lone vigil.

There was a crowd at the stage door. They were the usual autograph fans, all with little books open and fountain pens dripping ink. Some appeared to be intelligent theater-goers; they carried programs for Margola to sign and had obviously seen the play that evening. I could hear their enthusiastic comments through the tiny opening where I had lowered the car window to let my cigarette smoke escape. A few were boys in uniform with dreams of dating Margola—dreams that would not come true. There was only one person standing there whom I could not catalogue. She stood nearest the car, and I could see her face clearly in the light of the street lamp.

It was a young, unusual face but not in the least pretty. Because she was rather plain, the amount of make-up she was wearing seemed to me very odd. What I mean is, false eyelashes can look very much at home on Lana Turner, but the same pair could be incongruous on a schoolteacher. This girl had a serious, prim expression. She was dressed in a warm practical red coat: on her head she

wore a small dark tam-o'-shanter which didn't seem to agree with the coat. She also wore high-heeled, open-toed shoes, and, standing there in the slush her feet must have been cold. Her hands were thrust into her coat pockets and a shabby purse dangled from her left arm. Her manner was shy and reticent. Under their long lashes, her eyes stared at the ground. She stood first on one foot and then on the other to keep warm, but displayed no fatigue at the long wait.

I continued to wonder who she was and why she was there until Margola finally appeared at the stage entrance. I had seen her come out many times. It was a superb act. I knew perfectly well she was not in the least surprised to see the crowd gathered there. But her expression was one of delighted amazement. So many people gathered there to see her! It could not be! She smiled and signed the autograph books and spoke first to one and then to another. She radiated graciousness. Every one would go away exclaiming, "What charm!" "So modest!" "How kind!"

Margola would then climb into the car and apologize for keeping me waiting by saying, "Those tiresome people! Such bores! What fools!"

I was one of Margola's few women friends. My husband, Lloyd Richards, had written the play in which she was then appearing with great success. Lloyd had also written another one of her most popular vehicles. No one knew better than he that a large part of their success was due to Margola's performance. Without her, they might have run five, six or seven weeks. With her, the first play had lasted two years, and the current smash hit showed stubborn signs of outdoing it. For there was no doubt that Margola was a truly great actress.

Watching her sign the autographs, I wondered for the thousandth time what made her so great. Nobody would guess it to see her out of the theater. She was tiny, with the childish figure of a Botticelli angel. On stage, her clothes were done by Carnegie, Valentina and Mainbocher. Off stage, they were done by Cranston. They consisted generally of old sweaters and tweed skirts. I had once peeked into her closet and discovered a dozen gowns utterly unworn. I have known her six years and have seen her twice in a decent dress. Once was at the funeral of a big producer for whom she had no respect and once when she had to receive a Critic's Award she didn't want.

Her hair was another cross her friends had to bear. When she was not on stage, it was generally piled on the top of her head as if she had just fallen out of the bath. Even on stage it could sometimes be said to resemble a theater cleaner's mop. That night it was tucked beneath a hand-painted handkerchief which she had tied under her chin, peasant fashion. She wore a mink coat, true enough, but on her it might have been an old muskrat. It was down to her ankles and six years out of style. Nobody but a genius could dress as she did and get away with it.

Lloyd has always said that for him she is utterly devoid of sex appeal. To me she is tremendously attractive. He gives her one asset in the way of beauty—a very obvious one—a pair of enormous eyes, which behind the footlights can betray every thought in a character's mind with crystal clarity. Also, she seems to have the secret of eternal youth; I have seen her in the bright sunshine with no make-up on, and she doesn't look a day over twenty-nine or thirty. If Margola ever sees forty-five again, I'll have my eyes lifted.

We had got along together from the first day we met. I often disagreed with her, argued with her and wisecracked at her expense. Sometimes Lloyd would look worried and tell me not to go too far, to remember that I owed my penthouse and sables largely to her. However, in spite of my acid tongue, to this day she has preferred my company to most other women's.

Being Margola's best friend is in many ways a bit of a bore. I am the type of female who only feels at home dressed in a Daché hat at the Stork Club or El Morocco. As Margola always looks like a Midwest tourist, it is well-nigh impossible to persuade her to have supper at any café-society haunt. She favors a bar behind some delicatessen shop, the back booth in Sardi's, or her own home.

On the night in question it was home—and home to Margola is a nest of forty rooms at Great Neck, Long Island, called "Capulet's Cottage." That meant I had to stay all night, for first there would be a huge supper, and then conversation until three or four in the morning, as Margola loves to talk by the light of the moon. Consequently, my overnight bag rested uncomfortably on my feet. Lloyd had kissed me good-by when I had left for the theater and had gone off with a gleam in his eye to a stag poker session. "Have a nice cat party," had been his parting words, and I knew that he was privately relieved we were not having a foursome with Margola's husband, Clement Howell. Clement is a clever enough director and producer but very English and pompous. Lloyd can take only a certain number of broad A's.

Margola was close to the car when the shabby little girl with the red coat suddenly stepped into her line of vision. I saw Margola's eyes cloud up and her expression change to one of annoyance. The girl spoke a few words and looked at her in the most supplicating way, her large eyes filled with tears. But she did not succeed in melting the star's icy attitude. I couldn't hear what Margola said to her exactly, but I knew it wasn't nice, and I did catch the last phrase which was, "I don't want you pestering me every night." With that she climbed into the car and slammed the door. "Get going, Henry," she commanded the chauffeur and sank back into the corner of the seat like a sulky child.

"Well," I said, in my most sarcastic tone, "I thought you were always so charming to your public. What's the matter with little Miss Redcoat? Is she selling something?"

Margola glared at me. "You don't know what I have been through with that girl. You can't imagine what she has said and done to me. How she lied to me and made a fool of me. You can't imagine——"

"Now, Margola," I said, "don't act. Don't be so dramatic. What could a poor girl like that do to you?"

"It's too long a story," she said. "Besides I get in a rage every time I think about it."

I lighted a cigarette and handed it to her.

"Come on," I said. "You'll have to tell me now. We've got a long drive ahead and nothing to do but talk, and I'm curious."

She inhaled deeply. "Her name's Eve Harrington," she said. "Translated it spells—well, she is the most awful girl I have ever met. There are no lengths to which she won't go."

"Start at the beginning," I urged. "Not with the third act. How did you ever happen to meet this paragon of all the virtues?"

"It was Clement's fault," Margola sighed after a moment's pause. "He first drew my attention to her. He asked me if I had ever noticed the girl who stood at the stage entrance and simply watched

"The first thing I did when I got home was to read the letter."

me come out. She didn't ask for an autograph or a picture or try to speak to me—just stood there and looked.

"I said that I hadn't.

"He said that she always wore a red coat and to be sure to give a look next time."

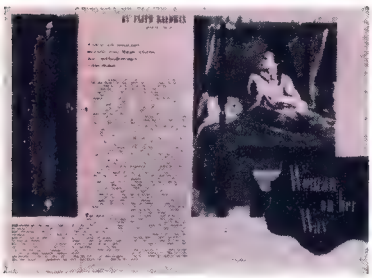
"She is wearing a red coat tonight," I interrupted.

"I know." She flicked my remark aside impatiently. "Well, the next time I went into the theater—for a matinee, I think—I saw her. She was there when the afternoon performance was over. I saw her again when I came back after dinner, and when the (*Continued on page 191*)

The marriage of Meg and Johnny

ends in a parting of the ways.

A career occupies Meg's time



but still leaves her lonely.

A holiday hints of romance which ends in marriage and contentment.

CONCLUSION: Meg kept her appointment with Julius. She arrived at his office promptly at eleven the next morning. Julius was waiting with Seth, Mme. Réné, head of the dress department, and three of her buyers; there were two male executives and Julius's lawyer as well. Meg was immediately conscious that the women were hostile, Seth cautious, and the other men admiring. She wore a black linen suit of her own design, a cornflower blue blouse and a black straw hat with cornflowers on the brim. Her skirt was short, her legs excellent.

When the preliminaries were over, she accepted a cigarette from Julius to cover her nervousness. She smoked rarely, but it was something to do. There was nothing in Julius's manner to indicate that only last night he had threatened her with courtship. He was, as always, patient, friendly, cordial. But once or twice he looked at her, amusement and affection in his glance.

Leah's portrait hung over the fireplace. On the desk David's photograph, Seth's, Seth's wife's with their two little girls.

The business arrangements were discussed in this big room which smelled of leather and cigar smoke. Seth was quick to find flaws, ask questions. But Meg concentrated on the women. She had dealt with women for years. She had become a diplomat, but at this juncture she added decent honesty to tact. She told Mme. Réné and the buyers that she would always welcome their advice and suggestions.

"But my work here," she said, "will differ little in essentials from that of my own establishment. I shall be responsible, not only for every design but for the materials, my workroom, fitters and models. Some I shall bring with me," she added, for although Miss Carter was starting her own business, she would cut down on the staff. "I cannot believe this will cut into the profits of the ready-to-wear department or the French imports. If there were such a likelihood, it isn't reasonable to think Mr. Maloff would consider the innovation."

Réné was gall beneath the honey, but wary. It was no secret that Meg's friendship with Julius was of long standing. Julius was a widower, Meg a widow. One drew a natural conclusion, whether or not it led to an altar.

The business arrangements were completed; a salary, no expenses, Meg thought. No worries; it was a generous offer, and one she would have been insane not to accept. By autumn she would have sketches and materials ready. In the spring she would have a private showing. The first frocks under the Maloff name would be designed for individual purchasers, her sketches merely signposts to fashion.

She would work on these at home, now that Miss Carter had taken over her lease. Elsie had all the money she wanted and insisted upon giving Marion an absurd allowance. Meg also gave Marion an allowance, but Marion's life was out of Meg's hands, if it had ever been in them.

After the arrangements had been completed, Meg lunched with Julius and Seth in the penthouse. David came in for coffee, enthusiastic and affectionate. Seth, however, (*Continued on page 81*)

BY FAITH BALDWIN

Woman on Her Way

"It is going to be an interesting world, Meg, and we'll see as much of it as time permits."

ILLUSTRATED BY LONIE BEE

the BIG money

A successful author tells young writers the secrets of literary fame and wealth

THE LETTER was from a GI stationed in Germany. It was a nice, friendly, intelligent letter—one of at least fifty I have received during the past year. The burden of all of them is about the same. A young man wants to become a writer. Sometimes the specific questions vary a little: "How do you learn to write?" or "Do writing courses help a young writer?" or "How do you go about selling a story?" or "How do you become a successful writer in the Big Money?"

They are letters such as any fairly well-known writer has been receiving lately from young men and women all over the world. I have tried to answer them all conscientiously and *honestly,* so far as my own experience permitted, because these young men and women are obviously honest and ambitious and because there are so many of them. The latter fact is important not only to the individual young people but to the nation as a whole, because writers can be both the interpreters and the leaders of a nation's thought, culture and civilization, and we need them—good, honest, independent writers.

Wars, it seems, tend to make young people articulate. The terrible experience of war imposed suddenly and brutally upon a young, sensitive and intelligent mind is certain to produce maturity and a desire to speak out. After World War One, there appeared a whole crop of gifted, intelligent young writers. Some wrote a good book or two and disappeared. Some continued into solid middle age, producing book after book to contribute to the pleasure, education and culture of the nation as a whole.

I am old enough to have seen a whole generation of writers come and go. Some were ten-day wonders, some were good craftsmen, some had genius, but for the information of the GI's who have been writing to me, I must make one solid observation—the ones who got the Big Money and the rewards of both critical and popular approval were the honest ones who wrote what they wanted to write and wrote it in their own way. They produced the best they could within the limits of their talents, built up a large and faithful public, and made a name which became a trade-mark for which the public, editors, publishers and picture producers paid money.

Out of a generation of experience in the writing world certain facts become evident: (1) That the only real way to learn to write is *to write* and go on writing; the more a writer writes *like himself* the more he becomes appreciated. (2) The business of marketing material takes care of itself if you have something to offer. Never in the history of the world has the talent of the story-teller been in such great demand. Editors, publishers, theatrical producers, picture companies are desperately hungry for good stories and good writing. (3) The writers who are in the "Big Money" today—and it is "Big Money," more indeed than the salaries of most of our biggest business executives—are the ones who have gone their own way.

During the generation just past, I have seen a score or more of talented young writers make a brilliant beginning with a book or two and then disappear and be forgotten. After ten or fifteen years I began asking myself: "What became of John Smith or Mary Jones? They really had first-class talents." And I began to discover what had become of them. Most of them were in Hollywood writing for pictures, forgotten by the public which could have made their fortunes if it had been permitted to do so, and which could also have given them recognition and even distinction. Most of them were making good money, more than the average citizen, but so far as the public was concerned they had virtually ceased to exist. They had surrendered their talents, to some extent even their personalities. (*Continued on page 196*)

By Louis Bromfield

One says "OH"

And no wonder! It's called Scotch Broth, but it's really a thick and hearty soup. The nourishing meat stock brims with garden vegetables—good barley for added substance—and, to further tempt your spoon, satisfying pieces of mutton. Have you tried Campbell's Scotch Broth on your man?

Campbell's
SCOTCH BROTH

One says "AH"

And who would blame him? For here is a chicken soup to make anyone's mouth water! A stock gleaming with chicken richness, fine white rice and tender pieces of chicken that almost melt on your tongue. Just as sure as you like chicken, you'll like Campbell's Chicken Soup. Here's a grand soup to keep within reach.

Campbell's **CHICKEN SOUP**

One just keeps on eating!

And that's the natural thing for any man to do, the moment he catches a whiff of this one. For what man—or woman or child—wouldn't go for a steaming plate of this hearty, homey vegetable soup, with its 15 different garden vegetables and its rugged beef stock? Matter of fact, in most families the call's for second helpings.

Campbell's **VEGETABLE SOUP**

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Message Found in a Bottle

(and what happened afterward)

To the finder of this message:
HELP! Two of us are fishing off this island and having a wonderful time But we ran out of our favorite whiskey (KINSEY- see clipping.) If you bring us another bottle of this mild and mellow whiskey, we'll refund your money, reward you with excellent fishing and best of all, we'll share the Kinsey with you!

JUST FOLLOW THIS MAP—

AND DON'T FORGET TO BRING THIS TREASURE WITH YOU!

KINSEY

the unhurried

WHISKEY

A BLEND

Since 1892

86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits
Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

THAT EVENING...

was a little reserved in Meg's presence.

When she left, Julius took her to her car. Ian had given her a specially built Lessing. She employed, as chauffeur, a war veteran who had been in Jack's company.

Standing at the curb, Julius said, "We haven't discussed your name . . ."

She was holding fast to her hat. "My name?" she repeated in astonishment.

"Margaret?" he asked, "or Mrs. Lewis? Not, if you please, Mme. Margaret, unless you insist. We'll see that you don't sacrifice any of the prestige attached to her. But I have great faith in the American designer. Mrs. Lewis has a very American sound—much more, I am afraid, than Mrs. Maloff."

She amused him by turning quite pink. Still smiling he put her in the car, reminding her that they were dining together the next evening.

Meg saw a good deal of Julius that summer. Elsie commented and so did others, but Meg set her little jaw and went on seeing him. He had a method which amused her. He took nothing for granted except her eventual acquiescence. He forgot nothing; not the flowers nor the frivolous small gifts; not the books nor the occasional case of Scotch or wine which he assured her, if not right off the boat, had at least swum over.

They went to plays and on week ends drove into the country. Julius liked to drive. The previous spring he had bought a place in Westchester; they usually went there, sometimes with David and his current girl, with Seth and his family, or with friends, and occasionally alone.

He had sold the Hudson place to a boys' school. It had been too Gothic-gloomy, too reminding. The new place had acreage, a bright blue lake, woods and rolling meadows. The house was a remodeled farmhouse. In the stables he kept saddle horses for his sons or guests. He had built a tennis court, a terrace, and enlarged the gardens. The house was staffed, an excellent couple headed the ménage; there were several men out of doors.

In September, on a warm golden day, Julius took Meg there to lunch. Afterwards they sat on the terrace, and he said, "I hope you will come to like it here as much as I do. I tried to buy in Connecticut. But the house I wanted was in a restricted community."

He spoke without bitterness, but she was startled. She had not thought of any door as closed against him. She thought of him only as an American, as Julius.

He said, "You look shocked. Don't be. But, if you are wise, you will be warned."

She shook her head at that. She was always stubborn. He laughed, looking at her, loving what he saw. He asked, "Do you realize how well we know each other? So much better than young people who fall in love and contemplate marriage."

He was right. She thought: What had she initially known of Johnny? Nothing save that she loved him, that his hand on her hand was an adventure, his mouth on hers, a miracle. But Julius . . . She remembered him as a very young man; she had known him well for a number of years. She knew that he was never impatient but often sad; she knew that he was rarely angry but that when he was, even his control was frightening. She knew he was honest, shrewd and kind. She knew that he was fastidious about his person and fanatical about his cook. She said as much, smiling.

He said, "That's right. When I was little I was sometimes dirty, through no fault of my parents; also often hungry."

"Are you feeling sorry for yourself?"

"I often do. Do you mind?" He added, "I know something about you; you used to be more ready with tears than now. But you are still emotional. You dislike decisions. You are a little timid. After all these years of success, you dislike meeting new people. But you do it well. You often lose your temper. You are not logical, often not reasonable. You have alternately spoiled and, in a sense, neglected your children. You are very vain, Meg, which is charming. Also, you will never grow old, thank God."

She said, "I don't like the picture."

"I do. It is one at which I want to look, at close quarters, for the rest of my life. You have been part of my education, you know. The unacademic. The academic"—he shrugged—"neither of us had the good fortune to be born to that, so we acquired it in our own way."

She asked him, "Julius, are you religious?"

"Do you mean orthodox? If so, I am not. My parents were, and Leah's. A strict way of life, a good discipline. After we were married, Leah and I grew away from it; my father and her parents never quite forgave us. It was all a part of being successful, being careful not to impose one's particular difference on anyone. Yet, in our old observances there were lovely things. When I was a little boy we were very poor. But the drab space in which we lived was always scoured for the Sabbath. My mother baked the Sabbath loaves, the chala. She had a special white cloth with which she covered them, always spotless. You have never seen the loaves, Meg? The dough is cut into strips and braided. Then, too, we had the kiddush cup my father brought from Russia. It stood beside the loaves, filled with a meager wine. I remember how I would wait for my father to come home from the synagogue and put his hand on my head in blessing . . . I remember my mother lighting the candles, her thin hands spread above the flame, the light shining through . . . But," he said, distressed, "I am boring you——"

"No. Please go on. What else do you remember?"

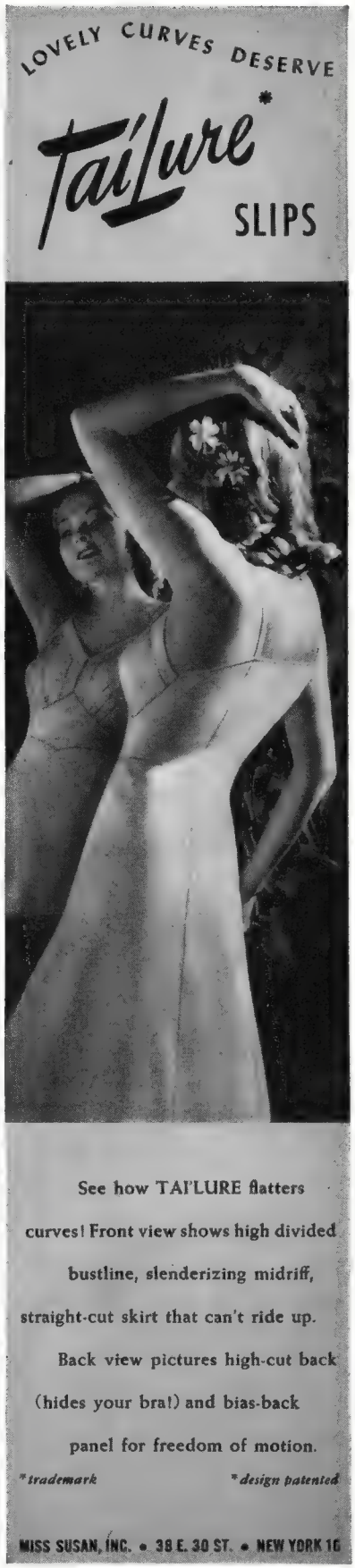
"I remember watching for the sign that the Sabbath was over—the three stars in the sky. There was so little sky to see, where we lived—I would lean from the window, watching. Then when the Sabbath was over, we gathered together for the Havdalah. And I remember all the religious holidays—you would have liked, I think, the Festival of Lights and the Passover."

"I am sure I would," she said softly.

"And you?" he asked. "We have never spoken of these things before."

She said, "My mother was a religious woman. My father a religious man. He was Presbyterian, and she, originally, Church of England. She became an Episcopalian here. The boys were christened in his church, Daisy and I in hers. When I was small I always went to church with her. But not after I married Johnny. You know, Julius, the first time I was abroad I went into the church in my mother's village. It was empty, and there was a peace which filled it. I sat alone and thought that all my life I had lacked something; not just church services."

He said, "There is one God, and each thinks of and worships Him in his own way. I haven't gone to the temple since Leah died. I don't know why. David's only religion is music; and Seth has left the faith of his fathers. I have


LOVELY CURVES DESERVE
Tai'Lure*
SLIPS
See how TAI'LURE flatters curves! Front view shows high divided bustline, slenderizing midriff, straight-cut skirt that can't ride up. Back view pictures high-cut back (hides your bra!) and bias-back panel for freedom of motion.
*trademark
*design patented
MISS SUSAN, INC. • 38 E. 30 ST. • NEW YORK 16

not been a good example; I was too busy working, learning, worrying about the right word and the right spoon, getting ahead, making money . . . Meg, after we are married perhaps you will sometimes come to the temple with me, and sometimes take me to your church with you?"

She asked, "You are so sure of me?"

"Not at all," he answered. "I'm just concealing my need and my humility with apparent self-confidence." He came and stood beside her. He had the finest hands she had ever seen. He held them out to her now, and she took them and rose. He put his arms about her, kissed her long, with an urgent tenderness. When he released her, he asked, "Was that—very terrible?"

Her heart raced, her eyes were wet and she answered quickly, "No, Julius. It was like coming home."

"My darling girl," he said.

"Julius, I am forty-six . . ."

"What difference does that make?" He took her hand and said, "Let's walk a little in the garden, shall we? It's always loveliest before the first hard frost."

The gardens were bright with chrysanthemums and zinnias and all the long-enduring flowers. Grapes were purple on the vines. The leaves of the trees had not turned, but here and there a maple showed a sudden red arrow.

He asked her, "Meg, you have honored me with your confidence about Johnny—not entirely, I think; yet something of how you felt toward him, I knew."

She was silent. He knew of her trips to Wyoming. He knew about Rosita; he was the only one who knew except Linwood.

He asked, "How do you feel about him—now?"

She said, "I tried to tell Edward once. But I was inarticulate, I'm afraid. What Johnny and I had can't be repeated, Julius. Edward thought, I'm sure, that it was just being young and violently attracted. It was all that—and more. I told him so, and that it wasn't a marriage only because we hadn't enough time to build one. What I was trying to say was that it was not only sex which kept us in love with each other. There's a good deal of conversation about sex nowadays. Marion is well informed on the subject. I think she believes that she shocks me. Even Kitty is what she calls 'frank.' They read books, and they tell me about them. They look on me as someone who has never experienced anything. It's funny, really. Even Elsie . . . she's taking a vicarious interest—Well, whatever they say, they don't make sex less or more of a biological fact than it is, really. But Johnny and I had more—something else—a knowledge, a reaching out and finding. That's why I don't know what happened to us. It was not because we were separated so often; for, when we met again, it was as before. Surely so much love would have lasted always?"

He said, "I believe it did, darling."

"We grew up," she said sorrowfully, "and grew away; we each pulled in a different direction. Had we remained together we might have built on all we had as a foundation. I have never been sure, yet I believe I could have submerged myself in Johnny. I know he could not have submerged himself in me. Once he told me that I was on my way, and so I was. But not because I wanted to be; I was driven by economic necessity . . ."

He said, "It's a good excuse Meg, and possibly a true one. Yet, could you have given up the little you had won and gone to live with Johnny on the ranch?"

She said honestly, "At that juncture, no."

"You and Johnny," he said; "the right kind of love for the wrong people. Maybe that was it. Leah and I were in love. She was a little older than I, yet seemed ten years younger. We grew up and remained together. She could submerge herself, and she did—in me, in her children, in her family. She was interested in success only as it affected me and the children. When I spent long hours shut away from her, trying to find in books the formal education I lacked, she did not complain. She had ceased to be an individual. Yet she was an individual when she married and again before she died, because her pain was so private and personal she could not share it. But we made a good marriage. Do you remember the night I met you at Miss Gifford's?"

"I remember." She thought: I wish she were here now; I wish she could know about this. But Harriet Gifford, like Rose, like Johnny, like Leah and so many others, was no longer here.

"She said to me then, 'You will like Mrs. Lewis. She is very young, but a person in her own right, as you are.' Leah is dead," he went on, "and with her the happy time which was the beginning, the sad time which was the end. Johnny has gone also. You and I have the years ahead—not the young years, not the beginning, but the middle and the conclusion. We've each had that other—perhaps there's no name for it, for the heart's springtime. But we have this . . ."

She said, frightened, "It—it will seem so *short*."

"There is no other way," he told her.

She said, half smiling, half in tears, "I've always been a wanting sort of woman. I want this to last forever."

MEG HAD her family to tell; that no one was astonished mildly unsettled her. She told Elsie first, and Elsie said, "If it's what you want, that's fine. I like Julius; he's a good man."

Elsie's tolerant way; it had been her way before; about Van Eyck; about Linwood. What Meg did with her life, so long as it did not affect Marion, was of small moment.

Elsie added, "Ian will raise particular hell." She reared up from the chaise longue on which she was lying. "If Ian's sufficiently furious, he's quite capable of walking out and marrying the first little gold digger he meets."

"That's ridiculous," said Meg, "but what if he does? It's his own funeral, and he's four years younger than I!"

"It isn't entirely his funeral," said Elsie firmly. "I brought him up by hand; I took him over from Herbert. He may have managed my business affairs; he may be the big Lessing car and truck man with impressive offices and secretaries, an apartment complete with a Japanese butler and half a dozen easy women on the side, but he would have arrived at nothing, except money possibly, without me. And he knows it. I've never embarrassed him, because I never wanted him—that way; and, if he ever wanted me, he got over it. But, if he goes off on a tangent because of you and Julius . . ."

Meg said, "There's no earthly reason why he should, Elsie."

"I'm not so sure. He's always put you on a pedestal. He hated Johnny Lewis; he's told me so often enough. He'll hate Julius. He would have much preferred that you were an old maid, from first to last. Fat chance, with your nature and looks!" She said, "Marion may make faces over this, but I'll talk her out of it. I can talk her out of anything."

Even remarriage. There was always a succession of men. Elsie made amiable fun of them all, or offered her a trip, a check, a fur coat . . .

Marion came in and was told the news. She looked faintly repelled. She said she couldn't see *why*. She sat down and lighted a cigarette. She was too thin, but very fashionable; she wore her hair short. Her eyes and skin were wonderful. She was twenty-six.

She asked Meg calmly, "Are you sure this isn't just change of life?"

"Quite," said Meg, enraged. She appealed to Elsie. "How *can* you let her talk like that?" and thought, appalled: But *I'm* her mother, not Elsie!

"It's the times," said Elsie, "postwar and all that. Also, the money."

Marion hooted with laughter.

Elsie said, "You aren't fooling anyone. Your mother's made money, and your uncle has seen that she invested any surplus. Of course you're thinking of it."

Marion said loftily, "I don't know what you're talking about. I could go out and get a job any minute."

"Doing what?" asked Elsie. She smiled. This was her idol and she worshiped it, clay feet and all.

Meg said unhappily, "You can't be thinking that, Marion. Whatever I have will go to you and Kitty. Julius and I have talked it over. He has an equal obligation to his sons. As long as I work, I can maintain my family."

"You don't need to," said Marion negligently. "Kitty's doing all right. Besides, aren't you being noble? Julius has more money than any of them will ever need. I think he should make a settlement on you."

"She's right," said Elsie, "whether you like it or not."

Marion came over and kissed her mother. She said, "I don't know—I've thought of you one way for so long." She scowled. "I hardly remember my father," she said. "Well, if it's what you want . . ."

Ian next. Moved to unusual fury, he stormed about Meg's apartment after she told him. He said, "It's indecent, at your age—a woman with grandchildren!" He asked, "What in hell do you want—you have money, you are successful." He stared at her. "At your age!" he said again.

Meg said wearily, "Marion mentioned that, too. True, at her age, I must seem tottering. Not, however, at yours."

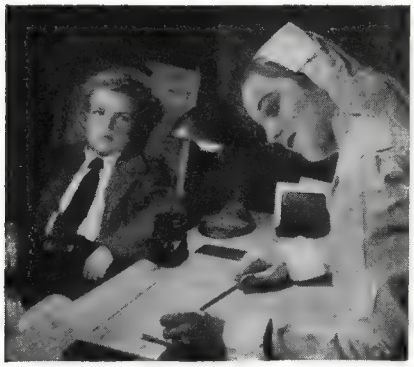
"Women," he said, "make fools of themselves in their late forties. If it was a *man* you've wanted all these years, you could have managed and few people the wiser. There was Linwood for instance. I was glad you didn't—I thought you'd got over all that nonsense years ago and were invulnerable. I seem to have been mistaken. Not that I have anything against Maloff except——"

"It's not necessary to go into your exceptions," she said angrily. "Nor have I, as you suggested, ever wanted a man in that sense. So far as my age is concerned, you needn't be so—delicate. Ian, try to be sensible. I'm forty-six. That isn't exactly the sere and yellow. I want companionship; I want——"

He cried, "Companionship—you have friends; you have me and you have your children!"

"None of you is enough," she said, "and I should have discovered it long ago. As for companionship, friends come and go. Elsie is my most intimate friend only because of Marion. Neither of the girls needs me. You haven't had much time, have you? You've been too interested in getting ahead. Besides, there was Elsie—and your other attachments."

He said, "Mainly, I wanted to get ahead because of you. When I did, you didn't need me. You were always the moon and stars to me, Meg. I wanted to give you the world and have you thank me. Cam was Ma's favorite. I wasn't like him. I almost hated him, though he was decent

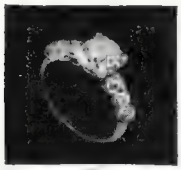


HOSPITAL STAFF ASSISTANT—Early in the war Joy volunteered as Hospital Staff Assistant. "It's desk work that is very, very human" she says. Hospitals still are in desperate need of volunteers. Go to *your* local hospital and help.

She's Engaged! She's Lovely!

SHE USES POND'S!

Her beauty is gold and rose—aristocratic as an exquisite Venetian painting.



Her ring, seven diamonds set in platinum

Joyanne Barrett Thomas to wed former Air Corps Pilot

DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. DAVID THOMAS II, CHESTNUT HILL, PA., ENGAGED TO JOHN A. H. DALE

WHEN she was just a little girl, Joy Thomas used to watch Jackie Dale play tennis, and ardently admired his skill.

Now, she's a tall, slim, golden girl happily wearing his beautiful ring. *Another* Pond's engaged girl with the soft-smooth witchery of an especially lovely complexion.

"I'm ever so keen about Pond's Cold Cream to keep my face looking nice and feeling soft and smooth to touch," Joy says. "Pond's is really a *grand* cream."

Joy uses Pond's Cold Cream like this: *Smooths* the silky, white cream generously over her face and throat —and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

Rinses with another Pond's creaming, circling cream-coated fingers around her face in little spirals. Tissues again. "It makes my face feel extra clean, extra soft," she says.

Pond's your face her twice-over way—in the morning when you get up, and again at bedtime. Use Pond's Cold Cream for daytime freshen-ups, too. It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Ask for a *big* luxury size jar of Pond's today.

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III · The Lady Morris · Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle · The Countess de Petiteville

to me. But you were always kind; you took my part. Then there was Johnny, and you forgot I existed."

He had once been an ugly little boy, consumed with ambition, with hatred and with one devotion. He was that still.

She said gently, "Ian, I'm sorry. You've helped always; you've been a tower of strength, no matter how much we disagreed." She added, "I love Julius. I have for some time—quietly, knowing he was always there. I don't know when it began to be more . . ."

Not *in* love. She had been in love with Johnny. You couldn't be in love at forty-six, she thought, unless it was with someone you'd been in love with always. At least, she couldn't be. She did not fall in love; she loved. And it was wonderful.

He said, "All right, Meg. I've always been selfish about you, I suppose. I'll make the announcement."

"Ian, really! Need there be an announcement?"

He looked at her with irritation. There were things she would never learn.

Only Kitty was wholly pleased. She said, "I wish Gram had lived to see you happy." Kitty missed Rose and always would.

The engagement was announced. Meg gave a family party at Ian's insistence. She wore Julius's beautiful ring, an emerald, green as summer's heart.

The Schmidts came, very pink; and with them their sons and their sons' wives. Before the evening ended Herman managed to take his sister-in-law aside and speak his ponderous mind. And when he was finished, Meg said evenly, "I'm glad to know how you feel, Herman. After Julius and I are married, it won't be necessary for you to make any pretense of friendliness." She was white with rage. She added, "If Daisy wants to see me, she can, of course." But she would see little of Daisy from now on; Daisy would not run counter to the steam roller she had married.

The new department opened at Maloff's. Meg had many of her old customers—Agnes, of course, leading the way. She was relieved of much spade work. Sketches—and then the final fittings which she supervised. She found unusual materials, designed some of them. The prices Maloff charged frightened her, though Mme. Margaret had not been inexpensive. But to wear a Lewis gown was to arrive.

The store buzzed with the engagement; trade circles were stirred. Meg went her way serenely. And Julius said, "Perhaps after we are married, we should make a new arrangement? I can't afford to pay my wife so large a salary."

"I think you will."

He said, "This is a family business, Meg."

"Wait until I'm in the family." She added, "Seth would not be happy about it, dear. Suppose we wait—perhaps Seth will change his attitude."

"Has he said—has he done——?"

"Nothing whatever. He's pleasant; he's always been fond of me. But he's very ambitious, and I'm an outsider, and if his third baby is a son . . ."

He said, "I'll have a talk with him."

"No, please. Not now; not ever if things can be worked out. When he finds out that I'm not likely to have one——"

"One what?" he demanded.

"Son, you idiot," said Meg. She sighed, "I wish I could," she said.

He took her in his arms and kissed her. He said, "At our age we deserve a respite from child rearing."

They were married in the summer, at Meg's apartment, by a Supreme Court justice who was Julius's friend. They went to Westchester for a few days and then sailed for Europe. On the ship, they sat at the captain's table and their fellow passengers were interested in them; many knew them by sight or hearsay: the little woman, very slender, with the beautiful clothes and the dark hair just showing the white feather, her eyes as blue as the sea; and the grave man with his gray hair and bright brown eyes—Maloff.

In London they saw the Linwoods, and Julius liked them very much. Linwood, to whom Meg had written, had cabled his felicitations and then written: "I am glad for you, and sorry for myself. Why couldn't it have been I, some years ago? But I am a happy man, Meg. I hope with all my heart that you will be as happy."

He was a busy man, too, with growing political power; he had exorcised for good the man who once lay in a dirty bunk, half drunk and wholly disillusioned. He had a pleasant family, a remarkable wife. All that remained of Wyoming was his limp and, now and then, when he looked at Meg, the remembrance of Johnny in his eyes.

London, Paris, Berlin, and back to Paris to sail—It was a good voyage, both ways; a good beginning to a good marriage. Companionship, discovery and response. A marriage is not made overnight nor in many days and nights. But they had made the beginning.

If you begin, you continue; few, save the mindless, mark time, and even they must note the seasons' alteration. Meg's adjustment to her second marriage was made by easy stages. Eras, events, occurrences added to her surface and inner life. As she grew older she became less the participant, more the spectator. She had children, stepchildren, grandchildren. Two generations removed from these last, she viewed them with interest, affection and detachment.

Prohibition brought laughter, laxity and lethal weapons in its wake, and a country, shocked when its attention was called to the fact that if you gave the poor bathtubs they were likely to store coal in them, was moved to merriment upon learning that the more fortunate reserved the porcelain symbol of a high standard of living for the making of gin. Prosperity relinquished coyness, ceased to lurk around corners, ran out to meet people; practically everyone collided with it. The Maloff concern bought and remodeled the building next door. Meg hired new assistants; she instituted a line of accessories, and some women paid as much for a handbag as others paid for a "good" dress.

Biannually Meg went to Europe, some-

The story of the Blarney Stone

What city, town, or village in the world has given its name as noun and verb to the English or any other language? Only one, the village of Blarney, in Ireland.

Cities of the world depend for their fame on piles of stones, scattered or in order, but this village, where naught but tweeds are made, rests all its fame upon a single stone. That stone is in the parapet of the castle, Blarney Castle, built in the fifteenth century by Cormac MacCarthy, whose genealogy will be found in Keating's *History of Ireland*, ascending through Heber the Fair, son of Milesius, the Spanish hero, up to the patriarch Noah himself, not a link in the chain missing.

On arrival at the castle, the pilgrim climbs to its battlemented summit, and having handed any loose valuables that might be in his pockets to a friend, lowers himself head first between parapet and main building. Thus he is able to add one more kiss to that stone already highly polished by the lips of votaries.

Although the present owner of the castle has very kindly put iron bars for the convenience of visitors it is nevertheless wise to have at least two friends holding on to your shins during the operation. Not that anything very serious can happen. The last man who fell, eighty feet into the tree below, was able to report for duty next day.

The power of the stone was first made known to Cormac the Strong, the builder of the castle, who, being a bit worried about a lawsuit in which, even in those early days, he had become embroiled, was wandering, moody, in the adjacent forest. There he met Cliodhna, the "Queen of the Fairies." "I'll tell you what it is," said she. "Don't vex yourself any more. Go home to your bed," said she, "and lie down and sleep, and in the morning, at dawn, get up and go out, and right before you, facing you," she said, "you'll see a stone that has been brought from the banks of the Lee. Kiss it," said she, "kiss it, and you'll never want for words." Cormac did as he was told, though it was a cold and a wet morning when he had to rise out of his bed. And when he went before the judge the words poured out of him like the Shournagh itself in flood. Up to the top of the castle he carried that stone, and out under the battlement he put it, for fear another would reach it, and there it is to this day.

from "Lovely Is the Lee"

BY ROBERT GIBBINGS

Published by E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc., New York

"Sweet enough to eat!" he whispers. And you... with your fresh, white frills, your soft Trushay-tended hands... you planned it that way!

How faithfully this <u>different</u> hand lotion rewards its faithful users!

You can use fragrant, creamy Trushay a special "beforehand" way... <u>before</u> tubbing lingerie, <u>before</u> dishes. It guards hands even in hot, soapy water.

And be sure to use Trushay whenever, wherever your skin needs its softening touch.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion

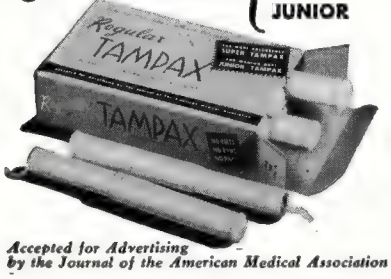
PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

THERE are women all around you who consider Tampax so logically "right" that they believe you *must* come to it in time. Tampax, you know, is modern monthly sanitary protection. It is an internal absorbent of conforming shape and when it is in place you are unaware of its presence. No belt with Tampax! No pins! No external pad!

Tampax is made of long-fiber surgical cotton compressed in applicators and perfected by a doctor for this special monthly use by women. Because it is used internally, no odor can form with Tampax. There can be no chafing. You have no bulk to hamper you or show an outline under dresses.

Tampax is comfortable and it makes you feel dainty and free—quite different from your experience with external sanitary protection. Sold at drug stores and notion counters in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior—to suit varying needs. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. *No troublesome disposal problem.* Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies { REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

times with Julius, once with Agnes and her husband. On one occasion she took Kitty, and the next time, Marion. This voyage Meg undertook with unrevealed excitement. If she had Marion to herself, perhaps she could recover the child she had borne. But Marion remained a familiar stranger, uneasy, bored, regretting that Elsie had let her go. Elsie's weight had finally become a burden to her heart. Her doctor warned, "No gallivanting around Europe, Mrs. Carrington, or I won't be responsible for the consequences." Her prescribed diet was strict, but she cheated.

Meg took to glasses. She hated them, wore them only at the theater, the movies or working. Without them, she saw the world softly blurred. It wasn't a bad viewpoint.

EACH time Meg went to London, usually in search of materials, she saw Linwood and his wife. Linwood was a strong voice in the House of Lords. When the Labor Party came to power, Linwood, a Conservative, battled for his beliefs. "But," he told Meg, "the world changes."

Not a profound observation, yet truth is not always profundity. Linwood and his wife were in Paris, as were Meg and Julius, when Charles Lindbergh landed at Le Bourget. On the following evening, dining with the Maloffs, Linwood turned his wine glass in his hand and said, "The earth has suddenly shrunk. One doesn't know whether to be glad or sorry."

Julius said, shrugging, "The idea of the airplane as a mode of transportation leaves me cold—and uneasy." He twinkled at his wife. "Ian's airplane stock will soar. Too bad Lessing didn't live to see this."

He motioned a waiter, made a mild complaint and Meg shook her head. "Julius," she said, "has become a hypochondriac. He's still fanatical about cooking, but he tries every new fad in diet. He exercises by the clock."

"With caution," amended Julius unruffled. "Ian plays squash—mainly because of his Club. Likewise he rides to hounds. But I golf a little, walk a good deal. Too many men of my age die when they need not. It is not sensible."

Meg reported, "Ian has bought a museum piece in Connecticut and joined a Hunt Club. His house is exquisite."

Lady Linwood inquired about fashions. Her own tailors excelled in country things, suits, tweeds. She and Meg entered into lively discussion; the men listened tolerantly. Meg was dressing a large portion of the feminine social register and a number of actresses, on and off the stage. Hollywood was beginning to come to her.

"Julius is insane about the movies," said Meg plaintively.

"Since the nickelodeon days, for which I saved my pennies," he agreed.

She said, "The movies have no more faithful audience than Julius. My only rival is Clara Bow."

"Are you much in the country?" asked Linwood's wife, a passionate gardener.

"Week ends," said Meg. "I refuse to commute to work. Also, the country is too noisy, insects by night, birds in the too-early morning. Occasionally Julius drags me to the farm in winter. I sit by the fire and curse mildly while he tramps in the snow. Once we spent a night with Ian. He prefers short guests; tall ones knock their brains out against the lintels, and everyone is afraid to sit down. Ian prowls, shrieking if you are careless about ash trays."

She smiled, thinking of Ian. His attitude toward Julius was impeccable. He invited the Maloffs to all his better brawls, as Marion termed his distinguished entertainment.

"Didn't you write me that David had married?" Linwood asked.

"A French girl, a singer," said Meg. "She's a darling, and we are pleased. But two careers in one family!"

"What about ours?" asked Julius.

"Purely commercial; David's and Lucille's are careers in art."

Linwood suggested that art was sometimes commercial too.

Julius said, "David has justified his belief in himself. His concerto has been performed by the New York Philharmonic. But he neglects his own work in order to further his wife's. She is sweet, but very ambitious. She has a lovely, pure voice, but it is small, and her Metropolitan audition failed; a great disappointment to her."

It was not until some years later that Lucille came into her own; radio, emerging from the crystal set and morning-glory loud speaker, discovered her voice, amplified it and sent it soaring into countless homes at a fantastic salary.

But before that, the glittering bubble of more money for more people burst. Seth's own bubble, that of importance, burst with it. He worked himself into tatters in the store; he had invested but also speculated. One day he would be president of Maloff's, and as his third child was a son, he must build the business to unprecedented heights for him.

His speculative investments were erased. He came to his father for help, was refused. Julius asked, "To what end? I have warned you repeatedly, Seth. And you are old enough to remember nineteen-twenty. You've lost a great deal on paper, something less in actual money. It is time to take inventory. Too many Americans want something for nothing."

"You've talked this over with Meg," began Seth sullenly.

His father said sharply, "Your stepmother kept me up most of last night begging me to assist you. She wanted to sell her government securities and do so herself. I would not permit it. You are my son. And she is not to throw good money after bad."

Seth took inventory. There was no buyer for the too elaborate house on the Island. He closed it. When his duplex lease ran out, he took a smaller apartment. After which, he had a quiet, nervous breakdown for which Julius paid—*that* was an investment—and recovered. Seth returned to work, subdued, amenable, and nearly purged of his particular devil.

David found that being a musician was even less profitable than in good times. Lucille sang at one of the night clubs which managed to remain solvent, and he gave violin lessons to those who could afford it. They managed. Lucille kept their small quarters beautifully; she was also an excellent cook.

Everyone Meg knew lost money, face, or heart, taking their losses variously. Ian and Elsie suffered less than most; only a few speculative ventures failed them. Agnes cried that she was stony, that her husband could not scratch two cents together for a production.

For a time, Kitty and her family moved in with Bob's parents, selling the suburban house. Marion paid the checks when her escorts confessed to empty pockets. Depression or not, she would not be deprived of her amusements. Elsie took to fiction reading as to drugs. And bright young men promoted miniature golf courses as the life-sized pastime was expensive.

Maloff's felt the pinch and instituted a budget ready-to-wear line.

Many of Meg's clients wore their old clothes; they were better than anything new they could afford. Her appointment

THIS IS FOR KEEPS

This is the moment, this is forever, this is the slice of enduring joy you have cut for yourself for keeps . . .

• • •

For keeps, too . . . you'll cherish your longed-for Community. Place it proudly on lace or linen, delight in its tradition, its distinction. You'll bless that treasured Community "extra"—an overlay of solid silver at hard-use points. Right now fine jewelers suggest the Community chest of 50 pieces, distinguished service for eight places, in a handsome chest, $71.50 (No Government tax).

Community

THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

*If its Community**... *its correct*

*TRADE MARK COPYRIGHT 1946 ONEIDA LTD.

pad grew emptier; she was forced to dismiss a number of employees. She asked Julius, "Why can't I design my own ready-made line at prices people can pay? We can offer it to one shop in every big city."

After a time, if a woman had a job which more than fed her, if her father or husband still went to an office, she could have a Lewis suit or dress whether she lived in New York, Chicago or St. Louis.

Few women bought Paris imports; not if their husbands still balanced the check book and had a gun handy, and American designers stopped running mentally down the Rue de la Paix, and started to carry their own banners.

Meg and Julius took vacations in Westchester, not Europe. When they were alone, they walked, went upstate to fish, listened to the radio or saw a movie.

She said contentedly one night, sitting in their living room, drinking her after-dinner coffee, "One of the best things that has happened lately is that David makes you play again . . ."

"Old hands, and stiff," he said sadly.

"They still make music, and they aren't old." She asked suddenly, "Julius—why are people so careless? Why don't we treasure every second, every hour? Time grows short. I'm a miserable coward. I'm so afraid of dying, I resent that I must. I can't *believe* it will happen to me—that there's a morning I'll not see . . ."

"How do you know you won't?"

"It's plain ego," she mourned, "but how can the world get along without me?" She laughed, without amusement, and put her hand on his. "Maybe I won't be as scared if you're there," she said.

That was the autumn they went to Chelsea, to the great pile called London Terrace. Bob, Kitty and the children had an apartment there now, a little cramped but shining new. Driving down for dinner behind their chauffeur, the man who had been in Jack's company, Meg said, "I love Kitty's youngsters, but they seem extraordinarily willful. She always believed it better to divert than to punish. Perhaps, no matter what you do, or don't, they'll go their own way . . ."

When it was time to leave and they went out to the car, Meg halted, her hand on Julius's arm. She said, "I haven't been back here in years. Do you feel like walking? Warren can follow us."

The night was full of stars, the air a challenge to the blood. And Meg and Julius walked in Chelsea.

It had changed. The Josie Mansfield house had vanished long ago, and a year since, the house of the Jersey Lily. People would remember or read about those houses; the house in which Kitty and Bob lived would keep the memory of Clement Moore as green as a fresh-cut Christmas tree. But who would remember the house in which Meg Duncan had lived?

It was gone. They walked down the block; the boardinghouse in which Johnny had lived, to which he had taken his bride, was gone too.

Julius asked, "Remember when I walked home with you from Harriet Gifford's?"

She did not answer. She said, instead, "The lattice was always loose in the wind; there was a broken step." Her voice caught and roughened. It was long ago, and Johnny turned a corner; or an arc light shone on a white counterpane; or Rose cried, "Hurry, do, there's a good girl."

Meg said, "Let's go home, I'm tired."

The car crawled up and halted. She sat back in a corner, closed her eyes. Julius was silent. His wife was trying to find her way back to a country which no longer existed. Now and then, she spoke the thoughts which came to her mind.

She said, "The first time I was inside a big house was when Ma took me to the Dales'; she sewed there, and I helped. I can remember it in detail, the thick carpets, the chandeliers . . . After I was married I sewed there. The Dales had a son——" She laughed. "I remember how angry I was—but not as angry as Mrs. Dale. It was through her that I met Elsie Carrington and went to sew for her."

She was silent. The steps by which one reaches the forked road are so innocent, one foot before the other—then, one turns right or left—and by what compulsion?

She said, "A short time after you and I were married, Lillian Russell died. Elsie used to look like her. And I often think of the time you and I saw her."

"But we saw her many times," he said, astonished.

"I remember the first time best. I didn't even know you were at Delmonico's that night, not until you telephoned next day to break Leah's appointment. You had been entertaining business people; I was having supper with a man."

"Van Eyck," he said.

"Yes. He asked if I would consider becoming his mistress. I believed that I'd never hold up my head again. I wonder what happened to him?"

The White House doors had closed for one man and opened for another; the banks celebrated a holiday without brass bands. Presently it became legal and safer to drink; not as exciting if quite as intoxicating. Marion, always perverse, went on the wagon, patronized the arts. The stately Village of Elsie's early days had been, for a long time, Mount Olympus to the aspirant to fame. But now the rents were up and roofs were mended. Artists still lived there, but art was a luxury. Marion financed a small show now and then, or paid for the private publication of a book of verse; she went to galleries and lectures. Elsie assured Meg that this, too, would pass. But Meg did not like Marion's friends. Elsie said, "She'll get over it."

Meg told Julius, "Marion has no life of her own."

He raised an eyebrow, very dark though his hair was white. "I thought she had as many lives as a cat," he said mildly.

"No. The leash is long and Elsie never jerks it. But sometimes I think Marion isn't a person. It's as if Elsie took her out of a padded box, wound her up and let her play a tune. When the tune stops, she puts her back until it's time for another."

"She's all Elsie has, except money," he said.

"You talk as if she weren't my child!"

"She isn't, except physically. You let her go a long time ago."

Meg asked, "Could I have kept her? When she was little, Elsie let her play with the trinkets on her dressing table and gave her rich little cakes. She was always ill afterwards."

"Did you not also indulge her? Or was it Elsie you indulged? Don't worry, Meg. Marion acquired a tolerance for cake long ago."

She said, "What would have happened if she'd gone back to Peter?"

"Why speculate? It was never in the cards that she would. By the way, I made inquiries about Van Eyck to satisfy your curiosity. He lives in England, and on the Riviera."

"Oh," said Meg, "with his daughter? I did her wedding, remember? It was beautiful."

When Meg was sixty, Elsie died of a heart attack, alone and quickly. Her maid

ADVERTISEMENT

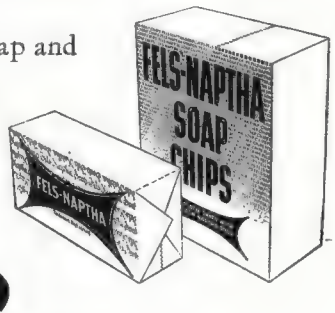
"It wouldn't seem like the old haunt—without Pepsi-Cola!"

We *could* be wrong!

A great many women agree that Fels-Naptha is an extra fine laundry soap. They tell us it makes washing easier. That it turns out whiter, sweeter-smelling clothes. That it's the best laundry soap they ever used.

Naturally, we think Fels-Naptha Soap should be used in every home—but we *could* be wrong.

You might find that the Fels combination of good mild soap and gentle, dirt-loosening naptha doesn't give you the extra washing help other women have discovered. You might want to tell us why. But before you make up your mind—won't you give Fels-Naptha Soap a trial?



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Hire a Veteran

Before After

"I'm down to size 12 from size 18"

—says Mrs. Mary L. Crowley of Mobile, Ala.

"What an ordeal it is, shopping for clothes when your body is all out of proportion," says Mrs. Crowley. "But that's all over for me. Now a size 12 fits me perfectly."

Mrs. Crowley had tried "starvation" diets. "They made me so irritable I wasn't fit to live with," she says. "The DuBarry Success Course is no starvation diet but a plan for 'eating as a beauty eats.' I was never hungry, but I lost every week until I was down from 158 to 124. Exercises helped chase the fat. I took 9½ inches from my abdomen, 5¾ from my hips.

"I learned skillful make-up, how to style my hair. My complexion actually *glows!* My husband is proud of me now; he takes me out to 'show me off,' as he says. I look and feel like a new person."

HOW ABOUT YOU! Are *you* satisfied with the way you look and feel? Have you the vitality to live a *full* life? The DuBarry Success Course analyzes your needs, shows you how to lose or gain weight, care for your skin and hair, use make-up for glamour. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Why not use this coupon now to find out what this Course can do for you?

DuBarry Beauty Chest Included!

With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your type.

DuBarry Success Course

ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
Dept. SE—17, 693 Fifth Ave.
New York 22, N. Y.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Please send the new booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Miss
Mrs.

Street

City Zone No., if any State

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association

was off duty, and Marion was out. She came in late and heard the dogs barking as she put her key in the door. They ran to her, then crouched in a corner and stared with their bright black eyes bulging. They whimpered.

Elsie's breath was gone; her bulk was slumped awkwardly in her bed, her mouth blue beneath the lipstick. Her violet eyes were open.

Marion screamed and the dogs barked again. She threw a book at them and stumbled to the telephone.

Ian came; Julius and Meg. The house doctor was there and Elsie's own physician, who said, "I warned her, over and over." It was reported that Elsie had, as usual, dined in the suite; a lavish dinner, and her last.

Ian's teeth chattered as he stood looking at Elsie; he was very white. He had, perhaps, cared more for her than he knew. She was a ladder up which he had climbed, and he retained the decency of gratitude.

Marion cried in Meg's arms. She asked, "What *am* I to do?"

"You're coming home," said Meg, "with me."

This was no triumph. Having Marion was losing Elsie. Meg mourned their long friendship. Elsie had irritated and often angered her, but between them there was a bond, created by the years—and Marion.

In three months, Marion had gone, having inherited the major portion of Elsie's money. Elsie had left something to charity and a sop to her only relatives, distant cousins. She left Ian a block of Lessing stock and anything he wished of her personal belongings; she left Meg fifty thousand dollars and some jewelry. She left Kitty five thousand. The rest was Marion's.

Well, she was free. She was rich in a time when people, despite malefactors of great wealth, despite income tax, were beginning to respect money again as its possession became more unique. There was no one to talk her out of anything; and no leash.

She might have indulged in lovers as in art; started drinking seriously; written a bad novel; painted a modern primitive; interested herself in politics, welfare work or dog breeding. Instead she lived an orderly, dull life; town or country; less exotic friends; her family, and Elsie's Pekes.

"Is it because she loved Elsie so much?" Meg asked Julius.

"I don't know. Marion took Elsie for granted. Yet Elsie was her mainspring, perhaps because Elsie needed her. The mainspring's broken. Until she finds another she'll go on living; that is, eating, sleeping, breathing."

Meg said, "Julius, I want to retire."

"You!" he said. He was startled as he seldom was.

"I'm tired," she said. "I don't know how old Elsie was; older of course, than I. But when your friends die, it scares you. I miss her more than I would have dreamed. Why am I driving myself? I don't need the money; Marion doesn't, and Kitty will have enough. I don't want more success. Younger people are coming to the top. Why should I struggle against them? I can name you any one of six good designers to head the department; two of them I brought up by hand."

He said, "What a saving for Maloff's! We won't start her at your salary." He laughed and looked at her with tenderness and anxiety.

"I was smart," she said complacently. She had remained on salary. She was not part of the business; they could take or leave her. Even Seth could not complain. When Julius married her, he had insisted upon a settlement. In the depression she had lost, but not much. Ian's investments for her were conservative. A working woman couldn't afford others.

Julius said, smiling at his little joke, "I've been waiting for you to retire. Seth has earned the presidency. We'll travel in this country for a change. Let's look at it together. We helped make it, in a sense." He looked at her sharply, "Are you sure you feel all right?" he asked.

"Never better, barring depreciation." She rose and went to kiss him. "And ten years younger, now that I have come to a decision; I don't do it often."

They went where they wished and took their time about it. Meg couldn't read timetables; she liked to catch a train at the last minute; Julius wanted to be there half an hour ahead. She was for flying, he was not. They went to Hawaii for a month and remained three. The afternoon sun was theirs, long, bright, comfortably warm.

When the war exploded, they had been warned: by Linwood, writing from his retirement, about to be called back as an Elder Statesman; by Ian, interested in foreign markets; by David, helping the steady stream of refugee musicians. But no warning is wholly believed.

Seth's boy went, and Kitty's boys. Marion found her mainspring. She was forty-six but vigorous, in excellent health. The Red Cross had a place for her; a year later she wangled her way overseas. She was needed again. She was useful. She was paying a debt to a boy she had married, a debt she didn't know existed. Also her ego was comforted. What she would do with the rest of her life when the war ended no one, least of all, Marion, could know.

Julius and Meg no longer traveled. There were things they could do at home; small but important. Julius could sell bonds; Meg, roll bandages; sew for lost, shivering children; learn to knit. They could fight black markets, contribute to the mercies born of cruelty. They were a generation removed from this exceptional horror; they found that their contemporaries often complained, having forgotten so much, remembering only the easier things. They talked of the war, they kept a radio tuned in, they read, they listened—and came to no conclusion.

They were frightened; there was soul-sickness and a universal weeping which no martial music could blanket. There was tension, tangible and wearing. And Meg asked, often, "Why? Why now, why again?"

None could reply, though many tried. There was a reason or many reasons; there were the obvious answers: devils, dictators, greed; the blind, the smug, the merely mistaken. But the *why* went deeper than all these; it always has.

Herman turned up again, not the least horror of war, Meg thought privately. She was deeply sorry for Daisy, old in her flesh and her mind, continuously grieving over her grandsons. One of them died when a ship went down in flames; one was a prisoner; and Daisy died and was imprisoned with them. For the first time in her long married life, she was not Herman's echo. Herman's thinking had not changed. Still, he knew better than to think aloud; he was very generous with charity contributions; he bought many bonds.

After the victory in Europe, Seth's boy came home unharmed; he wore his bright wings; his ribbons were also bright, as was his pride. His father was beside himself with happiness. Thank God, the boy was safe; he would settle down, assume his

For lovely You... new Improved

POSTWAR★ ARRID

No other Deodorant

stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely![1]

It's the improved deodorant you've been waiting for! The new, soft, smooth, creamy deodorant that gives you the maximum protection possible against perspiration and odor with safety to your skin and clothes! No other deodorant of any sort . . . liquid or cream . . . meets the standard set by this wonderful new Postwar Arrid for stopping perspiration and odor with safety!

so Soft! so Smooth! so Creamy!

★ In the same familiar package . . . marked with a star above the price

Summer Fashion Forecast

The superb wide skirt . . . for graceful dancing! The wide midriff waistband . . . to make your waist divinely slim! The camisole blouse of white eyelet embroidery, to make you look so beguiling! And Arrid, to *keep* you looking that way. Use Arrid daily . . . No other deodorant stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely!

THREE IMPORTANT FASHION NOTES! The bare-shoulder look of the new drawstring neckline. The perky look of the new puffed sleeves. The immaculate look of clothes protected by daily use of the new, improved Arrid. Arrid is nearly twice as effective in stopping perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream!

Only safe, gentle Arrid

gives you this thorough protection

1. *No other deodorant* stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.[1]
2. *Nearly twice as effective* in stopping perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream.
3. *Does not rot clothes.* Greaseless and stainless, too.
4. *Safe for skin.* Non-irritating. Antiseptic.
5. *Soft, smooth, creamy* . . . easy to apply. Just rub in well, no waiting to dry!

39¢ plus tax Also 10¢ and 59¢

(1) *Based on tests of leading and other deodorants.*

ARRID

...nearly twice as effective in stopping perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream!

Some of the many Stars who use Arrid: *Grace Moore • Beatrice Lillie • Jessica Dragonette • Jane Froman • Diana Barrymore • Carol Bruce*

Another "Hickory" Success

Your Style-line

starts at your Bust-line

There is a key to style, so easy to get, so important to have. A young firm bust-line is a basic need, a "Perma-lift"* bra will do so much to help you achieve it easily, comfortably. In "Perma-lift" the famous cushion insets at the base of the bra cups, gently support your bust from below, retain that support through countless washings and wear. Try a "Perma-lift" bra priced at $1.25 to $2.50. The perfect companion to the new "Perma-lift" Girdle.

*"Perma-lift" and "Hickory" are trade marks of A. Stein & Company (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

place at Maloff's. Well, at least he would go into Maloff's.

Kitty's third child, a girl, married a soldier. Meg learned of her pregnancy with rebellion. "A great-grandmother!" she told Julius, "I'm far too young!"

Kitty's older son had a desk job in Washington; it was dull and important. He was a bachelor and enjoyed the man shortage. But the younger boy went to Anzio and did not return.

Meg held her child in her arms and wept for her and for the grandson she had known so little and so well; and for another boy, dead these many years. If he had died, consciously, to save another generation from the manner of his passing, he had failed. But it was unlikely that he had thought of another generation, so new had he been to his own.

One day, before a missile dropped which changed the shape of the land upon which it fell, and perhaps the shape of the world she would not live to see, Meg went into Maloff's to talk to Sally Ransome, once her assistant, now head of the custom-made department. Sally was a brilliant designer. She excelled in the slightly bizarre, the unusual. She liked Meg and had that rare quality, gratitude. Sally had been very young when Meg first employed her.

Meg picked up a pad and pencil—soft lines now, obvious hips, the hand-span waist? Her fingers were a little stiff, but the sketch grew. The bodice was a basque; the gored skirt accentuated swelling contours. She drew the skirt too long. She took an eraser and shortened it. She said, "Scarlet bodice, black skirt."

"It's charming," Sally said sincerely, "and nostalgic."

Everyone was nostalgic and had been for years. They went to see "Life With Father"; they had loved "Angel Street" and its shadow counterpart "Gaslight." All the period motion pictures were popular; many of the old songs; the night clubs advertised revues set in the 'Nineties. Any war was exciting: Spanish, Civil, World War One. Audiences crowded the aisles of "Up in Central Park," and Mr. Tweed lived again. Most of the people who grew nostalgic were homesick for a time during which they had not lived.

There was never a fashion in anything which did not eventually return, with practical adaptations. All you had to do was wait.

Meg rose and put down the sketch. Rose had worn brown that evening they had walked to the Dales'. She said, and motioned toward the design, "I wore that once, many times—I made it over for myself, for . . ."

She stopped and flushed. Sally was staring. Meg said, "I'm growing senile. I don't think that's the right word . . ."

Sally said, "You look—wonderful. May I do something with this sketch, Mrs. Lewis?"

"Of course." Meg straightened her jacket. Her cotton suit was a delicate plaid, black and dusty pink. Her hat was black and waved a pink feather. Her hair was all white now, and she had cut it four years before.

Not long after that whistles blew; there were rumors of peace; people celebrated prematurely and went on celebrating. Times Square was a caldron of humanity. Radios went crazy, commentators grew hoarse, actresses and actors rushed to the microphone to carry their coals to Newcastle. Who could be dramatic in the face of Drama? People wept, prayed or drank, according to their gains or losses, needs and natures.

Julius and Meg stayed home and listened to their radio. The news came; and a maid coming in to announce dinner, waited at the door, her face working.

Julius turned off the radio. He said, "It's over."

The girl in the doorway vanished. She told her mother, who was the cook, "Better hold up dinner a little."

"Really over?" Meg asked Julius.

"The killing," said Julius. "That much, anyway."

"And the rest?"

"No."

She said, "We're too old to do anything but sit on the side lines now."

Her eyes were wet; her tears were not personal; they were only, indirectly, for Kitty's boy, Daisy's grandsons, for the children of friends; only indirectly for her own son killed that others need never be; therefore, in vain. She cried because this is a grief which endures, the grieving for the world, without alleviation or compensation; and endless, if, every so often, you stopped to experience it. Some would always stop.

Julius took her hand in his. He said, "It is going to be an interesting world, Meg, and we'll see as much of it as time permits. Even take a little part—or believe we do."

"How much time have we?" she wondered.

"Enough, if you take care of yourself. You and your headaches and your colds!" he scolded gently.

She brushed at her eyes, went to a mirror, looked for her compact on the mantel. She was still a pretty woman and intended to remain so. Her neck was thin and slack despite massage. She concealed it. Her hands had aged but they were lovely in shape, the nails a pale pink. Her powder was faintly pink too, her rouge the faintest flush, her lipstick rosy. And, turning, she looked at him with eyes very little faded.

"You should wear your glasses," he said.

"Unconditional surrender," she mocked, "and you tell me to wear glasses!"

"The better to see with," he reminded her.

"Tonight," she said, "I shall squint. And we'll use candelight, which you hate."

The lines in her little face had not come there through malice or greed or lack of loving. They had just come, little by little, along the way.

He said, "You're very pretty, darling. I wonder if we should take up dancing after—how long, ten years, fifteen?"

How many fashions in dancing had they seen? Julius was as appalled by jitterbugs as he had been by early jazz. Meg rather liked the inanity, the confused acrobatics. She said, "I suppose we'd better stick to walking."

A good marriage. She thought of Johnny, as she often did. He remained young; younger than he'd been when last she saw him. Where or what was Johnny's son? A man with children, or one who had lost his children, perhaps recently? Or sleeping long since under a Mexican sky? She would never know. But she had forgotten nothing in the last twenty-odd years. There had never been a valid, brave reason to forget. She could remember and go on.

She said, "When we celebrate our silver anniversary . . ." She smiled brilliantly. For seventy years she had been a woman on her way and had not yet reached the end of her journey.

Julius asked. "Can't we celebrate now?"

She touched his arm. "I love you very much," she said softly. "And there's champagne on ice. Did you know that if you spill it, you should rub it behind your ears for luck? Let's break a rule tonight and drink together—to the future."

THE END

Rita Hayworth *in the new Columbia Picture* **"GILDA"** *with* **GLENN FORD**

Tru-Color Lipstick

...the color stays on through every lipstick test

Accent the appeal of your lips with the Color Harmony shade for your type. Glamorous reds, lovely reds, dramatic reds...all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on an original, patented* color principle discovered by *Max Factor Hollywood.*

*U. S. Patents No. 2157667 2211465

Original Color Harmony Shades for Every Type

BLONDE BRUNETTE BROWNETTE REDHEAD

COMPLETE YOUR MAKE-UP *in Color Harmony.. with Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder and Rouge*

Created by Max Factor • Hollywood

The Aristocrat of Bonds

Another Kentucky tradition, Kentucky Tavern, the whiskey that has always enjoyed the same family ownership, was on its way to fame when Aristides won the first Kentucky Derby seventy-one years ago.

Glenmore Distilleries Company,
Incorporated
Louisville, Kentucky

©1946 G. D. CO.

THE BEST BET OF THE BETTER BOURBONS!

course, Perkins had drunk from it before Sir William's arrival. Now both Sir William and Lord Hedingham assured us that they *always* dined together on each other's birthday, and they were convinced that any personal friend of theirs would have been aware of the fact. I made Totman question them about this, and he then came round to my opinion.

Three: There was nothing to prove that the wine in the bottle corresponded to the label; and wine experts were naturally reluctant to taste it for us. All they could say from the smell was that it was a Tokay of sorts. This, of course, made it more difficult for us. In fact I may say that neither from the purchase of the wine nor the nature of the poison did we get any clue.

We had, then, the following picture of the murderer. He had a cause of grievance, legitimate or fancied, against Lord Hedingham, and did not scruple to take the most terrible revenge. He knew that Sir William Kelso was a friend of His Lordship's and called him Tommy, and that he might reasonably give him a bottle of wine on his birthday. He did *not* know that Sir William would be dining there that night; that is to say, *even as late as six o'clock that evening, he did not know.* He was not likely, therefore, to be anyone at present employed or living in Lord Hedingham's house. Finally, he had had an opportunity to get hold of a card of Sir William's.

As it happened, there was somebody who fitted completely into this picture. It was a fellow called—wait a bit—Merrivale, Medley—oh, well, it doesn't matter. Merton, that was it. Merton. He had been His Lordship's valet for six months, had been suspected of stealing and had been dismissed without a character reference. Just the man we wanted. So for a fortnight we searched for Merton. And then, when at last we got on to him, we discovered that he had the most complete alibi imaginable. (*The superintendent held up his hand, and it came into my mind that he must have stopped the traffic as a young man with just that gesture.*) Yes, I know what you're going to say, what you detective-story writers always say—the better an alibi, the worse it is. Well, sometimes, I admit; but not in this case. For Merton was in jail, under another name, and he had been inside for the last two months. And what do you think he was suspected of, and was waiting trial for? Oh, well, of course you guess; I've as good as told you. He was on a charge of murder—and murder, mark you, by poison.

"Good heavens!" I interjected. I seized the opportunity to refill my friend's glass. He said, "Exactly," and took a long drink.

You can imagine (he went on) what a shock this was to us. You see, a certain sort of murder had been committed; we had deduced that it was done by a certain man, without knowing whether he was in the least capable of such a crime; and now, having proved to the hilt that he *was* capable of it, we had simultaneously proved that he didn't do it.

I said to Totman, "Let's take a couple of days off, and each of us think it out, then pool our ideas and start afresh."

Totman frisked up his little mustache and laughed in his conceited way. "You don't think I'm going to admit myself wrong, do you, when I've just proved I'm right?" (Totman saying "I," when he had got everything from me!) "Merton's my man. He'd got the bottle ready, and somebody else delivered it for him. That's all. He had to wait for the birthday, you see, and when he found himself in prison, his wife or somebody——"

"—— took round the bottle, all nicely labeled 'Poison; not to be delivered till Christmas Day.'" I had to say it, I was so annoyed with him.

"Don't be more of a damned fool than you can help," he shouted, "and don't be insolent, or you'll get into trouble."

I apologized humbly and told him how much I liked working with him. He forgave me, and we were friends again. He patted me on the shoulder.

"You take a day off," he said kindly, "you've been working too hard. Take a bus into the country and make up a good story for me; the story of that bottle, and how it came from Merton's lodging to Brook Street, and who took it and why. I admit I don't see it at present, but that's the bottle, you can bet your life. I'm going down to Leatherhead. Report here on Friday morning, and we'll see what we've got. My birthday as it happens, and I feel I'm going to be lucky." Leatherhead was where an old woman had been poisoned. That was the third time in a week he'd told me when his wretched birthday was.

I took a bus to Hampstead Heath. I walked round the Leg of Mutton Pond twenty times. And each time that I went round, Totman's theory seemed sillier than the last time. And each time I felt more and more strongly that we were being *forced* into an entirely artificial interpretation of things. It sounds fantastic, I know, but I could almost feel the murderer behind us, pushing us along the way he wanted us to go.

I sat down on a seat and filled a pipe, and I said, "Right! The murderer's a man who wanted me to believe all that I have believed. When I've told myself that the murderer intended to do so-and-so, he intended me to believe that, and therefore he didn't do so-and-so. When I've told myself that the murderer wanted to mislead me, he wanted me to think he wanted to mislead me, which meant that the truth was exactly as it seemed to be. Now then, Fred, you'll begin all over again, and you'll take things as they are and won't be too clever about them. Because the murderer expects you to be clever, and wants you to be clever, and from now on you aren't going to take your orders from *him.*"

And of course, the first thing which leaped to my mind was that the murderer *meant* to murder the butler!

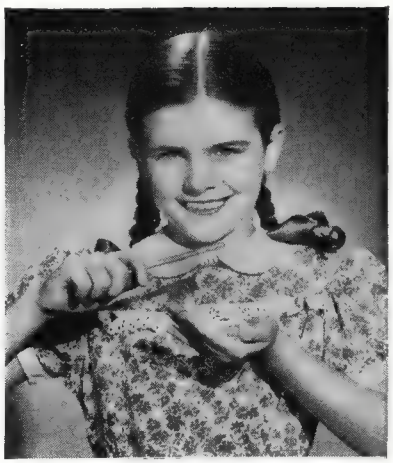
It seemed incredible now that we could ever have missed it. Didn't every butler sample his master's wines? Why, it was an absolute certainty that Perkins would be the first victim of a poisoned bottle of a very special vintage. What butler could resist pouring himself out a glass as he decanted it?

Wait, though. Mustn't be in a hurry. Two objections. One: Perkins might be the one butler in a thousand who wasn't a wine-sampler. Two: Even if he were like any other butler, he might be out of sorts on that particular evening and have put by a glass to drink later. Wouldn't it be much too risky for a murderer who only wanted to destroy Perkins, and had no grudge against Lord Hedingham's family, to depend so absolutely on the butler drinking first?

For a little while this held me up, but not for long. Suddenly I saw the complete solution.

It would *not* be risky if (a) the murderer had certain knowledge of the butler's habits; and (b) could, if necessary, at the last moment, prevent the family from drinking. In other words, if he were

1846 THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THIS BUSINESS 1946



Children who brush their teeth regularly have learned a habit that will stand them in good stead through life. Their dentifrice should be one that is pleasant to use, like Arm & Hammer Baking Soda, which not only cleans the teeth effectively but leaves the mouth with a refreshing after-taste.

ARM & HAMMER BAKING SODA

OR COW BRAND BAKING SODA

"Arm & Hammer" is pure Bicarbonate of Soda, good to use as a mouth wash or gargle. To encourage the family to use this effective, low-cost cleanser, regularly, keep it handy in the medicine cabinet. It s cost is just a few cents for a package that will give months of service.

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.
10 Cedar Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOK describing uses of Baking Soda; also a set of Colored Bird Cards. *(Please print name and address)*
This offer good only in the United States

A-89

Name

Street Address

City or Town State

Both Sides of the Question

GAS-STATION OPERATOR VS. THE MOTORISTS

"People act like they didn't have a minute to spare. They drive in here, blow their horns loud and long and, before we have a chance to give another customer his change, off they go. But they wouldn't think anything of waiting an hour in a barber shop."

"You drive in right next to a pump and wait. One guy is tinkering with something in the garage, and maybe another is inside leaning over the cash register waiting for the other guy. So maybe after ten minutes they decide they'll come and see what you want."

"Then there's the guy who has his window open just a crack at the top, and he's smoking a cigar. He mumbles at you. You ask him what he said. He mumbles again. You ask him the second time what he said, then he gets sore and yells it at you."

"You tell him how much gas you want, and he's unhappy about something. Is it too much to ask him to look cheerful? Sometimes you get a guy who's so anxious to get this over with that he starts the gas flowing before he puts the hose in your tank."

"This is probably the only business where we do so many things free. We check the battery, tires, oil, water, all for nothing."

"Things aren't like in the movies. I've yet to see a station where ten fellows swarm all over your car and seem so interested."

"Gas-tank locks? What a headache! Either they forget which key it is or else they can't find it. And then ice forms on the lock, and the key won't turn."

"You'd think station operators would know how to handle things like locks, but they never know how they work, and you always have to get out and show them."

"You'd be surprised the way they leave rest rooms."

"Something could be done about the rest rooms."

"Not that I have anything against women, but seven out of every ten never take oil when they need it."

"Every time I stop for gas someone tells me I need oil. Why, if I took oil that often, well . . ."

"They park as far away as possible, blow their horns loud—then just ask directions."

"Every time I ask directions from attendants they lead me on a merry goose chase."

"And then there's the story-telling type. Either you're very busy, or it's raining or freezing cold, and some guy wants to tell you all about his trip to California."

"I don't like to sound fastidious, but the attendants should wear cotton gloves when they handle silver money. Their change is so oily, I hate to put it in my purse."

BY DOROTHY MARCUS

an intimate of the family, were himself present at the party, and, without bringing suspicion on himself, could bring the wine under suspicion.

In other words, only if he were Sir William Kelso! For Sir William was the only man in the world who could say, "Don't drink this wine. I'm supposed to have sent it to you, and I didn't, so that proves it's a fake." The *only* man.

Why hadn't we suspected him from the beginning? One reason, of course, was that we had supposed the intended victim to be one of the Hedingham family, and of Sir William's devotion to his sister, brother-in-law, nephew and nieces, there was never any doubt. But the chief reason was our assumption that the last thing a murderer would do would be to give himself away by sending his own card round with the poisoned bottle. "The *last* thing a murderer would do"—and therefore the *first* thing a really clever murderer would do.

To make my case complete to myself, for I had little hope as yet of converting Totman, I had to establish motive. Why should Sir William want to murder Perkins? I gave myself the pleasure of having tea that afternoon with Lord Hedingham's housekeeper. We had caught each other's eye on other occasions when I had been at the house, and—well, I suppose I can say it now—I had a way with the women in those days. When I left, I knew two things. Perkins had been generally unpopular, not only downstairs, but upstairs. "It was a wonder how they put up with him." And Her Ladyship had been "a different woman lately."

"How different?" I asked.

"So much younger, if you know what I mean, Sergeant Mortimer. Almost like a girl again, bless her heart."

I did know. And that was that. Blackmail.

What was I to do? What did my evidence amount to? Nothing. It was all corroborative evidence. If Kelso had done one suspicious thing, or left one real clue, then the story I had made up would have convinced any jury. As it was, in the eyes of a jury he had done one completely unsuspicious thing and had left one real clue to his innocence—his visiting card. Totman would just laugh at me.

I disliked the thought of being laughed at by Totman. I wondered how I could get the laugh on him. I took a bus to Baker Street, and walked into Regent's Park, not minding where I was going, but just thinking. And then, as I got opposite Hanover Terrace, who should I see but young Roberts.

"Hallo, young fellow, what have *you* been up to?"

"Hallo, Sarge," he grinned. "Been calling on my old school chum, Sir William Kelso—or rather, his valet. Tottie thought he might have known Merton. Speaking as one valet to another, so to speak."

"Is Inspector Totman back?" I asked.

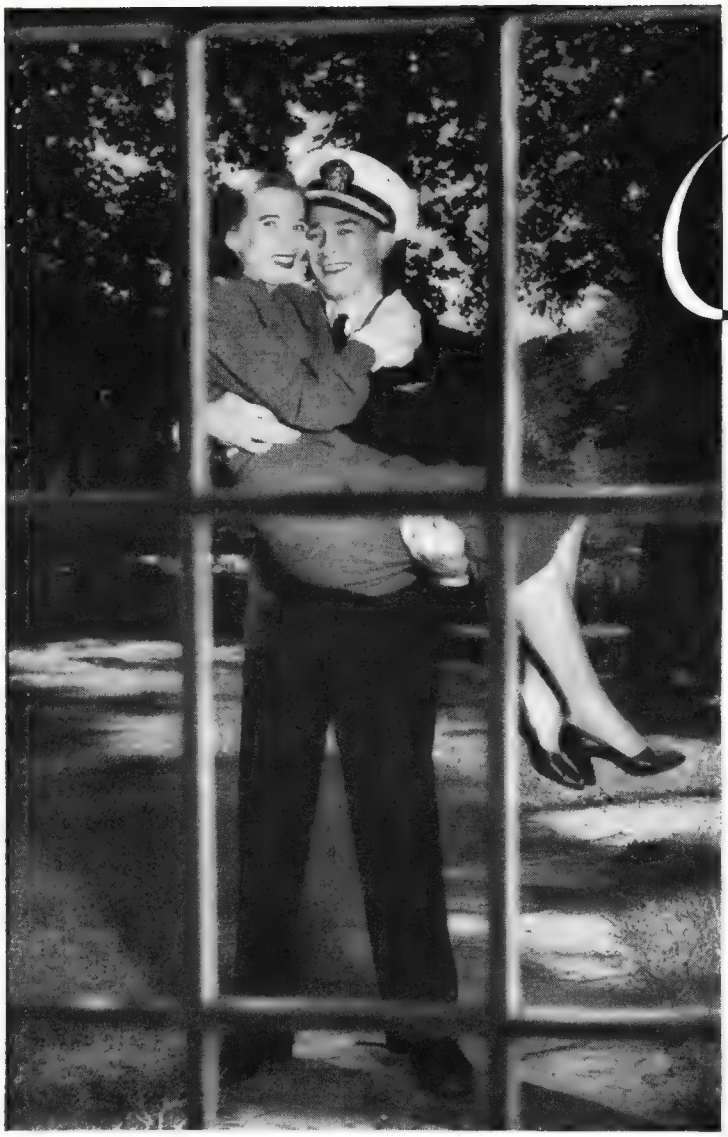
Roberts stood to attention, and said, "No, Sergeant Mortimer, Inspector Totman is not expected to return from Leatherhead, Surrey, until a late hour tonight."

You couldn't be angry with the boy. At least I couldn't. He had no respect for anybody, but he was a good lad. And he had an eye like a hawk. Saw everything and forgot none of it.

I said, "I didn't know Sir William lived up this way."

Roberts pointed across the road. "Observe the august mansion. Five minutes ago you'd have found me in the basement, talking to a housemaid who thought Merton was a town in Surrey. As it is, of course."

I had a sudden crazy idea.

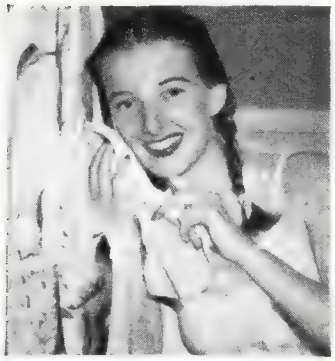


Cupid's Eye View

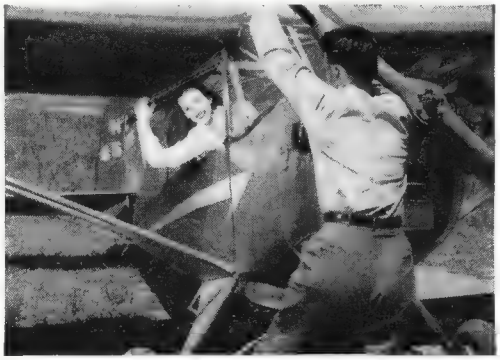
OF ANOTHER WOODBURY DEB

OVER THE THRESHOLD!
Lt. (j.g.)Warren J. Moore, USN, carrying his brand-new bride —lovely Edna Russell, former New York deb.

Speedy courtship: Two weeks' dates in Miami—overseas duty for Warren—two months after his return, New York wedding! Yes, Cupid works fast when a girl has Woodbury-smooth skin like Edna's . . . velvety as the roses and violets in her bouquet!



"It's wonderful what a Woodbury Facial Cocktail does!" she says. "That lovely lathery massage—warm rinse and cold. My skin feels softer. Looks nicer, too."



Flying honeymoon for this air-minded pair. "After wind and weather, my skin begs for gentle care," says Edna. "So I adore *mild* Woodbury!" Yes, Edna. Woodbury Soap contains a special ingredient just for *extra-mildness!*

Wonderful Woodbury—a true skin soap made by skin scientists in cake form only. It's Woodbury Facial Soap for romantic smoothness! Try it. Just see!

"Answer fairly... are you giving in to Periodic Pain?"

If your answer is "*NO*", chances are you *know about* and *use* Midol.

If your answer is "*YES*", and you haven't tried Midol, you may be passing up comfort which millions of women now enjoy!

You see, Midol tablets are offered *specifically* to relieve functional periodic pain. Their action is *prompt* and *sure*. They contain no opiates, yet get to work quickly in *three ways* to bring welcome relief from menstrual pain and discomfort: *Ease Cramps—Soothe Headache—Stimulate mildly when you're "Blue"*.

Let Midol prove that you can enjoy life at the time when menstruation's functional cramps, headache and "blues" might make you miserable. Get Midol today at any drugstore.

MIDOL

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope. Write Dept. A-56, Room 1418, 41 East 42nd St. New York 17, N.Y.

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

"Well, now you're going back there," I said. "I'm going to call on Sir William, and I want you handy. Would they let you in at the basement again, or are they sick of you?"

"Sarge, they just love me. When I went, they said, 'Must you go?'"

We say at the Yard, "Once a murderer, always a murderer." Perhaps that was why I had an absurd feeling that I should like young Roberts within call. Because I was going to tell Sir William Kelso what I'd been thinking about by the Leg of Mutton Pond. I'd only seen him once, but he gave me the idea of being the sort of man who wouldn't mind killing, but didn't like lying. I thought he would give himself away . . . and then—well, there might be a roughhouse, and Roberts would be useful.

As we walked in at the gate together, I looked in my pocketbook for a card. Luckily I had one left, though it wasn't very clean. It was a bit ink-stained, in fact. Roberts, who never missed anything, said, "Personally I always use blotting paper," and went on whistling. If I hadn't known him, I shouldn't have known what he was talking about. I said, "Oh, do you?" and rang the bell. I gave the maid my card and asked if Sir William could see me, and at the same time Roberts gave her a wink and indicated the back door. She nodded to him, and asked me to come in. Roberts went down and waited for her in the basement. I felt safer.

Sir William was a big man, as big as I was. But of course a lot older. He said, "Well, Sergeant, what can I do for you?" twiddling my card in his fingers. He seemed quite friendly about it. "Sit down, won't you?"

I said, "I think I'll stand, Sir William. I want just to ask you one question, if I may?" Yes, I know I was crazy, but somehow I felt inspired.

"By all means," he said, obviously not much interested.

"When did you first discover that Perkins was blackmailing Lady Hedingham?"

He was standing in front of his big desk, and I was opposite him. He stopped fiddling with my card and became absolutely still; and there was a silence so complete that I could feel it in every nerve of my body. I kept my eyes on his, you may be sure. We stood there, I don't know how long.

"Is that the only question?" he asked. The thing that frightened me was that his voice was just the same as before. Ordinary.

"Well, just one more. Have you a typewriter in your house?" Just corroborative evidence again, that's all. But it told him that I knew.

He gave a long sigh, tossed the card into the wastepaper basket and walked to the window. He stood there with his back to me, looking out but seeing nothing. Thinking. He must have stood there for a couple of minutes. Then he turned around, and to my amazement he had a friendly smile on his face. "I think we'd both better sit down," he said. We did.

"There is a typewriter in the house which I sometimes use," he began. "I daresay you use one too."

"I do."

"And so do thousands of other people—including, it may be, the murderer you are looking for."

"Thousands of people, including the murderer," I agreed.

He noticed the difference, and smiled. "People" I had said, not "other people." And I didn't say I was looking for him. Because I had found him.

"And then," I went on, "there was the actual wording of the typed message."

"Was there anything remarkable about it?"

"No. Except that it was exactly right."

"Oh, my dear fellow, anyone could have got it right. A simple birthday greeting."

"Anyone in your own class, Sir William, who knew you both. But that's all. It's Inspector Totman's birthday tomorrow." I added to myself: As he keeps telling us, damn him! "If I sent him a bottle of whisky, young Roberts—that's the constable who's in on this case; you may have seen him about, he's waiting for me now down below"—I thought this was rather a neat way of getting that in—"Roberts could make a guess at what I'd say, and so could anybody at the Yard who knows us both, and they wouldn't be far wrong. But *you* couldn't, Sir William."

He looked at me. He couldn't take his eyes off me. I wondered what he was thinking. At last he said, "You'd probably say, 'A long life and all the best, with the admiring good wishes of ——' How's that?"

It was devilish. First that he had really been thinking it out when he had so much else to think about, and then that he'd got it so right. That "admiring" which meant that he'd studied Totman just as he was studying me, and knew how I'd play up to him.

"You see," he smiled, "it isn't really difficult. And the fact that my card was used is in itself convincing evidence of my innocence, don't you think?"

"To a jury perhaps," I said, "but not to me."

"I wish I could convince *you*," he murmured to himself. "Well, what are you doing about it?"

"I shall, of course, put my reconstruction of the case in front of Inspector Totman tomorrow."

"Ah! A nice birthday surprise for him. And, knowing your Totman, what do you think he will do?"

He had me there, and he knew it.

"I think *you* know him too, Sir," I said.

"I do," he smiled.

"And me, I daresay, and anybody else you meet. Quick as lightning. But even ordinary men like me have a sort of sudden understanding of people sometimes. As I've got of you, Sir. And I've a sort of feeling that, if ever we get you into a witness box, and you've taken the oath, you won't find perjury so much to your liking as murder. Or what the law calls murder."

"But *you* don't?" he said quickly.

"I think," I said, "that there are a lot of people who *ought* to be killed. But I'm a policeman, and what I think isn't evidence. You killed Perkins, didn't you?"

He nodded; and then said, almost with a grin at me, "A nervous affection of the head, if you put it in evidence. I could get a specialist to swear to it."

My God, he was a good sort of man. I was really sorry when they found him next day, after he'd put a bullet through his head. And yet what else could he do? He knew I should get him.

I was furious with Fred Mortimer. That was no way to end a story. Suddenly, like that, as if he were tired of it. I told him so.

"My dear little friend," he said, "it isn't the end. We're just coming to the exciting part. This will make your hair curl."

"Oh!" I said sarcastically. "Then I suppose all that you've told me so far is just introduction?"

"That's right. Now you listen. On Friday morning, before we heard of Sir William's death, I went in to report to Inspector Totman. He wasn't there. Nobody knew where he was. They rang up

Hire a Veteran

At seventeen a girl's heart is so wise—a boy's so achingly unsure. That's the way it is with Alison and Robie in this tender picture of the green years—those years so full of laughter and heartbreak.

M-G-M has caught, with vibrant warmth and understanding, the spirit of this modern masterpiece . . .

A. J. Cronin's

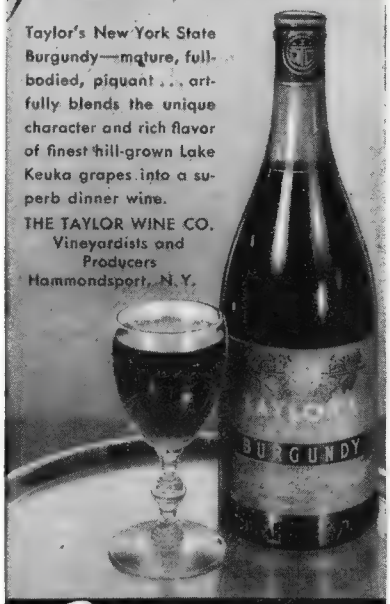
THE GREEN YEARS

M-G-M presents A. J. CRONIN'S "THE GREEN YEARS" starring CHARLES COBURN with TOM DRAKE • BEVERLY TYLER • HUME CRONYN • Gladys Cooper Dean Stockwell • Richard Haydn • Screen Play by Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien • Directed by Victor Saville • Produced by Leon Gordon • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

CAPTURED FLAVOR
from NEW YORK STATE

Taylor's New York State Burgundy—mature, full-bodied, piquant . . . artfully blends the unique character and rich flavor of finest hill-grown Lake Keuka grapes into a superb dinner wine.

THE TAYLOR WINE CO.
Vineyardists and Producers
Hammondsport, N.Y.



TAYLOR Wines
FROM THE FAMOUS CELLARS AT HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

It's the Fit in the Cup that counts!

Bias-Cup feels right because it fits right . . . gives beautiful contours because it's precision fashioned in individualized cup depths . . . one exactly right for you.

Write for NEW Beauty Hint Booklet

Made by MODEL Brassieres
Dept. L, 358 Fifth Ave., New York 1

*Shape-retaining features perfected by U. S. Pat. No. 2267595

his apartment house. Now hold tight to the leg of the table or something. When the porter got into his flat, he found Totman's body. Poisoned."

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated.

"You may say so. There he was, and on the table was a newly opened bottle of whisky, and by the side of it a visiting card. And whose card do you think it was? *Mine!* And what do you think it said? 'A long life and all the best, with the admiring good wishes of ——' *me!* Lucky for me I had had young Roberts with me. Lucky for me he had this genius for noticing and remembering. Lucky for me he could swear to the exact shape of the smudge of ink on that card. And I might add, lucky for me that they believed me when I told them word for word what had been said at my interview with Sir William, as I have just told you. I was reprimanded, of course, for exceeding my duty, as I most certainly had, but that was only official. Unofficially they were very pleased with me. We couldn't prove anything, naturally, and Sir William's suicide was left unexplained. But a month later I was promoted to Inspector."

Mortimer fixed his glass and drank, while I revolved his extraordinary story in my mind.

"The theory," I said, polishing my glasses thoughtfully, "was, I suppose, that Sir William sent the poisoned whisky, not so much to get rid of Totman, from whom he had little to fear, as to discredit you by bringing you under suspicion, and to discredit entirely your own theory of the other murder."

"Exactly."

"And then, at the last moment he realized that he couldn't go on with it, or the weight of his crimes became suddenly too much for him, or——"

"Something of the sort. Nobody ever knew, of course."

I looked across the table with sudden excitement; almost with awe.

"Do you remember what he said to you?" I asked, giving the words their full meaning as I slowly quoted them. "'The fact that my card was used is in itself convincing evidence of my innocence . . .' And you said, 'Not to me.' And he said, 'I wish I could convince *you.' And that was how he did it!* The fact that your card was used *was* convincing evidence of your innocence!"

"With the other things. The proof that he was in possession of the particular card of mine which was used, and the certainty that he had committed the other murder. Once a poisoner, always a poisoner."

"True . . . yes . . . Well, thanks very much for the story, Fred. All the same, you know," I said, shaking my head at him, "it doesn't altogether prove what you set out to prove."

"What was that?"

"That the simple explanation is generally the true one. In the case of Perkins, yes. But not in the case of Totman."

"Sorry, I don't follow."

"My dear fellow," I said, putting up a finger to emphasize my point, for he seemed a little hazy with the wine suddenly; "the *simple* explanation of Totman's death—surely?—would have been that *you* had sent him the poisoned whisky."

Superintendent Mortimer looked a little surprised. "But I did," he said.

So now you see my terrible predicament. I could hardly listen as he went on dreamily: "I never liked Totman, and he stood in my way; but I hadn't seriously thought of getting rid of him until I got that card into my hands again. As I told you, Sir William dropped it into the basket and turned to the window, and I thought: Damn it, *you* can afford to chuck about visiting cards, but I can't. It's the only one I've got left, and if you don't want it, I do. So I bent down very naturally to tie my shoelace and felt in the basket behind me, because, of course, it was rather an undignified thing to do, and I didn't want to be seen; and just as I was putting it into my pocket I saw that ink smudge again, and I remembered that Roberts had seen it. And in a flash the whole plan came to me; simple; foolproof. And from that moment everything I said to him was in preparation for it. Of course we were quite alone, but you never knew who might be listening, and besides"—he twiddled the stem of his wine glass—"p'raps I'm like Sir William, rather tell the truth than not. And it was true, all of it—how Sir William came to know about Totman's birthday, and knew that those were the very words I should have used.

"Don't think I wanted to put anything on to Sir William that wasn't his. I liked him. But he as good as told me he wasn't going to wait for what was coming to him, and he'd done one murder anyway. That was why I slipped down with the bottle that evening and left it outside Totman's flat. Didn't dare wait till the morning, in case Sir William closed his account that night." He stood up and stretched himself. "Ah, well, it was a long time ago. Good-by, old man, I must be off. Thanks for a grand dinner. Don't forget, you're dining with *me* next Tuesday. I've got a new Burgundy for you. You'll like it."

He drained his wine glass and swaggered out, leaving me to my thoughts.

Will Conn Beat Louis? (*Continued from page 39*)

enervatin'. He sure does wear you down with those body punches." And he rubbed his stomach ruefully.

"Is Joe slipping?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir," said George enthusiastically, "he's slipping fine! He's slipping those punches you shoot at him like nobody's business and then he slips a couple over on *you*—and they *mean* business!"

Today Louis *hasn't* got all the money he needs; the incentive must be there to win, as strong as before he gained the title.

Conn has the style that figures to give Louis trouble—fast, clever, shifty boxing. And Billy professes unbounded confidence in his ability to turn the tables on Joe.

But I also note that Louis, never one to brag, has said he is certain he can repeat over Conn, and in quicker time than he did before. From the time there was talk of a return match, Louis expressed willingness—even eagerness to meet Conn again. He has repeated frequently that Billy Conn would get first crack at his title when he returned to the ring after his hitch in the Army.

No other inference can be drawn from this except that Joe Louis considers the Pittsburgh Adonis a Christmas package, all done up and ready to be opened.

In many ways this fight reminds me of my fight with Tommy Gibbons at Shelby, Montana, on July 4, 1923, where I learned how aggravating it can be for a slugging type of fighter when he finds an elusive "fancy Dan" boxer making him miss haymakers. I knew I had gone

"When I was a baby it happened to me...

NOW IT'S HAPPENING TO MY BABIES!"

"I wonder if there are many families like ours," writes Mrs. Basil Robinson, of Rochester, New York. "Not only was I raised on Clapp's myself—when Clapp's were the first baby foods ever made—but now I've got *two* Clapp-fed babies of my own." And she continues...

"Douggie was just 3 years old when these pictures were taken, and Linda was 22 months. I'd just taken them to the doctor and heard the happy report that they just *couldn't* be healthier!

"As a matter of fact, neither one has ever been sick. (Maybe I should knock on wood when I say that!) They're both terribly active, and into everything. Sometimes it's all I can do to keep up with them!

"When Douggie was ready to start strained foods, I didn't have a minute's doubt about what brand to get. For Mother had always let me know that *I* was a Clapp-fed baby—and my babies were just bound to be Clapp-fed babies too!

"Linda has pretty much followed Douggie's stages of development all along. She weighed 6 lbs. at birth, while he'd weighed 7 lbs. 11½ oz. But for the past year she's always weighed exactly 2 lbs. less than he has, and has been exactly 2 inches shorter.

"Both of them have enormous appetites—and they've always loved their Clapp's foods. I'm sure their nourishing, well-balanced diet has done a lot to make them such healthy, happy children. So you can see why I'm so loyal to Clapp's!"

Why your baby will thrive on Clapp's:

• Ever since Clapp's *originated* baby foods 25 years ago, we've made all our foods to fill doctors' requirements.

• We've constantly improved our formulas, added new foods, according to doctors' suggestions. Now we offer *"the world's largest baby menu."*

• We discard many fruits and vegetables that would be perfectly acceptable for adults, but not, in our judgment, for Clapp-fed babies.

• All our foods are *pressure-cooked*—to help retain vitamins and minerals, fresh color and flavor.

• We have seen two generations of babies raised on Clapp's. Our business, we believe, is the most important business in the world. It is our *sole* business, not a side line.

• Perhaps this is why so many doctors prescribe Clapp's regularly.

This is the 25th Anniversary of

CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

—the first baby foods

PRODUCTS OF AMERICAN HOME FOODS, INC.

★SOOTHE THOSE ACHING MUSCLES!

★help nature carry off "fatigue acids"!

Don't fret with muscular aches and pains! Absorbine Jr. can help give wonderful relief—QUICK! Too much exercise causes waste products called "fatigue acids" to settle in the muscles. Often the muscles swell and hurt. Just rub those aching muscles with quick-acting Absorbine Jr. It stimulates local circulation so fresh blood flows through them and helps nature carry "fatigue acids" away! As swelling reduces, pain subsides—you feel like shouting for joy! Always keep Absorbine Jr. on hand. $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

W. F. Young, Inc.,
Springfield, Mass.

★ABSORBINE Jr.

back in form before three rounds had been fought that day. It was my first real fight in two years—my last previous one had been with Georges Carpentier in Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City—and, even though I'd boxed a few exhibitions between times, the layoff hurt me considerably. Without the Gibbons fight under my belt, I might not have been able to get by Firpo two months later.

After another three years' layoff I met my Waterloo with Gene Tunney that rainy night in Philadelphia when I blew the title. I tried to train hard for the first Tunney fight, doing preliminary work months ahead in the mountains at Ojai, California. But I found it hard to get into the swing of things. And I was about thirty-one. Joe Louis will be thirty-two years and a month old when he faces Conn.

I had turned twenty-eight when I met Gibbons and Firpo. Billy Conn will be twenty-eight years and eight months old when he tackles Louis.

In this coming battle, everything depends on how the men have responded to training—how well they are trained. My work in the Coast Guard taught me many things about conditioning—things I didn't know before. But everybody who knows anything about physical conditioning knows it is much easier for a younger man to slough off excess weight and round into physical fitness than it is for an older one. And they do say the Irish mature late. I believe it was Dan Morgan who, when a promoter suggested that one of his Irish fighters was a little on the old side, replied, "Why, in Ireland a man's a broth of a b'y till he's forty."

It's an old ring axiom that every fighter reaches his peak in one battle, and after that he begins to slip. I hit my peak in my fight with Jess Willard at Toledo that hot Fourth of July afternoon in 1919, when I won the championship. Seven years later I lost it.

Louis, I believe, was at his pinnacle of perfection the night he annihilated Max Schmeling in their second fight, knocking the German silly in the Yankee Stadium on June 22, 1938, eight years ago.

I also believe that Conn hit his peak against Louis. That was five years ago.

Now, according to all this arithmetic, it would seem that Joe is about ready to be taken, while Conn still has a few years to go. But there are other things to consider.

I do not think Joe Louis's training has been hampered by the absence of his old manager, Jack Blackburn. He has Mannie Seamon, who assisted Blackburn in training Louis in several of the champion's later fights, and Mannie is an excellent man at his job. Mannie trained Benny Leonard for all his important bouts leading up to the lightweight championship and until Benny retired, an undefeated champion. Mannie is capable of doing every bit as good if not a better job than old "Chappie" Blackburn—though Blackburn was a master teacher of boxing.

Before their last fight I said I believed Conn had a *chance* to beat Louis, but that it was a remote one. Conn possessed the speed and skill to outpoint the champion in fifteen rounds, but I didn't believe he had the strength, stamina and punch to turn the trick. Billy did a grand job until he ran out of gas. And he didn't have the punch to finish the Bomber. This time, Billy the Kid can't afford to make any mistake. He must fight a perfect fight, or Joe will tag him again.

The champion has told me that this time he intends to carry the fight to his man from the start. "I've got to win quickly," he said.

I felt the same way before my first fight with Tunney.

In their last set-to Louis, after the first six rounds, fought Conn's kind of fight, which of course was a great advantage for Billy the Kid. It was only in that fateful thirteenth that Joe turned on the heat and fought his own kind of battle.

Besides boxing skill and ring savvy, the challenger must have something more—a punch, and the stamina to withstand the heavy blows Louis will throw at him.

The barring of tune-up fights for Louis and Conn by Mike Jacobs, their promoter, naturally doesn't help the men get into their best fighting condition. It keeps them from correcting flaws in timing, from knowing whether their legs will carry them through fifteen hard rounds.

The Tom Gibbons fight sharpened me up for my scrap with Firpo. And my fight with Jack Sharkey, two months before my second meeting with Tunney in Chicago, certainly went far toward helping me make that a better show than would have been possible otherwise.

From the promoter's viewpoint—which is strictly a financial one—it's a good idea not to risk having either of the principals hurt—or perhaps flattened—in an unprofitable tune up with second- or third-rate opponents. And if the two men are not at their best, the promoter wants to hide their true condition from the public, even though it also means hiding it from themselves and their trainers.

When he was "getting in condition to get into condition" last winter, Conn confided to friends his intention to sneak over a couple of real battles in secret. Lee Savold, a thirty-year-old six-footer and a pretty rugged heavyweight, who battled Billy in the star bout in Madison Square Garden November 29, 1941, and who has been pretty active since, was the Pittsburgher's choice as an opponent. Conn planned to pay Savold thirty thousand dollars for the two tests. Whether Billy ever did meet Savold, I can't say.

Jim Corbett used to do stunts like that when he was preparing for a defense of his title. Jim Jeffries once told of the time when he was a sparring partner of Gentleman Jim's, and the champion took him into a barn at his training camp and invited him to put on a real fight. Jeff took everything the clever Corbett threw at him and then clouted Gentleman Jim a haymaker that called a halt to the proceedings. It was then and there that Jeff decided he could someday lick the master boxer. And he did.

I think the one great advantage Conn has in his favor is his comparative youth—that three years and five months which Louis will have to spot him. But he'll need that youth. And then some.

Officially Conn weighed 176 pounds to Joe's 199½ for their first bout, although there are tales that Billy actually weighed only a fraction over 169 pounds.

This recalls the time Jimmy DeForest, my old trainer, got the boxing writers together on the eve of the fight with Willard in Toledo. There had been much adverse comment about my being too small to fight the giant Willard. Jimmy told the boys: "I'm going to let you see Dempsey weigh right now."

I came in with so much lead in the soles of my shoes I could hardly step on to the scales; they showed me to be quite a heavyweight. The boys couldn't get to their wires fast enough with the story.

No matter what Billy weighed then, this time he will be about 180 pounds, and that's big enough to lick any heavyweight that ever lived. But it's not the size of the package, it's what's in it.

And I can't get away from the idea that Joseph Louis Barrow will be the one full of dynamite in the Yankee Stadium ring. So I look for a repeat performance which will end sooner than the first show.

Hire a Veteran

Enjoy the Taste that's Mellow as a Sunny Morning

You, too, will prefer SCHENLEY Reserve for the smooth, rich flavor which has made it America's largest-selling whiskey. Try SCHENLEY Reserve soon. Blended Whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City.

HAIR HIGHLIGHTS . . . HELENE CURTIS MILKY FLUFF SHAMPOO
EXQUISITE GROOMING . . . HELENE CURTIS SUAVE

the hands of your professional beautician and the
Helene Curtis Cold Wave ...
...therein lies your assurance for hair beauty as it can be... as it should be. Your professional beautician, backed by Helene Curtis clinical research in the world's largest beauty-laboratories, knows hair in all its differences. The Helene Curtis Cold Wave in her hands is the one combination that promises you naturally lovely, easily manageable hair... $10 to $50.
THIS EMBLEM means your hairdresser is a member of the Helene Curtis Guild of Professional Beauticians... qualified to analyze your hair... competent to interpret today's styles for you.
MEMBER
Helene Curtis
GUILD
Professional
Beauticians

PERFUME $5, $2.50, $1

TOILET WATER $1.85, $1

DUSTING POWDER $1 • TALC 50¢

(All prices plus tax)

Coty

Compounded and Copyrighted by Coty, Inc. in U. S. A

A Piece of Cake (*Continued from page 29*)

she'd say if he told her, "I'm going out to make some time with a little mouse from the office." But she didn't ask, and he wouldn't have told her that anyhow. Not his mother.

His father was sitting under the lamp beside the silent radio, paper in hand, reading glasses on his generous nose.

His father said, "You can have the car if you like. We won't be using it tonight."

"That's swell," Ran said. "I think, though, you ought to let me share the upkeep, Dad. I can afford to."

His father laughed. "I'll let you buy it from me when as and if I can ever get a new one. Save your worries until then."

Ran said, "Thanks, guy," and patted his father's shoulder. He brushed his lips against his mother's warm cheek. She said, "Do be careful driving, dear," and his father rumbled, "Let him alone, Ru. He took care of himself for four years without our help. He can do it now."

"And how," Ran laughed. He lifted his hand. " 'Night, kids."

HE BACKED the car from the garage with swift ease, spun it out into the quiet suburban street damp with spring and the breath of bursting buds, and sent it rolling towards the faint glow that was the business center of Claremont.

He lighted a cigarette, and turned on the radio in the big sedan. There was a pleasant excitement in him as he thought of this Sally Kinally; of the uncertain certainty of the evening before him.

She hadn't been around the office long. Less than a month. The newest steno in the sales department of Carson-Kaye, but he'd marked her from the start, and he'd told the other wolves, "That's for me."

They'd jeered pretty broadly. He hadn't minded. The other salesmen were older than he, but Ran was used to being with older men. He'd just grinned. "Keep your eyes peeled. I'll show you how we took St. Lô."

"Maybe it'll be Kasserine Pass for you," one of them said, and when the others joined in the laugh Ran only grinned more widely and said, "A piece of cake."

He could see her now as he'd seen her then. Of medium height with silky lashes that fringed her pansy brown eyes. Her hair the color of corn but with a sheen to it that was different from the flaxen dullness of the German frauleins or the modish pastels of the babes in Paris. And her figure was American pure. Not the big-boned lushness of the Dutchies nor the chic spareness of the Frenchies. American. Soft yet firm. Curved yet clean-lined. Slim legs in decent stockings. There was no girdle holding in that small waist or making that lovely line of hip and thigh.

He hadn't been in any hurry. He knew she was aware of him. The other guys knew it, too. Their speculations grew broader. Ran had only grinned. "Just hold your breath, men. Come D-day, she's a gone pigeon."

He sent the car rolling into Main Street and through to the bridge across the railroad and along Railroad until he saw the marker that said "Race Street."

It was dingy and not too clean. Lined with small one-family houses as like as peas, with neglected plots in front and sagging gates in wire and picket fences.

He wasn't surprised. He had known by the very lack of assurance in her manner that she didn't come from a well-off family even though her speech was good and her simple dresses in good taste.

He knew a lot about women. He'd learned in an exclusive male school where the curriculum was earthy and open. There were girls that were fun; girls to have without bothering to hold. Time enough for the daughters of his parents' circle of friends. Time enough for the Book and the ring. Just now he wanted fun, and this Sally Kinally fitted in nicely. Very nicely.

He shifted into second and crawled the car down the dim street where kids played prisoner's base in pools of light under the lamps. He saw an occasional number and he counted off the houses until he came to what he thought should be the right one. He drew the car up to the curb and killed the engine. He threw up his left arm and saw the luminous glow of the numerals on his watch. Right on time. He switched off the lights, fired a fresh gasper and got out of the car.

The gate creaked as he pushed it open. There was a light in the center of the porch ceiling. He could see the house number on the door. He could see too that the paint was scaling off.

He pushed the button and shifted the weight of his coat over his arm while he waited.

She'd been hoping for him to ask for a date. He'd known that for some time. Known it in the way she looked at him, half shyly, half boldly. In the way she spoke to him when she brought him some papers at the end of each day when he checked in after his rounds. He was on the city sales staff just now, covering Claremont and Carlisle and Fall City. In the way she'd say, "If you've any letters I'll be glad to take them, Mr. Mason."

The other salesmen had known too, and they'd laughed at him, half enviously, and he'd winked back. But he knew a lot. He knew it was better in the game to take your time. And so he had.

He'd thought the time was right now and he'd asked her. He'd said this afternoon, "Got time to take a couple of letters?" and he'd seen the color rise in her cheeks as she answered, "Oh, yes, Mr. Mason. I'll get my book."

She'd taken the letters, gone back to her desk and typed them while the other girls covered their machines and went out to powder before going home. When she brought him the beautifully done letters to sign, the office was almost empty.

He'd thanked her. He'd said, "That's swell," and then he'd said negligently, "I've kept you pretty late. Want to stay downtown and have dinner with me?"

Her lips had parted. He had seen the shadow of frank regret that came into her eyes. "I can't, Mr. Mason. I have to be home for dinner, but—but after dinner, if you want to . . ."

"Swell," Ran had said. "We'll do something. Where'll I meet you?"

Her eyes had met his, brown and deep, "Will you call for me at home?"

She'd given him the address and here he was, his finger touching the button again.

The door opened. Amber light came out to Ran and the odor of many dinners and many washings. A man looked up at him. A stocky man in a shirt and trousers, tieless. A man with thinning whitish hair and a stubbled face.

Ran said, "Is Miss Kinally in? She's expecting me. I'm Randolph Mason."

The door swung wider. A hoarse voice said, "Sure. I'm her father. She's getting dolled up. Come on in, Mr. Mason."

The door closed. Two children came part way down the stairs and peered at Ran. A boy of seven and a girl of eight, in flannelette pajamas, with shiny scrubbed

This wise, modern woman Enjoys every day— Convenience and freedom Are hers—the Meds way!

Be active as you please *when* you please! Meds internal protection liberates you from the pin-and-belt nuisance; from odor and chafing; from revealing ridges. And Meds' exclusive *"Safety-Well"* gives you the free-and-easy confidence of extra-protection!

- Meds alone have the "SAFETY-WELL"—designed for your extra protection.
- Meds are made of real COTTON—soft and super-absorbent for extra comfort.
- Meds expand quickly and adapt themselves easily to individual needs.

Meds only 25¢

FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS

Note special design of Meds applicators. Firm, smooth, easy to use, completely disposable.

For a Wee Lassie

Aquatogs Raincoats

Meet her every rainy day, splashing and gay, the Aquatogs way! Her cotton plaid coat in red or blue is self-lined for double protection and water-repellent. Sizes 3 to 6½. Matching plaid rain hat and mite-size umbrella.

Tailored by AQUATOGS

At better stores everywhere
For name of nearest store write:
AQUATOGS
250 West 39th St., N. Y. 18, N. Y.

faces. They stared at him while Mr. Kinally barked, "You kids get on up," and Sally's voice came from above, "Timmy, Deb, you go right back to bed."

The children giggled, scampered from sight. Mr. Kinally said with a broad gesture, "Them kids. Let's go sit, Mr. Mason." He turned his face to Ran, and the odor of whisky was unmistakable.

The living room was small and rather dingy, but the curtains were clean and bright. Mr. Kinally gestured at a chair. "Make yourself comfortable. I'd offer you a snort only there ain't any just now. Bit short."

"Thanks," Ran said. "Some other time."

"Some other time, yeah." Watery blue eyes touched the button in Ran's lapel. "Soldier, huh? What you with?"

"Combat engineers."

"Yeah? I was a doughboy m'self in the last war. We're gonna see you kids get a better deal than we got."

Ran stood up with relief as he heard the click of heels on the uncarpeted stairs. Sally came into the room. There was in Ran a sort of amused pride in his own ability to pick them. The much-cleaned velveteen dress only emphasized her loveliness. A dress of deep brown that clung to her rounded body, her firm young breasts; emphasizing the color of her wide eyes, the creaminess of her skin and the pale sheen of her heavy, curling hair.

Mr. Kinally gave out with a wolf whistle and leered at Ran. "She looks pretty good, huh?"

Ran said with unconscious coolness, "She does," even as Sally said, "Oh, Dad!" her cheeks getting red as fire. Her brown eyes turned to Ran, and he said, "The car is outside."

"I'd better take my coat." She went out into the hall and Ran followed. He helped her with the spring coat that had no weight, no body to it. He opened the door. "Good night, Mr. Kinally."

"'Night," Kinally said, looming behind Sally. "Have yourselves a time. You ain't young more'n once."

Ran stepped out onto the porch. Sally said, "I'll be just a moment." As Ran went down the steps he heard her low voice, "You won't go out, will you, Dad?"

"I told you, didn't I?" The voice was querulous. "You got that couple of bucks?"

"When I come back." Ran heard the door close.

He took her to Rouse's on the Fall City road. A place that in the daytime looked dingy and cheap. Now, at night, with shaded amber candle bulbs on the tables, a haze of faint smoke in the dim bigness of the well-filled place and not-too-terrible music, it had a sort of appeal. An appeal intensified by the electric response of myriad couples, each to each.

He ordered wine, not because he particularly liked it, but because you had to drink something, and he didn't want beer and didn't need whisky. Sally only nodded when he asked if that was all right. Her eyes were shining, her cheeks flushed. She took off her gloves and looked around the room just once and then she looked at him, past the fringed shade that was scrawled with the names and initials, the intertwined hearts of dozens of others who had sat where they sat. "Thinking the same things I bet," Ran told himself assuredly.

His smile brought an immediate response to Sally's red lips. She shook her head as Ran offered his pack of cigarettes. She said, "I'm so glad you asked me to go out with you."

Ran lighted his cigarette, grinning more inwardly than outwardly. "So am I."

Sally let her breath go in a happy sigh. "I remember when you were at Claremont High."

Ran looked at her in surprise. She wasn't more than eighteen and he was twenty-two almost. "How come? You weren't there when I was."

Her pale curls swayed. "I saw you run in the County Meet. The time you broke the record for the quarter."

Ran stared. "Hey, that was five years ago. You must have been all of thirteen. How come the interest in track?"

"Mother took me. She used to run when she was at school. She was one of the first girls to compete in foot races in Carlisle."

"Well what do you know!" Ran shook his head. "Someone who remembers my only bid for fame. I remember *that* race all right."

"Forty-nine flat," Sally said in her oddly husky voice that had the faintest little catch in it. "I screamed and jumped until Mother had to grab my pigtails to keep me down. I guess that's why I never forgot you. We didn't get to do too many things, and that day was such a lovely one."

Ran looked at her curiously, almost as if seeing her for the first time. "Your mother's dead?"

"Yes. Two years ago. She was so nice."

Ran thought: Yeah. Married to a souse like your old man, baby. But he only said, "That's tough."

The waiter came with the sauterne then. He opened the bottle and filled the glasses. Ran lifted his glass. "Here's to us."

"Oh, yes," Sally said. "To us."

She set down her glass and smiled at him. The music beat a louder rhythm and Ran said, "Let's dance."

He wasn't thinking past having her in his arms. He didn't want to.

It was just as he had known it would be. She was an evanescent softness in his arms. A fleeting touch of warm heaviness against his chest. He held her carefully, yet negligently because you didn't scare the game by rushing it. Her head was just below his lips. He smelled the unique scent that was the fragrance of her hair, not something from a shampoo or a bottle. You're nice, he thought contentedly. You're just what the doctor ordered, little pigeon.

It was still early when they left. The crescent moon had long since set, and the spring air was chill. Ran threw his coat about Sally's shoulders. "I don't need it," he told her when she demurred. "That coat of yours is pretty light."

He sent the big car rolling from the parking place out onto the road. Sally snuggled down in his coat with a little sigh. Ran thought: She knows we're going to park—just as well as I do.

THERE was a side road beyond the Bluff overlooking the Carlisle River. There were several other cars parked there when Ran drew in and killed the motor. He switched on the radio, turned it low. Sally did not move and Ran leaned his elbows on the wheel and looked through the darkness to where the glint of the river shone. "This seemed pretty far away when we were looking down at the Rhine."

He heard the catch in her breath. "Was—was it bad?"

"Pretty rugged. You don't feel very sure of getting home when you're building a bridge while they're tossing mortar shells at you from the other side."

"You won the Bronze Star . . ."

Ran turned his head. "You certainly know a lot about me."

He peered at her in the dark. He saw the starshine reflected in her eyes, the nebulous white of her face. He moved towards her and put his hands under the polo coat and drew her to him.

Problem child!

She doesn't look like a problem to you?...

Ah, *but you didn't try to take this picture!* The baby wanted to play, instead of pose . . . and the photographer had to work quickly, and get the picture the first time.

But with the speed and the *wide latitude* of Ansco Superpan Press Film he *got the picture!*

"Latitude" is the expert's word for the *margin of safety* in exposure. And the "latitude" of Ansco Film is such that you get satisfactory pictures even under the most difficult early morning or late afternoon lighting!

Try to get your exposures *exactly right* —but if your camera's loaded with *wide-latitude* Ansco Film, you'll probably get the picture anyway. And it makes it easier for your photofinisher to give you the best possible prints. Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y. A Division of General Aniline & Film Corporation. General Sales Office, 11 West 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y.

PHOTO TIPS

If you have a movie camera, try the glorious new Ansco 16 mm color movie film. Start now to keep your memories in color—*true*-color—on Ansco Color Film!

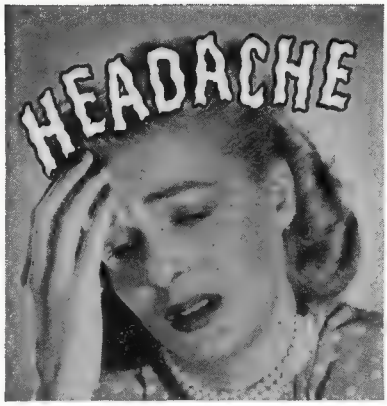
• • •

Avoid careless handling, such as loading and unloading in excessively bright light. This may result in "fog" and spoil a whole roll of pictures.

The Ansco Speedex 45
—available soon.

ASK FOR *Ansco* FILMS & CAMERAS

Hire a Veteran



So many people find that Bromo-Seltzer gives fast relief for ordinary headaches! Bromo-Seltzer fights headaches three ways:

1. Helps relieve the headache
2. Helps relieve upset stomach
3. Helps quiet jumpy nerves

. . . that may combine to cause trouble. Bromo-Seltzer gets 90 separate laboratory tests for uniform quality and purity! Caution: use only as directed. Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drugstore counter or fountain *today!* Four convenient home sizes. Compounded since 1887.

For **FAST** *headache relief*

BROMO-SELTZER

A PRODUCT OF EMERSON DRUG COMPANY—SINCE 1887

Her lips were like satin. He could feel the steady strong beat of her heart against his arm. Her arms held him, too, her lips gave back the pressure of his own. It was just as he had known it would be.

You had to breathe. As he settled her head against his shoulder, her husky voice said, "I thought of this. Of how it would be. Did you?"

"Jeeps," Ran thought even as he nodded and saw her face turn upward just below his lips.

It was Sally who said with a sigh, "I guess we had better go." She did not try to hide her reluctance.

Ran said, "Too bad it's not Saturday," as he shifted over behind the wheel and turned the key. As he pressed the starter he heard her say softly, "I wish it were."

She lay in the crook of his arm as they drove home. Race Street was dark and disconsolately still when Ran stopped before the shabby little house. Sally put up her face. "I'm so glad you asked me. I—I've loved it."

"'This above all,'" Ran said lightly and kissed her lips. He waited at the gate until she had opened the door. She did not go in. She lifted her hand, and when he drove away she was still there, a faint shadow in the doorway.

Ran lighted another cigarette and turned the radio on full as he drove through the empty business section towards home. He thought, contentedly: Nice. A very sweet little number. We're going to have fun, Sally. You and me.

She was at her desk when he came into the office the next afternoon. He saw the color that came into her cheeks. And he saw, too, the way the other girls looked at him. You couldn't keep such things secret. Not in an office.

The other men had been tipped off. Gossip flew around an office worse than a cold germ. He took the banter, broad as it was, with a grin. McKay leaned over his shoulder to say, "Made some time last night, I hear."

Ran grinned. "What d'you think?"

"How was it?" The older man's lips were faintly wet.

"A piece of cake," Ran said. "Told you —didn't I?" It was no different than it had been in the battalion. Men were just the same, and women were the same when you played them the same way.

He finished up his reports, his orders. When five o'clock came he saw Sally coming towards him and he felt a little uncomfortable, knowing there were lots of eyes upon them. She wore the blue dress she seemed to wear most often in the office. White cuffs and collar, no jewelry at all. Her brown eyes met his. "Any letters today, Mr. Mason?"

"None today," Ran said.

She waited a moment and then she nodded and turned away, but Ran had seen the shadow in her eyes. He went quickly into the washroom. He had a date for the evening, but even so it didn't do to rush the game. Keep them dangling, the curriculum taught, it made them more anxious.

But he didn't forget her—didn't just file her. He found it even a bit hard to wait several days before he asked her to have dinner with him at Rossi's the following night. He wouldn't have the car, he told her. They could do a movie or go to the Claremont Hotel and dance later.

He saw her eyes, deep and shining. "But Rossi's is so expensive. You don't have to spend a lot of money on me."

"You leave that to me," Ran said. "I'll meet you there. You know where it is?"

"Oh, yes. I've passed it lots of times." He saw the pleasure in her eyes.

She was really a sweet kid; but too easy. Her eyes were big as saucers as he ordered in the suave quiet of Rossi's. It was a warm spring night, and she wore a frock of flowered stuff that set off her coloring. A new frock. Just bought, Ran could have sworn. For him.

It was past nine when they had finished dinner. Too late for the movies and when Ran asked Sally if she wanted to go to the Claremont Hotel and dance she shook her head. She put her hand on his arm as they got outside. "Let's just walk. There's work tomorrow."

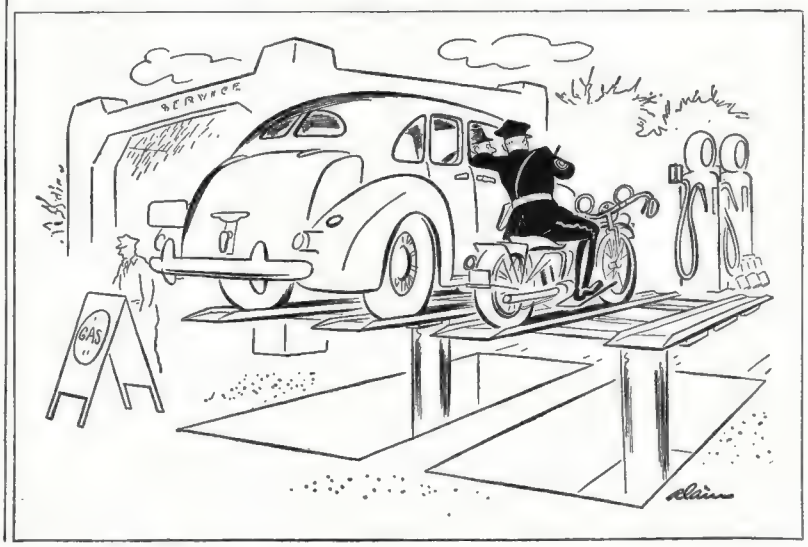
"So there is," Ran said. He spoke almost without thinking, "I'll have the car Saturday. Want to go out with me?"

She hugged his arm to her soft body "I'd love to."

They'd always said, those older men he'd learned from, that the kick went out of it if it was too easy, but as he dressed on the Saturday night Ran felt no lessening in his pleasure in the game

Old man Kinally greeted him like an old friend and had hardly closed the door before he whispered, "I'm a bit short tonight. The boys are having a little pinochle game. Could you spare a fin? I'll pay it back next time you come."

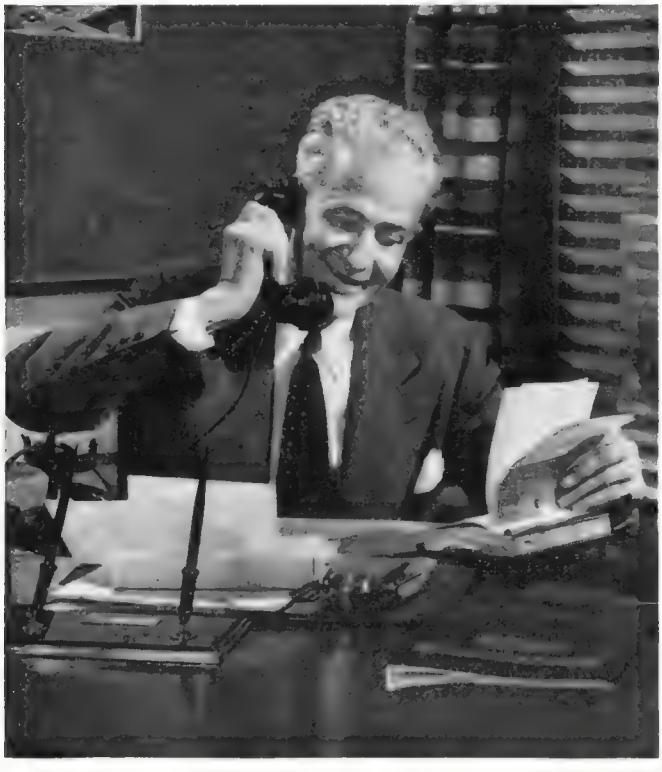
There was a deep contempt in Ran as he handed over the bill. It extended to everything around him; it even, some-



Hire a Veteran

Sleeping Car Restrictions Removed!

1. NOW YOU CAN sleep going anywhere you go by train. Sleeping car service on runs of 450 miles or less—banned since last July—has been fully restored.* No need now to waste valuable daytime hours traveling. Reserve a Pullman bed—arrive refreshed by a good night's rest!



2. NOW YOU CAN reserve Pullman space well in advance of your trip —the ban against making reservations more than 14 days ahead is *off*.* No need now to make last-minute travel plans. Make them *early* — make Pullman comfort, safety and service an important part of them!

* Pullman's war job won't be over till the last veteran is home, but future military travel requirements permit the government to lift the ban on the operation of overnight sleeping car lines and to remove the restrictions on advance reservations of accommodations.

GO PULLMAN

THE SAFEST, MOST COMFORTABLE WAY OF GOING PLACES FAST!

© 1945, THE PULLMAN COMPANY

The only stockings that say "Yes" to beauty, "No" to garter runs

Sometimes scarce, always worth waiting for . . . Gotham Gold Stripe Nylons are sold in leading stores everywhere.

GOTHAM HOSIERY CO., INC.
200 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.
ALSO MANUFACTURED BY
GOTHAM HOSIERY CO. OF CANADA, LTD.

how, touched Sally as she came down the stairs in her flowered dress. But when they were out on the road, the windows open, the radio going and the night air redolent of spring, there was nothing in Ran but the desire to have her in his arms again. Hell, that was the object of the game! That was all that counted.

They danced at Rouse's, but it was crowded and they left soon, went on up the road to Tucker's. It was late when they parked in a different clearing above the river and turned to each other. Pipers shrilled, the radio beat a soft rumba.

She was so alive, so responsive under his caresses. Her head was against his shoulder as he leaned back and let the night air touch his hot face. He fumbled for a cigarette, and Sally took the matches from his hand and struck a light for him.

Ran blew smoke gratefully. He said at last. "Sometime we might drive over to Cranston. Melson's. You been there?"

Sally shook her head and Ran asked, half laughing, "Don't you ever have other dates?"

"I've never had time," Sally said simply. "At Tech I couldn't afford to belong to any sorority, so they didn't bother with me. And I had to get back to help mother right after classes. She was sick a long time. After—she died—I had the house and the kids, and I had to get my homework done. She wanted me to get a good job."

"Yeah." He came back to what was uppermost in his mind—what had to be with her so close, so desirable. "We could go out there next Saturday."

"But it's so far. Cranston is seventy miles."

"We wouldn't have to come back the same night. You could stay out, couldn't you?" He felt her tremble and his voice roughened, "Couldn't you?"

"I—I guess so. I've a neighbor's girl who stays with Deb and Timmy now when we're out. Dad's . . ."

She didn't finish and Ran said, "Well, will you?"

He heard her sighing breath. Her voice was low but clear, "I want to do what you want, Ran. You know that."

IT WAS queer, but he didn't feel quite as triumphant as he should have, and during the week, whenever he was in the office and felt her eyes on him, he wished somehow that she worked somewhere else. But on the Thursday when she came up to his desk and said, "I can't go Saturday, Ran," he was conscious of nothing but a sudden fury. A sudden sense that this was the old run-around.

He looked up at her. "Why?"

"It's Timmy. He's got the mumps."

Ran felt a bitterness in his mouth. He could hear the laughter of all the guys in Company B. Sure, it could be so, but just the same it was the old run-around. He got up from his desk. He said, "Okay," and headed for the sales manager's office.

He didn't come in until after five the next day and Sally was gone. The day after was Saturday, and Ran didn't have to go in. He went out with some of the fellows that night, but it only made him the more angry, though, somehow, there was an odd sense of relief inside him. But she was there on Monday and when he asked, "How's Timmy?" she looked up at him with parted lips and grateful deep brown eyes. "He's much better."

"That's good," Ran said and went on to the salesmen's room.

He didn't ask her for another date. One of the older girls had given him encouragement long before Sally came to work at Carson-Kaye, and perversely Ran asked her out. A dark, handsome clothes-horse; older than himself. She was just as he'd tabbed her. Hollow legs and a sophisticated line that didn't interest Ran. When she saw he wouldn't fall for being brought along like a kitten after a twitched string and ball, she dropped the coyness and became eager just as the rules said she would. But Ran left her outside her apartment just before she could get out the: "If you'll be good you can come in for just one drink."

He'd only asked Zelda Mears out to hurt Sally, and it didn't seem to help that he had been successful. It was in her eyes when she looked at him. It was there for everyone else in the office to see. But she didn't seem to know they saw. It was in her voice when she asked quietly, "Any letters, Mr. Mason?" and went as quietly away when Ran said, "No, thank you."

The rules said that. Never let them get away with it, even once. But somehow that didn't help. McKay came up to Ran's desk one night and said, "Given that kid the heave-ho, haven't you? If you're tired of her how about giving me the know-how? I wouldn't mind at all."

Ran felt a sudden surge of anger. He said, "Suppose you go to hell," and walked away while McKay called after him, "What'd I say? What's the matter with you, kid?"

Ran didn't know. He only knew that there were always Sally's brown eyes looking at him with a sort of wondering hurt and yet a sad acceptance. He knew he only had to ask her again to have her go with him, and yet he didn't want to. And then it came to him what the matter was, and there hadn't been anything in the rules about that. Not a thing.

He knew his concern showed in his face because his mother said to him, too lightly, "You all right, Ran dear?" And his father was too offhand about almost everything. They knew something was wrong.

He knew all the angles, all the answers, but not the answer to this. He'd had his life in his hands time and again and taken good care of it. He'd learned things it took years to learn in other times, yet he didn't know how to cope with this.

That was why that Saturday afternoon when spring was at its height in his mother's garden, he spoke to his father.

His mother was downtown with Ruthie. His father straightened from his weeding and came across the lawn to where Ran, in shorts, was leaning on the lawnmower, letting the sweat drip from his forehead to his nose and from his nose to wherever it cared to fall.

His father said, "How about a drink? Your mother left some lemonade."

Ran followed his father to the apple tree and the bench under it where the pitcher was set beneath a white cloth.

The lemonade was cool and tart. Ran sat down on the grass, his legs folded under him. He looked up to meet his father's gray eyes, and he said impulsively, "Dad, maybe you can help me."

He saw the tiny muscle jump in his father's cheek, but his father's voice was even, "I don't know, but a man can always listen to another man. Go ahead."

"It's a girl," Ran said. "A girl at the office. She lives across town. Race Street."

He saw his father's brows lift, his lips tighten. "You get her into trouble?"

Ran shook his head. "It's the other way. I'm in love with her, and I guess that's no good at all."

He stopped. His father said, his mouth relaxing, "Suppose you tell me . . ."

So Ran told him. Told him everything, and his father listened and said nothing until Ran had finished. Until Ran said, "There it is, Dad. Her old man's no good. A lush. And all I have to do is lift

Devastating
Anjou's enticing fragrance in a new Eau de Parfum
a lighter version of the perfume.
Devastating Parfum 1.75 to 20.00
Eau de Parfum 2.00 and 3.50
plus tax

Parfums Anjou, Fifth Avenue, New York

Men Do Not Forget

"Lovely Lips Welcome Me"

"Maybe my lipstick inspired Bob's poetic remarks. For after I discovered Don Juan Lipstick, he talked more about my lips.

"They are the same lips I always had . . . but Don Juan does something nice to them. And because I use Don Juan Lipstick as directed . . . my lips stay on me (and stay lovely), when I eat, drink or kiss."

Don Juan Lipstick is smoothly applied and is not drying or smeary. In fashion favored shades. Try new Medium Red, a true red, flattering, youthful looking, or Raspberry, darker, exciting. Other smart shades, too.

Don Juan

THE LIPSTICK THAT STAYS ON

Matching powder, rouge and cake make-up for Beauty's Sake. Sold in Canada, too.

my finger, and she'll go with me." He didn't say any more. He left it where it was because he was at the end of what he knew—at the end of his experience.

His father didn't frown or laugh. He said wonderingly, "War is supposed to make men of boys, but I guess I should have remembered you're only twenty-one."

Ran blinked in the bright sunlight. "But Dad——"

His father said, "I can't give you advice. I wouldn't if I could. But I can tell you some things you've told me. The old man's a no good bum if you like. But the girl's a hard worker. Clean and conscientious. The house is pretty moldy, but those kids are clean and the curtains are clean."

He bit at his pipe as if he did not like the taste. He said, "She'd go with you to Cranston. Stay with you." He put the pipe into his pocket and stared back at Ran. "War is black and white. Friend or enemy. One thing or the other, but it's not like that in peacetime life. There are shades of gray in between, and there's no such thing as just good girls and just bad girls." He shook his head. "Sure, there's the old man. A man is what he makes of himself, but nine women out of ten are what a man makes them, and I'm not sure the tenth woman is worth while. She's too selfish—too self-centered."

He got up as Ran sat there, his face still. He said, "It's the black and white that bothers you. It's what your mother would think if she knew." He shook his head again, standing over Ran. "You don't think a cold, restrained woman becomes a warm, impulsive one, do you? You don't think when your mother fell in love with me and didn't hide it from me any longer that I couldn't have . . ." He didn't finish. He said, "You work it out, son." He walked away and got his garden tools. Ran sat where he was, staring down at the grass and his father came back to say, "You can have the car tonight if you want it."

It was just getting dark when Ran drew up to the curb in Race Street. Sally opened the door. She had on a yellow apron and her hair was pinned up on her head. There was no lipstick on her mouth. Her brown eyes looked at him, wide and defenseless.

As Ran closed the door behind him she said, her breath catching, "I—I was giving the children their supper."

The children came from the kitchen. Deb sidled behind Sally's skirt, but Timmy stared at Ran. "I had mumps," he said proudly.

"All swelled up?" Ran asked and Timmy nodded, "All swelled up."

"Boy!" Ran said and shook his head.

Sally said, "Bed now." She moved to the stairs, and the children went with her. She stopped at the first step and looked at Ran. He said, "You're going out with me."

He saw the look that came into her eyes, and it hit at his heart like a knife. "Shall—shall I take my bag?"

He said evenly as he could, "Yes. Put on that flowered dress and pack some dungarees or a skirt and sweater."

Her voice was low, "All right, Ran. I'll be as quick as I can."

Ran went into the living room. He sat down and lighted a cigarette, hearing the laughter of the kids upstairs, the sound of Sally's voice.

When old man Kinally came in Ran could smell him. The lights went on, and Sally's father opened his mouth and said, "Well, well. Way Sally's been mopin', I thought you'd give her the air."

"I haven't," Ran said as he got to his feet.

Kinally nodded. "Boys took me clean. Haven't forgot that fin I owe you. Maybe you could stretch it a bit——"

He stopped as Ran came across the room. His eyes widened a little. Ran looked down at the mottled face. He said, "You won't need any money tonight. You're staying in and taking care of the kids."

"Who says I am?"

"I say so," Ran said evenly. He saw the old man's eyes waver under his stare, and he felt a twinge of pity, but that was the way it had to be. Kinally said placatingly, "Sure, sure. It's okay if Sally's gonna be out."

"That's fine," Ran said. "I'll check up on you."

He took the bag from Sally's hand when she came down the stairs, lovely, yet so quiet. He put it in the back of the car after he had held the door for her. He got behind the wheel and sent the car rolling.

She sat beside him, her face half-hidden in the dark. As they came out of Main Street she said, "I'm so glad you came, Ran. I thought you never would. I——" She stopped. She said quietly, "It's awful to love someone so. It makes you so weak and helpless."

He didn't answer. He swung the car to the right, away from the business section. Down Manor and into the leaf-whispering warmth of Maple. As he slowed for the driveway he thought: But not if you're loved, too. Then you're strong. Nothing can touch you.

He brought the car to a stop on the graveled drive before the white clapboard house. Beside him Sally drew her breath sharply. "Where—where are we, Ran?" she whispered.

"Where do you think?" Ran asked, "It's about time the family saw my girl, isn't it?"

He didn't look at her. He could almost feel the glory that was flooding into her lovely, fair face, into the brown softness of her eyes, and he couldn't have borne that. He got out of the car and went around to the other side. From the open kitchen window came the smell of the roast, of the pie his mother knew he liked. There was light in the dining room and he knew, confidently, surely, that his father had told his mother there would be one more for dinner. Just that and no more.

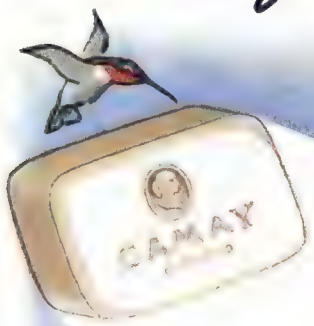
He opened the door and put out his hand. "Come on, Sally. I'll bring your bag. This is where we are staying tonight."

To Subscribers Desiring Change of Address

Please report change of address direct to Cosmopolitan, allowing 4 weeks before change is to take effect. (Be sure to send your old address together with new address.) Copies that *have been mailed* to an old address will not be forwarded by the Post Office unless extra postage is sent to the Post Office by the subscriber. Avoid such expense, and make sure of getting your copies promptly, by notifying Cosmopolitan *in advance*.

Romance is always perplexing but sometimes, as in Daphne Alloway McVicker's amusing story of young love, it becomes really complicated. It's in June Cosmopolitan

Just One Cake of Camay and Softer, Smoother Skin is yours!



Be lovelier—with the clearer, softer skin that *one cake* of Camay can give you! Simply change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions. And with the very *first* cake of Camay used, these doctors found that woman after woman had a softer, smoother, fresher-looking complexion!

MRS. JOHNSON'S STORY:

"Smile for me!" coaxes Edison—whose favorite hobby is photography—and favorite subject is Hannah. For a future family album, he treasures vivid color shots of her beauty, burnished gold hair over radiant complexion. "Credit for my skin's sparkle goes to Camay," says Hannah, "my very *first* cake left it more alive-looking."

Time out for fun. At their North Carolina farm the Johnsons devote themselves to "country gentleman" living. Edison forgets fisherman's luck – marvels at the glow of Hannah's fair skin. She resolves, "To keep my skin sparkling – I'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." New beauty for *you*, too! Full directions on the Camay wrapper.

MRS. EDISON H. JOHNSON
the former Hannah Jonas of Raleigh, N. C.
Bridal portrait painted by Bolegard

Uncle Sam says, "Conserve vital materials." So make each cake of Camay last and last!

MR. ARTHUR JUDSON, DISTINGUISHED IMPRESARIO, PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA CONCERTS, INC.

For Men of Distinction... LORD CALVERT

EACH bottle of Lord Calvert is numbered and registered at the distillery. So *rare*... so *smooth*... so *mellow* is this "Custom" Blended whiskey that it has never been produced except in limited quantities. For years the most expensive whiskey blended in America, Lord Calvert is intended especially for those who can afford the finest.

LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY.

Crash Detectives (*Continued from page 49*)

lightning or electrical storms were observed in the area that day. Perhaps there were explosives aboard? But no one heard a blast, and none of the wreckage showed signs of fire, powder or concussion. Perhaps it was in a mid-air collision? Perhaps, but with what?

Fortunately for all who fly there are aeronautical detectives charged by Congress with the duty of finding the answers to all such questions.

They're called Air Safety Investigators, and they work for a quietly efficient organization called the Accident Investigation Division of the Safety Bureau, Civil Aeronautics Board. They are the shadowy figures your newspapers refer to as "government experts investigating the cause of the crash."

It's their job to sift the ashes, weigh and test wreckage, interview survivors and witnesses, so that whatever causes one air accident will never be the cause of another if knowledge and regulation can prevent it. In the trade they're affectionately greeted—to their faces—with such epithets as "you visiting vultures," "crash dicks" and "second-guess G-men."

But behind their backs they're invariably spoken of with the respect demanded by their record of phenomenally successful sleuthing. In the case of the accident at Hanford, for example, some people in the air transportation business were willing to shrug it off as "one of those once-in-a-lifetime things" that never could be explained. Not so the crash dicks—they kept plugging away at it for months.

The only clue they had was the battered remnants of a gadget called a flight analyzer—a device for recording the altitudes at which planes fly. These analyzers were perfected partly through the efforts of the crash detectives themselves. Before the war, air liners were required to carry them on all scheduled flights, but after Pearl Harbor this regulation had to be relaxed because of equipment shortages. Luckily the plane that crashed near Hanford happened to have one aboard—and, even more luckily, it was found with its recording graph intact.

Mr. W. E. Koneczny, Aeronautical Engineer for the Accident Investigation Division, was given the task of deciphering the record of this machine. It showed that the plane had taken off from Oakland, climbed immediately to its predetermined cruising altitude and maintained level flight until just a few moments before the accident. Then the scrawls became meaninglessly erratic. End of graph.

It didn't make sense, and yet there it was—the one piece of pertinent evidence. It was inconceivable that the pilot could have made such a series of insane maneuvers as the flight analyzer indicated, or that the plane could have been capable of making them.

Finally Koneczny thought of the one hypothesis that would explain the strange lines on the graph—the air liner was upside down at the time of the disaster.

With that as a lead the Division went to work re-examining evidence. They went back to Hanford and asked a lot more questions about the weather; finally concluded that there had been a local turbulence of unpredictable violence. It was too localized to have shown on any of the official weather maps, but it could have turned the plane over on its back for a moment. Further investigation of the stress potentials of the aircraft indicated that under those conditions—upside down—and only under those conditions could a major structural failure of that sort have occurred. The proper steps were taken to insure that similar storms would be recognized in the future and that new aircraft would be able to withstand this particular variety of strain.

Fortunately for the sanity of the Air Safety Investigators all crashes aren't as mystifying as the one at Hanford, but their jobs rarely settle down to a nine-to-five routine. They're on twenty-four-hour duty, always ready to climb out of bed and head for trouble. And aircraft accidents can happen anywhere in the world. They are not confined to a road, or a railroad right of way.

As a case in point there was the midnight call received by Mr. W. K. Andrews of the Division. Before he had the sleep out of his eyes he was on his way to Peru, and only a little while later found himself riding burros straight up into the mountains. The plural, "burros," is used because every few hours he had to change to higher-altitude animals, ending with a supercharged variety that had never been below the timber line.

This assignment came so quickly that one of the investigators in the party still had with him a revolver left over from his preceding case—the crash of a little trainer in land so swampy he'd needed side arms to fight off water moccasins.

It's a young man's job for which only middle-aged men are considered qualified. Civil Service rates them as Air Safety Investigators or as Senior Air Safety Investigators, and they draw salaries varying from four thousand to six thousand dollars, depending on their experience. They have to be skilled pilots—most have more than three thousand flying hours behind them—and they have to know the whole aviation industry from operations to manufacture. The average investigator is about fifty years old and has spent his life in aviation; one was a test pilot for Wright Aeronautical Corporation and another a first pilot for United Air Lines for years. But mainly, and most important, the good investigator needs more tact than the average younger man possesses.

He must use tact when he arrives on the scene of a crash because he needs the co-operation of the people he meets; they must not be made to feel like criminals being grilled by an unfriendly cop. He must coax a great deal of voluntary co-operation out of private citizens. Local police or deputies are pressed into service to guard the wreckage, parties of Civil Air Patrol members or Boy Scouts are frequently organized to search hundreds of square miles of terrain for missing evidence. One regional Investigator in Charge was made an honorary scoutmaster and likes to show a wistful letter from a youngster who helped him solve a recent case:

"Thanks to what you taught me on that hike, I got another merit badge. When are you going to have some more crashes around here?"

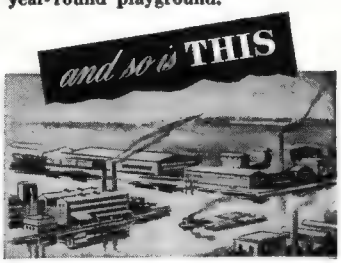
Like any detective, a member of the Division finds most of his work dull routine. For instance, a particularly tragic crash in Virginia resulted in a DC-3 being broken into more than sixty thousand pieces. A lightning strike was suspected, and it was necessary for the investigator to examine each one of those fragments for a sign of fusing or burning. It took two weeks to go through the piles, and the case was still unsolved.

So the same investigator had to go back and solemnly reshuffle the whole lot. "I wouldn't have minded," he says today, "if the junk hadn't been outside—and if it hadn't rained all the time."

In this case the job was made more difficult by the ever-present bugbear of

VISIT FLORIDA
THIS SUMMER

Florida is delightful in summer because constant breezes from the Atlantic and Gulf keep temperatures well below those of most of the nation—making days pleasant and nights cool. In summer, too, Florida's renowned fishing and other recreations are at their best—and special summer rates are in effect at many of the famed resorts and attractions. *This* is a Florida that more and more people are discovering each summer . . . another of the infinitely varied charms that make Florida a great year-'round playground.



Thoughtful families, in ever increasing numbers, are making Florida's charms a permanent part of their lives. Florida has many opportunities for alert men and women—for people of ambition and good judgment. Whether you are interested in a one-man business, or better conditions for a large industry, Florida probably has what you are seeking. Florida offers no magic formula for easy success . . . but it does offer a better way of life and richer rewards in contentment. Write *now* for the free booklet, "This Is Florida," and see what Florida has for you.

FLORIDA
THE SUNSHINE STATE

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!
State of Florida
523 Commission Bldg., Tallahassee, Fla.
Please send me free illustrated booklet "This Is Florida – And So Is This!"
*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

NO LONGER is there need to suffer from common foot ailments. There's a Blue-Jay product to give you *just* the relief you need from . . .

CORNS?

Blue-Jay Corn Plasters have exclusive pain-curbing NUPERCAINE that curbs pain around corn till gentle medication loosens core—you lift it out! Soft Dura-felt pad *instantly* stops shoe pressure! New Blue-Jay is streamlined, comfortable, flesh-tinted. Two sizes: *Standard and Little Toe.* Also Special Blue-Jay Soft Corn Pads.

CALLUSES?

Blue-Jay Callus Plasters relieve painful pressure while medication helps remove callus.

TIRED, BURNING FEET?

Blue-Jay Foot Powder reduces perspiration and deodorizes, is soothing and cooling.

SHOE TORTURE?

Blue-Jay Cushion Moleskin, extra-soft, adhesive, flesh-colored, can be cut to fit over tender parts where shoe rubs.

For more serious foot ailments, see your chiropodist

There's a Blue-Jay relief for almost every common foot trouble! Don't accept substitutes.

BLUE JAY

Products of

BAUER & BLACK

Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago 16

Don't let those "BAD DAYS" steal YOUR job

In business today, a girl has to be on her toes *every day,* if possible. So try to keep those *Monthly Blues* from getting *you* down! Instead—help relieve their symptomatic jitters, periodic headache and cramps with this grand preparation . . . Chi-Ches-Ters Pills! 50¢, or larger economy boxes at all drugstores. Get Chi-Ches-Ters *today,* and take only as directed.

The Improved CHI-CHES-TERS PILLS

For relief from "periodic functional distress"

FREE—New illustrated booklet of intimate facts every woman should know. Mailed in plain wrapper. Write today! Chichester Chemical Company, Dept. F-5, Philadelphia 46, Pennsylvania.

air safety detecting—souvenir hunting. Local residents, finding bits of aluminum in their front yards, appropriated them and frequently refused to admit having seen anything. One of the largest single pieces of that unlucky plane, the baggage door, was found hung over the bar of a tavern ten miles from the scene of the crash. Unabashed, the proprietor refused to give it up until the Investigator in Charge showed his badge and credentials and threatened legal action.

Usually, however, the investigators arrive at the scene of a crash early enough to prevent any considerable loss at the hands of souvenir hunters. Their first official act is to arrange for guards. Then they try to determine the general category of the accident.

Sometimes this is immediately apparent. If the weather was obviously bad, and the plane is found smashed all over the peak of a mountain, the Division can start finding out what made the pilot fly below minimum safe altitude: Was he lost? Out of fuel? Did his instruments fail? Was it an error in judgment?

Sometimes, however, there is no obvious indication of the nature of the crash. A plane fell into the North Carolina swamps, for instance, where there were no witnesses. The wreckage was charred and there were no survivors. The accident might have been caused by engine failure, control stoppage, weather, or fire in the air. It wasn't until the investigator had organized parties to search over the plane's course that bits of charred wreckage were brought in from miles back. This indicated that fire had broken out several minutes before the crash.

The investigator then examined the position of the passenger's bodies and found them all in the forward part of the cabin. This suggested that the fire was in the rear of the plane. From that he figured that the fire had started in the baggage compartment. Then it was a matter of testing the wreckage to determine the cause of the blaze.

The smallest and seemingly least important shred of wreckage may be critical. A few feathers may show that the plane collided with a hawk or other large bird. If this is the case, the feathers are sent to the Fish and Wild Life Service of the Department of the Interior where experts usually can identify the bird and decide whether it was large enough to have caused the crash. Crash detectives invented a giant air gun to fire dead birds at sections of plate glass with an impact similar to the shock occasioned by such aerial collisions. The tests resulted in improved wind screens for pilots.

Much analytical work of this nature is done by other government agencies, because the Division has no laboratories of its own. In fact, its whole nationwide organization, including stenographic and clerical employees, totals less than one hundred people. Consequently the FBI, the National Bureau of Standards, the Forest Products Laboratory often are asked to help the Division.

Sometimes the cause of a crash turns out to be something so trivial as to seem absurd in the light of the resulting fatalities—like the crash of a flying boat on transatlantic service in October, 1942.

While it was taking off near Botwood, Newfoundland, the big plane nosed straight down into the sea, killing eleven people and seriously injuring eight others. Survivors were rescued, the nearest of the seven regional offices of the Accident Division notified—as required by law—and recovery of the wreckage begun.

During the formal hearings of the Civil Aeronautics Board it developed that the captain had sent his copilot back, just before take-off, to arrange the passengers in their seats. As the plane started the take-off run the copilot returned to his place, swung his feet over the control panel, and prepared to assist the captain. He looked out at the wings and noticed that the flaps—devices for increasing wing-lift and reducing air speed—were fully open. He assumed that the captain had opened them. But the captain was operating the ship believing them closed.

When the plane was pulled from the water the flaps were still open, but none of the crew, testifying under oath, could remember opening them. The operating mechanism showed no sign of malfunction, but examination of the control switch in the cockpit revealed that a tiny spring guard, designed to keep the switch from being moved inadvertently, had been broken or removed before the flight. It is a reasonable guess that the copilot had struck it when he got into his seat.

On reaching this conclusion the Board notified the Civil Aeronautics Administration to check all aircraft of similar type and require, when necessary, that "the spring-stop be reinstalled on the flap selector switch." To a casual reader of Civil Aviation Regulations such elaborate attention to detail must seem picayune. But at Botwood that day it meant the difference between life and death.

Speed in finding and announcing accident causes can be of critical importance to safe operations. For this reason each regional office has a few planes that it uses to reach near-by crashes.

Members of the Division like to recall the time one of them flew his little Cub monoplane to the site of a crash near Detroit. He landed in a clearing beside the wreckage and found himself the first to arrive at the scene. By the time the rescue party arrived on foot, he had administered first aid to all the injured and was at work on his investigation.

The importance of a crash, in the Division's language, depends upon the number of citizens affected. Thus, a large percentage of its work is devoted to commercial air line problems rather than to private flying accidents.

The bulk of the private accidents (soberly referred to in the Board's reports as "non-air carrier") are not personally investigated because they are usually cleared up in the routine notifications filed in writing. Most of them are due to simple errors in technique or to inexperience. During the fiscal year 1944, over fifty-eight percent of all "non-air carrier" accidents occurred during instructional flights. In three thousand three hundred such incidents there were only one hundred and twenty fatalities.

From the time Air Accident Investigation came into its own in 1938, the number of fatalities per hundred million passenger miles decreased steadily until 1940. In that fiscal year there was not one passenger death—and the air lines flew over eight hundred and sixty million passenger miles.

For a while the crash dicks wondered if they'd soon be out of work, but then the war came with its attendant increase in flying. In the fiscal year 1944, our air lines flew almost twice as many pay-miles as they did in 1940 with little or no increase—and frequently a decrease—in equipment. Consequently the accident rate rose.

A lot of men who know the aviation industry are betting that in 1946 we'll fly three times the passenger miles we did in 1940—and with the same magnificent safety record. If we do, it will be with know-how the Division helped accumulate. But if there are accidents you can be sure the crash detectives will plug away at their job of trying to make each crack up the last of its kind.

Hawaii: 49th State?

(*Continued from page 55*)

when Hawaii met the qualifications, it could become a state. At present, Hawaii's aspirations have received a strong boost as a result of the most recent Congressional inquiry. A House subcommittee visited the Islands in January, 1946, and its members found that this polyglot Paradise is now fully capable politically, financially and morally of taking a place of equality with the forty-eight states. The subcommittee has recommended enabling legislation, and the next step is to hold hearings before the full Territorial Committee, followed by a vote in the House and then in the Senate.

President Truman has endorsed statehood, as did Harold Ickes before he left the Department of Interior. In a 1940 plebiscite, the people of the Territory voted two to one in favor, and a Gallup poll a year later showed that the people of the Continental United States were for the proposal in almost the same proportion. The move has strong labor backing from the CIO, which has sixty-two affiliated unions in the Territory, and is supported by many leaders of the AFL. Most of the American press is sympathetic.

When, even in this age of enlightenment, many New Yorkers still think that all the land beyond New Jersey is an untamed wilderness, it is not surprising that most Americans are pretty vague about the distant Islands that may soon be a sister state. Even after Pearl Harbor focused our nation's attention—supposedly indelibly—on Hawaii, and even after several million young Americans in uniform have been stationed there or passed through, it is rare to find someone who knows the location of the Islands, who its inhabitants are and how they live, and what language they speak. On a recent trip through the United States the writer sent seven cables to Honolulu, and in six cases the telegraph office clerks thought Honolulu was either in the Philippines or in Cuba. Thanks to tourist advertising, the popular conception of the Islands is of a bronzed surf rider speeding inshore, against a backdrop of Diamond Head, to the arms of a beflowered hula girl who holds a pineapple in one hand and a stalk of sugar cane in the other. Pearl Harbor added a background of warships to this mental image.

Actually, there are surfboards, hula girls, *leis* and plenty of battleships in Hawaii; but beyond them is a community of five hundred thousand people, of varied racial extractions, which is essentially American in its manner of living, talking, dressing and governing itself. There is also a rapidly lessening group of peoples of Oriental birth who still speak their native languages, eat rice instead of bread, and find it difficult to understand the ways of their American-born youngsters. The essential Americanism of the Islands is not easy to recognize at first glance. Anybody can spot a bobby-soxer, although her skin may range in color from white to brown to yellow, but it takes a veteran eye to distinguish a Hawaiian-Chinese from a Puerto Rico-Korean or a Portuguese-Japanese. Without basic racial prejudices, the people of the Islands have intermarried to produce a neo-Hawaiian race that has replaced the original Polynesian settlers who numbered three hundred thousand when the first white men came a century and a half ago. Lacking resistance to the white man's diseases, they have now decreased to only 10,988 persons of pure Hawaiian ancestry. Unlike bilingual New Mexico, where both Spanish and English are official languages, the language of Hawaii

More than your feathers say "Ostrich," Angel

You're playing "Ostrich," too—when you fail to guard against underarm odor.

YOU CERTAINLY know your negligees, Honey—as that smooth little ostrich number reveals.

The trouble is you're imitating that bird in more ways than one. Why act like an ostrich and close your eyes to underarm odor? Others will notice—even if *you* don't.

Your bath washes away *past* perspiration—leaves you fresh as a primrose. But for protection against *future* underarm odor, smart girls go for Mum.

Snowy-white Mum smooths on in 30 seconds. Keeps you safe all day or evening. Keeps you nice to be near. And who doesn't admire *that* charm in a girl?

Gentle Mum is safe and quick to use, even *after* dressing. Harmless to skin and fabrics. Won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Get Mum today.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins — *Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.*

Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Carlsbad Caverns, the world's greatest

Incomparable

Overwhelming in their immensity—no cave in the world can compare with Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico. In rums, too, *one* is beyond comparison:

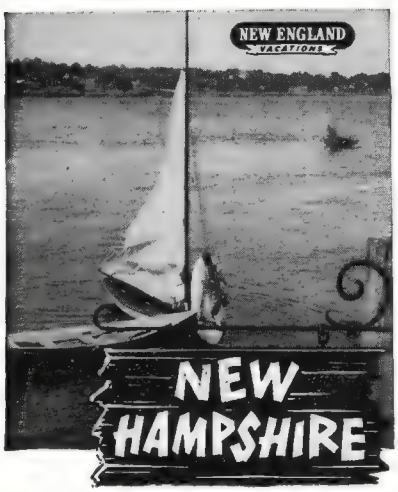
MYERS'S RUM!

100% Fine Jamaica 97 Proof

The World's Best is Jamaica Rum!
Jamaica's Best is Myers's Rum!

For free recipe book of popular rum drinks, write to:

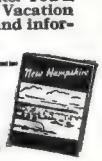
R. U. DELAPENHA & CO., Inc.
Sole Distributors In U. S. A.
57 Laight St., Dept. CP-5, New York 13.



Clean Air... Clear Water... Perfect Rest!

These are the three ingredients of a well-nigh perfect vacation—and you'll find all three in New Hampshire! Take the mental and physical "heat" off yourself this year! Enjoy cool peace, lazy days, good swimming and bathing and restful nights. You'll want our FREE Illustrated 1946 Vacation Booklet. It's filled with pictures and information to help you plan. Write:

State Planning & Development Commission
534 Capitol Street
Concord, N. H.



Send me the FREE Illustrated 1946 Vacation Booklet.

is English, although it is frequently a singsong pidgin version with many peculiarities of inflection and pronounciation.

At present, the population of this melting pot is made up of approximately one-third Caucasians or Europeans of white skin—the local term is *haoles;* one-third Japanese; the remainder, smaller groups of part-Hawaiians, Chinese, Filipinos, Puerto Ricans and others. The land they inhabit has been called, by Mark Twain and many since his time, "the loveliest fleet of Islands that's anchored in any ocean." The only large city, Honolulu, on the island of Oahu, with two hundred and forty thousand people, has lost much of its charm due to wartime overcrowding. In fact its famous Waikiki beach was never very much anyway, having too much coral for swimming comfort. Outside of Honolulu, however, there are countless unspoiled and almost untenanted beaches guarded by palm trees and washed by sun and surf. In anticipation of a postwar tourist trade estimated at one hundred thousand vacation-seekers annually, there is a movement to develop resort spots on the outside islands where nobody is in any particular hurry, and life goes on at a moderate, even tempo.

On the biggest of these islands, Hawaii, is the towering, frequently snow-covered volcano Mauna Loa, which puts on a spectacular but not dangerous show every few years. The slopes of near-by Mauna Kea shelter the vast, six-hundred-thousand-acre Parker ranch, the breeding ground of the world's largest herd of purebred Herefords. With apologies to the Los Angeles chamber of commerce, Honolulu claims to be the most extensive city in the world.

Eleven hundred miles away to the northwest is Midway Island, and 960 miles to the south is Palmyra. If the statehood act is passed, these islands, together with others that are little known and mostly uninhabited, and still others that the Navy considers essential to our national defense, will join the Union as part of the State of Hawaii.

Since 1900, seven years after Queen Liliuokalani fell victim to expansionist pressure and the monarchy was overthrown, the Hawaiian Islands have governed themselves in an orderly and efficient manner along American lines. Except for the governor, who is appointed by the White House incumbent, they rule themselves through their local Senate and House of Representatives. They have contributed at least their share to the support of the Federal government in Washington, paying more money annually in taxes than some sixteen states. They have a modern American school system; advanced labor and social legislation, and a health record that compares favorably with that of continental United States. With the exception of Oklahoma, they have a larger population than any other territory of the United States had at the time it applied for admission to statehood. The mixed racial elements in Hawaii live and work together amicably, democratically and harmoniously. All these facts influenced the statehood subcommittee in making its favorable recommendations. At the same time, the subcommittee indicated that there is plenty of room for a wider distribution of land ownership in Hawaii. At present, some thirty percent of the land is owned by ten individuals, trusts, estates or corporations.

Opposition to the statehood proposal will be based on three principal points. The first is that the Territory is non-contiguous, being separated from the mainland by more than two thousand miles of ocean. Proponents contend that in the aviation age this is no longer a valid argument and point out that Honolulu is closer to Washington, in travel time, than New York was in the early days of our country. With daily nine-hour airplane service, a presidential candidate could address a morning meeting in San Francisco, speak in Honolulu that evening, and be back in Los Angeles the following morning.

Another contention of statehood opponents is that Hawaii's chief value to the rest of the country is military, and that it should therefore be kept under Federal control. There has been past agitation for naval rule; but with the Commander in Chief on record as favoring statehood, the Army and Navy high commands have offered no vocal opposition. Military rule received a black eye in a recent Supreme Court decision holding that the Army had exceeded its authority in trying civilians under wartime martial law. Martial law caused a contretemps during which Federal Judge Delbert Metzger and General Robert Richardson, the Army commander, each fined the other five thousand dollars for contempt. The Supreme Court decision was a moral victory for Metzger.

The third and biggest argument of the anti-state group is the racial problem, chiefly the Japanese question. Congressional representatives of Southern states have indicated they will fight against statehood on the grounds that it would be dangerous to give full self-government to a territory in which 31.1 percent of the voters are of Japanese ancestry. The Japanese angle is likewise the main anti-statehood argument in Hawaii itself, where some politicians publicly shudder at the thought of a Japanese governor, a Japanese legislature, and a senator in Washington.

This danger of a Japanese-dominated state government is considered farfetched by statehood advocates. They say that the Hawaiian, Caucasian and non-Japanese Orientals would have sufficient votes to defeat a Japanese candidate if the Japanese supported him en bloc; and stress that despite Japanese voting supremacy, the legislature has had only a relatively small number of Japanese members in the past. Also, they cite census figures to prove that the Japanese population, despite its numerical increase, is actually declining proportionately due to the influx of white workers from the mainland and the growing number of Hawaiian-Caucasian citizens.

In all previous investigations of statehood, Congressional committees took cognizance of the Japanese problem and of frequently expressed fears that in the event of war, people of Japanese ancestry would be loyal to the Emperor and not to the country of their birth or adoption. It was popularly believed that the Japanese maintained a comprehensive espionage net in the Islands, that many of the sampan fishermen were in fact Japanese naval officers, and that Tokyo had a well-organized fifth column ready to rise in arms in the event of war. These beliefs were put to a world-shaking test the morning of December 7, 1941 when Japanese planes attacked Pearl Harbor.

Records of the FBI and military and naval intelligence show there was not a single case of sabotage or fifth-column activity in Hawaii during the entire war. Some scoffers still insist that this record does not constitute complete proof, inasmuch as the Tokyo High Command never did plan to occupy the Islands and hence had no need of inside assistance. There was even one witness at

the recent hearings who declared that "laying down their lives for the United States was *not* proof that the Japanese-Americans were loyal to this country."

However, the performance of Japanese-Americans and even of alien Japanese in wartime was generally considered as convincing evidence of their loyalty to the United States and was so regarded by the statehood subcommittee. As soon as it was permitted, men of Japanese ancestry hastened to join the Army. From Hawaii's Nisei—second generation Japanese born in the United States—was formed the famous 100th Battalion, the "Purple Heart Battalion." A major part of the equally famous 442nd Combat Team was also made up originally of boys from Hawaii. These crack combat troops ranked with the finest in the United States Army, and during combat in Italy and France won more decorations than any other unit of a comparable size. Nisei also did invaluable work in Intelligence and as interpreters in the Pacific.

Of the one hundred and sixty-three thousand Japanese in the Islands, only some thirty-six thousand are alien-born and still technically subjects of the no-longer Son of Heaven. This older generation is rapidly dying out, and with the impact of war its members abandoned overnight many of their ancient customs as they were forcibly cut off from ties with their homeland. Aged *mama-sans* took off their graceful kimonos and went about the streets with unfamiliar cotton dresses revealing their sturdy bowlegs. The Buddhist and Shinto temples went out of business. Only two former Japanese-language papers continued to print, their contents under strict military supervision. Japanese language schools were closed to the applause of the Japanese youngsters who formerly had to attend both American schools and the language institutions.

LIKE THE rest of our country, Hawaii enjoyed unprecedented prosperity in wartime, with results that were not entirely beneficial. War workers poured in from the mainland and made high wages at Pearl Harbor, Hickam Field, Schofield Barracks and other Army and Navy bases. Filipinos left the plantations to take defense jobs which paid more and were easier than back-breaking labor in the sugar fields. Soldiers, sailors and marines spent their pay with the recklessness of men who may not be alive next week. The Waikiki area, prewar playground of the international wealthy set, of Hollywood stars and of schoolteachers on holiday, blossomed with ugly hot-dog stands and skating rinks. Only a few hundred yards from the dignified downtown business district, there were whole square blocks devoted to bars, beer joints, picture emporiums, pool halls, bowling alleys and shooting galleries where sailors paid fifty cents or a dollar for a few shots with a rifle.

Fortunes were made. One former prize-fight manager netted a cool million with a bar that was open only a few hours daily; and others took in cash so fast they could hardly count it from service men who lined up hundreds deep for a drink. Girls fifteen and sixteen years old were paid up to $250 a week for posing in a hula skirt and brief halter for pictures with soldiers and sailors who sometimes also demanded the privilege of a brief embrace while cameras were being focused. If a girl wanted to go "across the river"—across River Street to a room in the slums—she could earn up to $2,500 or more a week. Prostitution has long been illegal in Hawaii, but the combina-

they say
it's pure
white magic—
This combination of moonlight, a leaf-hung terrace, you — and Yardley English Lavender! There *is* a gentle spell about a scent so heavenly fresh — so young, so exquisitely feminine — but you're the one to see that it's as magic as they say!
Yardley English Lavender, the gay-hearted fragrance, $4.75, $2.50, $1.50. Yardley English Lavender Soap, 35c, box of three tablets, $1. Prices plus tax.
YARDLEY
ENGLISH
LAVENDER
Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Ave., Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

MORE THAN AN INK....

IT PROTECTS PENS!

Copr. 1946 by The Parker Pen Company

Only Parker Quink contains solv-x!

NO CLOGGING, NO GUMMING!

1. Ordinary high-acid inks cause 65% of all pen ills. Quink with *solv-x* ends gumming and clogging. Keeps your pen free-flowing always.

CLEANS PENS AS IT WRITES!

2. Smooth, brilliant Quink with *solv-x* actually cleans as it writes . . . helps keep your precious pen out of the repair shop.

DISSOLVES, FLUSHES AWAY SEDIMENT!

3. *Solv-x* (available only in Quink) eliminates all sediment left by ordinary inks. Your pen starts instantly . . . ink flows smoothly.

ENDS RUBBER ROT, METAL CORROSION!

4. Quink with *solv-x* prevents the rubber rot and corrosion of delicate metal parts caused by ordinary high-acid inks.

● Keep your pen free from trouble. Next time, ask for Parker Quink with magic *solv-x*! In 4 permanent, 5 washable colors, at 25¢. School size, 15¢. Also pints and quarts. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

PARKER Quink

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X

tion of sailors and soldiers with huge bank rolls and money-hungry girls of all races found a way around the regulations. Girls, incidentally, or the lack of them, were usually responsible for the brief flurry of civilian-service rioting after the war. A whistle or wolf call at a shapely pair of ankles frequently resulted in fisticuffs as the young lady's escort tangled with the would-be wooer.

THE PUSHING, restless, unhappy, uncertain throng of servicemen that jammed the downtown streets of Honolulu during the war rarely spilled over into the fine residential districts out at Diamond Head or up into the five finger-like valleys that stretch back from the city into the hills. There, living is leisurely, gracious and friendly, not only for plutocrats but for people of modest means. Hawaii's modern population has made a reasonable compromise between the time clock and the semitropical climate. Even the bank presidents are at their desks at eight A.M., and by four o'clock everybody leaves work to seek recreation that is available to all—swimming, golf, tennis, movies. In this land of sunshine and open-air life, a taller, better-looking, more alert cosmopolitan race is growing. Hawaii has long had its world swimming champions. Its first All-American footballer reached the hall of fame last year in the person of Herman Wedemeyer of St. Mary's. World-beaters in other sports are coming along now in the Islands' schools and university.

There were many servicemen in Hawaii during the war who disliked the Islands and their resentment toward the inhabitants was at least partially justified. There were insufficient recreation facilities, except for officers, not enough girls to go around, not enough restaurants or drinking places. Prices were so high they convinced the serviceman that he was being gouged by "a lot of damn Japs." The GI's thought the local residents were selfish in not opening their private homes at all hours to soldiers and sailors—that entree being a right which most Americans assume is theirs when they visit fellow countrymen in an overseas land, although they would not think of demanding it from the people of San Francisco or New York if they happened to be based near those cities.

However, many GI's still remember the Islands with affection. Some, indeed, still subscribe to the two Honolulu English-language papers which enjoyed unprecedented circulation gains during the war and were read throughout the Pacific. In addition to American sports, columns and late mainland news, these papers had two features which appealed especially to lonely sailors and soldiers fighting the Japs. In the morning Advertiser, the big draw was "Miss Fixit," who ran a lost-and-found, bet-settling column, reunited buddies and brought together men from the same home towns. A personable young lady, Miss Fixit wrote jive talk stressing such phrases as "you're sharp as a tack," and "you shine like seven hundred dollars." Servicemen loved it. On the afternoon Star-Bulletin, whose Loui Leong-Hop is the only Chinese sports editor in America, the star was Dorothy Dix. Miss Dix had some hot ones thrown at her as romances flourished under tropical skies.

"Dear Miss Dix," ran one letter, "My wife on the mainland wants to divorce me. If I give her the divorce, I will lose my allotment. But my wife here in the Islands wants me to get a divorce. What can I do to keep the allotment? (Signed) Bewildered Bill."

"Dear Bewildered Bill," Miss Dix wrote

back. "You are not only bewildered but a bigamist." She advised him to see his chaplain. Many of Miss Dix's correspondents wrote in the pidgin of the Islands. "Dear Miss Dix: I seventeen year old. This sailor boy he told me we get married now he go sail home I have baby what I do Miss Dix?" Lots of girls were left behind, but a good many others sailed back with their soldier, sailor or marine husbands and their babies of possibly Polish-Czech-French-Hawaiian-Chinese-Portuguese descent.

Such currently American influences as Miss Dix are a manifestation of a cultural trend that since 1820 has been principally American. The first missionaries from New England made the long voyage around the Horn to the then Sandwich Islands and found ready converts in the Hawaiians, then just emerging from a dynastic war that ended with the Islands united under King Kamehameha I. However, the missionaries could do nothing much with the brawling, roughneck sailors of the whaling fleet who put into Honolulu to refit and rest between voyages. Honolulu was an important port while most of our West was still a wilderness occupied only by Indians and a few Spanish settlers. When the Gold Rush opened California, the new rich of that state sent their children to Punahou Academy in Honolulu which still flourishes today.

The descendants of the missionaries are still a prime influence in the Islands, but as businessmen rather than soul-savers. They are prominent in the ownership and management of all the principal concerns, notably the so-called Big Five which dominate the economic life of the Territory centered around sugar, pineapples, shipping and the tourist trade. All investigations of statehood proposals have gone into the question of Big-Five control: but the latest subcommittee report found that "this dominance has not prevented the enactment of progressive legislation in the fields of labor, education, health," and that "nothing indicated the existence in business life of collusion or fraud . . . or combination in restraint of trade."

It was the demands of the expanding sugar industry that resulted in the Territory's present conglomerate population. The first large group brought in were Portuguese, followed by the Chinese and then Japanese. There were also small influxes of Koreans, Russians, Spaniards, Puerto Ricans and Germans; all these in addition to the Americans of British and French extraction who came from New England and later from California and the entire United States' mainland to become businessmen. Latest plantation workers are the Filipinos.

TODAY, all these peoples consider themselves as American as any one born in the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge. If Congress approves the statehood bill, their Legislature will draw up a state constitution. It will then be resubmitted to Congress, and unless that body makes objections, the President is empowered to proclaim Hawaii the forty-ninth state.

People are asking whether, if Hawaii becomes a state, it will not mean a rash of new stars in the flag. The answer seems to be negative. Alaska, our only other territory, is not pressing its claims pending action on Hawaii's petition. Our other offshore dependencies, Wake, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, American Samoa and Guam, and the Panama Canal Zone, have never been accepted as territories and therefore have no such claims as Hawaii to full partnership in the Union.

They'll give your baby the right start, too!

These two Gerber's Cereals are made for one purpose—to serve the special needs of baby and build healthy little bodies.

First of all, Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal are excellent starting cereals—they mix to a creamy, smooth consistency. They are rich in *added iron,* so necessary for babies ready to start on solid food. For just about that time, your doctor will tell you, the supply of precious iron you give baby *before birth,* begins to run low.

As a further aid to baby's well-being, both Gerber's Cereals contain generous amounts of B complex vitamins (from natural sources), calcium and phosphorus. Furthermore, both cereals are made to taste *extra* good! Millions of babies have done well on Gerber's Cereals. When buying, look for "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!

Gerber's Cereal Food (blue box) and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal (red box) are pre-cooked, ready-to-serve right in baby's dish by adding milk or formula (either hot or cold).

Be sure to get both, and serve Gerber's Cereal Food at one feeding, Gerber's Strained Oatmeal at the next. Remember, it is wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.

NATIONAL BABY WEEK, April 27 to May 4. "Give your baby the right start in life."

Gerber's

FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL

Baby Foods

Cereals Strained Foods Chopped Foods

© 1946, G. P. C.

Free sample .....

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. 65-6, Fremont, Michigan.

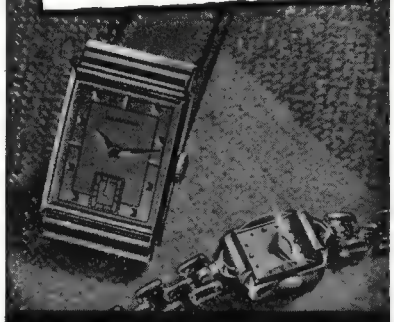
My baby is now ..... months old. Please send me samples of Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Cereal Foods.

Name.....

Address.....*City and State*.....

GRADUATION GIFTS THAT WIN HIGH HONORS

What better way to congratulate the young graduate this spring than with a *lifetime* gift? Give a beautiful, accurate Hamilton Watch. The incomparable quality of this famous American watch assures you the greatest watch value and finest timekeeping accuracy. Write for booklet. Hamilton Watch Company, Dept. J-5, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.



HAMILTON
The Fine American Watch
Makers of "The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"

take *Steam Heat* along

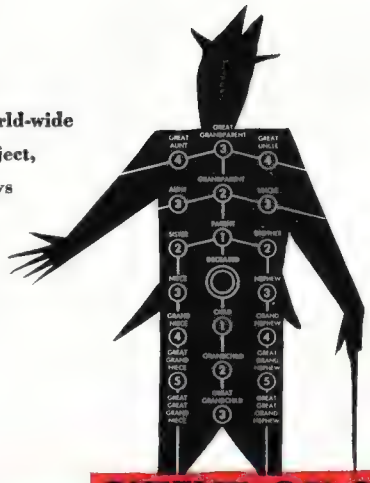
to your summer cottage

A PORTABLE heating "plant" no larger than a suitcase, that *fan-circulates* clean, abundant steam heat throughout a room in minutes! Wittie Electric Steam Heater gives real warmth on those chilly days in the country . . . winter-long comfort at home as well. Luggage light, safe, economical. 115 volts AC only. See it at leading dealers!
WITTIE MFG. & SALES CO., CHICAGO 5, ILL.

Only 32 Pounds

WITTIE
ELECTRIC *Steam* HEATER

This Boston Lawyer, who has become a world-wide authority on the subject, says you can always find a legal heir to a dead man's money



everybody has a NEXT OF KIN

SEVEN YEARS ago, Richard Henry Nolan, a young lawyer in the Massachusetts Division of Inheritance Taxes, was asked by two attorneys settling an estate, "Who would have the prior inheritance right—a second cousin or the grandson of a first cousin?" He thought the estate should go to the grandson—but he wasn't sure.

After rifling through several law books Nolan discovered there was no standard authoritative guide by which legal relationships could be established.

Nolan took a sheet of paper and drew a circle representing the intestate deceased, and from that circle built up a sketch showing relationships and degrees of kindred.

All relatives of a previous generation—in a broad sense, all ancestors—are relatives in the ascendancy, while those of a generation following are relatives in the descendancy. He carried the relationships, in both the ascendancy and descendancy, out to the fourteenth degree of kindred.

The next day, he took the completed chart into his office to show the lawyers. Incidentally, the chart upheld his original decision. His first caller glanced carelessly at the chart, then took a second, longer look, exclaiming, "Say, this is a great thing! I'd like one of these!"

Before noon that day, Nolan had orders for thirty-six charts. And now, many probate courts, land courts and registries, in various parts of the country, as well as many individual lawyers, use Richard Nolan's copyrighted Intestate Succession Charts as a recognized authority.

Requests also came from abroad. Nolan started an intensive research of English law (old and modern), Roman law, Jewish law (old and new), Hindu law (two schools), Arabic law as far back as the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and, of course, Canon law (in Latin). Finally he finished a Universal Chart which can be used authoritatively in any part of the world. Nolan has seen his chart reverse many decisions.

"In Massachusetts, an only child, a bachelor, died and left a sizable estate and no near relatives," he says. "Forty-four people claimed his estate. Seventeen of them were listed as second cousins, and the court made these claimants the legal heirs. But my chart showed the court that sixteen of the seventeen cousins were really first cousins once removed in the ascendancy, and that the other one was a first cousin once removed in the descendancy. The court, therefore, reversed its previous decision and the lone first cousin was legally established as the sole heir.

"One most complex and confusing case in which the Chart was consulted," says its author, "was in a contest over the estate of an extremely wealthy Negro, the illegitimate child of a white woman (herself of illegitimate birth) and a Negro slave. All colors and creeds brought claims for the money. The marriage status of slaves and the legitimacy of children born to slaves before and after the Emancipation Proclamation became of vital importance . . ."

Before that case was ended, the Librarian of Congress, the Secretary of State—at that time, Cordell Hull—and the then United States Attorney General, Frank Murphy, had to be called upon to determine the legal status of some of the claimants.

After spending so many years on the study of relationships, Nolan holds that no one is without next of kin. "You may have to search for them," he says, "but you may rest assured, they exist!"

By Helen Hall

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

Order it with Confidence ... Serve it with Pride

"IT'S BLENDED...IT'S SPLENDID!"

Pabst Blue Ribbon

Copr. 1946, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

TUNE IN THE DANNY KAYE SHOW EVERY FRIDAY, 10:00 P. M., EST, CBS, COAST TO COAST

Away with Fingertip Monotony!

PATRICE MUNSEL . . .

Brilliant Young Star of New York's Metropolitan Opera and Radio's "Family Hour," shows you the

NEWEST STRATEGY OF ALLURE

Starlight Sorcery

For a festive evening costume, Patrice does her fingertips the Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick" way—*sheathing them completely* in Dura-Gloss BLACKBERRY to give them a longer, dramatic look.

(Dinner Slacks from McMullen)
(Hat by Sally Victor)
(Jewelry from Georg Jensen)

Dinner at Home

Patrice changes her fingertip make-up to harmonize with colorful, tangerine dinner slacks. Doing the "Double Quick Trick," she applies Dura-Gloss LAUREL—*leaving moons exposed*—for a vivid, striking costume.

Day in Town

Doing her fingertips the Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick" way, Patrice gives them a clean-cut, tailored look in keeping with her smart Adrian suit. She applies Dura-Gloss FLARE RED to her nails, *leaving both moons and tips exposed.*

It's charged with excitement . . .

DURA-GLOSS **Fingertip Allure**

GIVE YOUR NAILS THE SPICE OF VARIETY!

So Easy With Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick" Technique

1. Quick Trick
For lasting fingertip allure, try this Dura-Gloss method: Apply one coat of Dura-Coat—*two* coats of Dura-Gloss polish. Quick dry with Dura-Gloss Dryer.

2. Double Quick Trick
When time is short, use this Dura-Gloss method: Apply one coat of Dura-Coat —*one* coat of Dura-Gloss polish. Quick dry with Dura-Gloss Dryer.

Every fashionable shade of Nail Polish made is made by Dura-Gloss

Copr. 1946, Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, N. J., Founded by E. T. Reynolds

The Incredible Annalee

(*Continued from page 41*)

a large salary for years. Will you follow me, please?"

"Just a minute," Annalee said. "Mr. Pickerell, I have only this to say: If I had it to do all over again, I'd do it all over again. I love Hollywood, and I think pictures are a form of art. Where will I go at the end of the week to get my first check?"

"To the cashier," Mr. Pickerell replied. "Jim will show you. Try to take it a little easier, honey, or you'll blow your top."

"Don't worry about me," Annalee said. "I'm taking everything in my stride, and I only hope I don't split my pants. Tell me something: If I go crazy, do they have to keep on paying me?"

Mr. Pickerell patted Jim on the shoulder. "That's what the talent scout saw in her," he said. "That's what Mr. Zimbal saw. That quality of enthusiasm and elation. They think it'll get across to an audience and give them a kind of jag."

"Anyway," Jim said, "they could always go out and get drunk afterward. Come with me, bright eyes."

"My own publicity man," Annalee said. "I'll kill him with ideas!"

She went into the commissary with him, and they sat at a table in the corner. A waitress brought them coffee. Annalee had suddenly grown silent and abstracted. In repose her face, in no way conventionally pretty, looked as if it belonged to a tired, sad child who should have been put to bed an hour ago. Her eyes were greenish, her nose a little too blunt, her mouth a trifle wide. But the face had astonishing, instantaneous mobility. In the passage of five minutes she could seem demure, enraged, seductive, peevish, sullen, inviting, maniacal, innocent and merely confused. The only thing she couldn't manage was simple blankness.

"What's the matter?" Jim asked.

"I was just thinking," Annalee said. "Suppose I die now? Here I am, at the height of my career, almost rich, almost famous, almost loved. The smallest accident could ruin that. Bacteria, a banana peel, stepping on a cobra as I get out of bed. It's tragic! What would Mr. Zimbal think if my lifeless body was borne into his office tomorrow?"

"He'd never forgive you," Jim said, "and I'll tell you later how I'd feel. Here's the deal, Miss Barker. Imperial is going to give you a big whoop-de-doo as the discovery of the Atomic Age and then shove you right into a lead in a million-dollar picture. That's the reason I'm here. You'll have to live with me—in a public relations sort of way—for the next two or three months. My specialty used to be taking the young hopefuls and giving them the hothouse treatment to make them as familiar to the public as a good brand of washing powder—before they went in a picture."

"'Used to be'?" Annalee said. "What have you been doing lately? I want somebody with experience."

"You'll have to forgive me for the lapse," Jim said. "I was called away by the President. There was a kind of a world war, of which you may have heard in Michigan, and they decided I shouldn't be a wallflower."

Annalee brightened. "That's why you limp! Jim, you're a hero, aren't you? Were you wounded leading a charge? Who was it against?"

"It was against a desk in the Pentagon Building, and a full colonel kicked me under it. He maimed me."

Annalee drank some coffee. Her green eyes brightened with unshed tears. Her

voice grew rich and muted. "You're home again, Jim," she said. "You've come home to make me wealthy. That full colonel can never hurt you again."

"For a second," Jim said, "you were almost good-looking. Maybe the coffee does it. Let's get an extra cup, and I'll take you over for some stills. We'll need a lot of art."

Annalee held them fascinated in the still gallery. She conversed incessantly, and it was exciting to shoot pictures of her because every one was different. They couldn't decide whether she was lovely, homely, peculiar or crazy, but she made an unquestionable impression. The place seemed quiet when Jim took his charge away.

He had a prominent woman fan-magazine writer to lunch and allowed Annalee one Martini. Her cheeks grew rosy. There was no question of drawing her out. Neither Jim nor the writer could interpose a word.

"There I was in Michigan," Annalee said, "twenty years old and a complete failure. I was busted financially, and spiritually I have been shattered since the age of fourteen when I discovered men do not like gabby dames with undistinguished faces. In addition, I'm stupid. I wasn't making passing grades at the university. I seriously considered marrying a tree surgeon. I wanted to do something in the open air. He gave me up because I recited poetry. Then the dramatic society put on the play. I got the lead because I could remember all the lines better than anyone else. The rest is history. Do you realize how much they are paying me each week?"

"Five hundred dollars," Jim said.

"Don't interrupt me," Annalee said. "In my childhood I was the type who collected frogs and soiled my pinafores in muddy ponds. In high school, boys avoided me. I wore glasses for a while because my head ached from thinking about myself so much. I was a mess."

"Tell me——" the writer began.

"Gladly," Annalee said. "I think Mr. Zimbal is the greatest man in the world. Although I am a congenital liar, I am completely truthful in that statement. I hope you'll print it. Who would have thought that the girl no sorority would even rush could come to Hollywood and get enormous sums of money under false pretenses? I was beginning to lose faith in myself. Now I am only doubtful."

Leaving the dazed writer, Jim took Annalee to a civic reception welcoming home a division of Los Angeles troops. Unfortunately, there were several outstanding beauties from the cinema there, and the photographers didn't seem interested in Annalee no matter how close Jim put her to the mayor. But she overcame that herself. Something seized her when the guys marched past the reviewing stand, and she stood waving and calling in a loud, clear voice, with the tears streaming down her face. Jim hastily moved her up beside a general, who seemed embarrassed by her grief. She stood out like a sore thumb in that crowd of proper, dignified and proud people. The photographers moved right over, and Jim was only too happy to furnish the name of Imperial's latest discovery, the kid with a thousand expressions. The general got away as soon as he could, but not before he heard a condensed version of Annalee's life.

Later on, Jim had dinner with her in a downtown restaurant. Between the entree and the dessert he checked with the papers. One of them was using a shot of Annalee and the general. Over coffee, he lighted his pipe and nodded approvingly at his red-eyed client.

"You were great this afternoon," he

Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet

Discover what gives so many popular girls their fragrant appeal!

Do you long to stir his senses with your sweetness? Do you want your person to express "the fragrance men love?" Then learn this secret popular girls have followed for seventy-six romantic years. Bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap, the soap with the *fragrance men love*. This enticing scent comes from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far more costly than you'd expect to find in any soap. Let dainty Cashmere Bouquet Soap make *you* more exciting. Bathe with it every day. Lovely for your complexion, too.

10¢

3 CAKES FOR 27¢

ADORNS YOUR SKIN WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

CASHMERE BOUQUET

Of Topmost Choice

One sip of **OLD TAYLOR** and you'll see how truly this noble bourbon follows the finest tradition of Kentucky distilling. Here is the embodiment of generations of skilled effort—here are mellowness, bouquet and flavor found only under Kentucky's most honored labels. Take that sip now and see why **OLD TAYLOR** so richly deserves the place it holds among bourbons *of topmost choice.*

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., NEW YORK

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Bottled in Bond
100 Proof

said, "when it counted. But how did you get the idea of busting into tears?"

"I imagined it was you coming home after years in the far places," Annalee said. "You had forgotten me—your light-o'-love for a snatched moment of happiness before you left. Now you were returning to your fiancée, a prominent society girl. There I stood, without money or hope, unwilling to spoil your life because of the great love I bore you. At home in my dingy apartment was a tiny child—your child—our child—the child you would never see or know . . . It was too much, and I guess I just broke down."

"Good God!" Jim said.

It was like that for the next two weeks. Annalee had a completely different characterization every few hours, and her energy never flagged. There was a very fine line between the fiction and fact in her life, a line that kept disappearing while you watched. Jim found that publicizing the lady dervish was a cinch. His campaign got off to a roaring start and built steadily. He abandoned the customary devices at the beginning; cheesecake and stunts weren't necessary. The face, the voice and the delusions were enough.

Annalee slipped only once. That was at a cocktail party, where she appeared late, developed a broad accent and smiled coolly at one and all. She fell in with a bouncing columnist who liked to call the reigning glamour girls by their first names, in and out of his column.

"Annie," he said, "I've been waiting to meet you in the flesh. I'm crazy about flesh, honey." He patted her deftly. "Tell me about yourself in not less than a hundred words."

"Darling," Annalee said, "you must be the death's-head they told me about in New York. You're Casey Lincoln, aren't you? One night they were screaming about you in the Stork."

"Really?" Lincoln said. He was obviously a little beaten up by this vision of sophistication, fatigue and sinfulness.

"Are you that dreadful? I couldn't bear it."

"You'll have to judge for yourself, honey."

"I didn't hear it all," Annalee said. "I was a bit too drunk. I always am by the time I get to the Stork . . . Is this what they call a cocktail party out here, or have I wandered into an Indian burial ground by mistake?"

"It's a cocktail party, Miss Barker."

"Bless you for calling me by my name. I'd almost forgotten it. Please go on talking to me, Mr. Lincoln. I got up early to come to this, and I don't want to miss a thing. Tell me, do you provincials still carry pistols after dark?"

"If I had a pistol——" Lincoln said. "Never mind. Excuse me."

Jim detached the weary café-society beauty and led her into the garden. They sat on a concrete bench, and he lighted his pipe. She giggled.

"Listen," he said sharply, "no more of that. You're fine when you're nuts, but lay off the burlesque. Publicity is a great institution and a great field for irony—only it has rules like everything else. Stop the sarcasm. It can cost you exactly five hundred bucks a week."

"All right," Annalee said. "Jim, do you ever go out with girls?"

"That's my profession."

"I mean as a diversion. I know you have your pipe, and probably you've got a book and slippers, but are they enough?"

"What's the angle?" Jim asked.

"Well, you have that poker face. Nobody can tell what you're thinking. You don't seem to have any life of your own, or any emotions. I want to do something for you."

"You let me alone; I do all right."

Light from a distant window was shining faintly on her face and hair as she looked up at him. Her eyes were bottomless, her lips slightly parted. Her expression was wistful and reverent. Somehow she was a plain girl who was lovely.

"Jim, Jim," she said, and her voice trembled. "The moonlight is bad for mad people like me. Will you kiss me?"

"There's no moon tonight."

"Jim, kiss me anyhow. I want to throw myself away. I want to melt in the darkness. I've got to stop thinking."

"Like that, at any rate," Jim said. "Look, you nickelodeon Duse. I'm thirty-four years old. Had I been born a Michigan farmer, I could have been your father. I'm tired and resigned and satisfied with my humble lot. I definitely do not want any nutty dames to love, especially if they're kids. In addition, I was once married—to a chorus girl—and it was terrible. Go get yourself somebody without wound stripes."

She smiled crookedly. "It's funny, isn't it? From the time you're a little girl you dream of romance—of some man, of one man, who can cause all your dreams to come true. Everything in life conspires to make you believe that. And then you meet him, and ache and feel feverish and bells ring in your ears, and he isn't interested! It's a lovely joke." She laughed unsteadily. "Is this what I've lived for—to be the butt of a joke?"

"You're playing it too broadly, Miss Annie Lee," Jim said. "Tone your performance down. And don't breathe so hard."

"I keep smelling your pipe," Annalee said. "It makes me a little sick."

"I'm getting a little upset myself," Jim said. "Let's go inside."

So they went inside, and Annalee was abruptly bubbling, ingenuous and clumsy as a puppy. She gathered a crowd around her and gave off with some stuff about the early days in Michigan. People loved her.

Jim stood in a corner thoughtfully. Another thoughtful man, Casey Lincoln, joined him. They watched Annalee telling a man that she walked like a camel, and the studio didn't dare put her in a bathing suit because her hip bones looked like the handle bars on a bicycle.

"That dame could make a living," Lincoln said, "doing impersonations of herself."

"Actresses are born," Jim said, "and I'll never be able to tell you why. They're not made."

"Nonsense," Lincoln said. "But I've lost interest in her. She's the thousand faces that launched the ship."

One morning they shot the first full-dress test of Annalee, and she emerged from the stage rather pale and shaken. Jim took her to lunch. She couldn't eat very much, and her eyes were wide, dry and steady.

"I could smell my acting," she said, clutching at the tablecloth. "It was like the faint odor of burning rubber upon the autumn air. Some of the odor is still in my clothes. Well, this is the end."

"Yeah," Jim said. "Shall I signal the man for more coffee?"

She shook her head. "My mind worked like lightning as I contrived my own ruin and degradation. I took a sort of cynical pleasure in the test. Everything is worked out. A handful of sleeping tablets, the vacuum cleaner hose attached to the exhaust pipe of my car, and the windows rolled up . . . It won't take long. Good-by, Jim. Good luck. I hope you'll find a better girl than I was to you."

"You weren't my girl."

"I was in a way."

"I beg your pardon," Jim said. "Much

Plain Ends
Ivory Tips,
Beauty Tips (red)

Your cigarette . . .
if you've taste for
sumptuous tobaccos,
magnificent blending,
definite distinction.

MARLBORO

Merely a penny or two more

SOON! SOON! SOON!

Soon you'll be enjoying this superb, zestful flavor again. Look for it on your grocer's shelves.

THE SANDWICH SPREAD OF THE NATION
Branded with the devil...but fit for the gods!

WE PAY YOU $25
FOR SELLING FIFTY $1 ASSORTMENTS of Birthday, All-Occasion cards. Tremendous demand. Sell for $1.00—your profit 50c. It costs nothing to try. Write today.
CHEERFUL CARD CO. Dept. K-5 White Plains N. Y.
WRITE FOR SAMPLES

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums

as I hate to disagree with you in your final hours, our relationship was entirely that of fellow wage earners."

"I'll leave a note of farewell to you," Annalee said, "giving the impression that I was your girl. You'll never be able to undermine that."

"Keep on talking, and I'll crawl in the car with you."

"If I can come back to you from the other world, Jim, I will. I think I'll be able to. My yearning will be so strong."

"In the other world," Jim said, "you may develop an even greater yearning-power than here—and may heaven forgive me for such a remark. My dear, before you eat that handful of sleeping tablets and hitch up the vacuum cleaner, you've got to slip into something tight and come down to the harbor with me. Your ship is coming in."

It was a baby flattop, with a load of guys from Guam and points east. Some of the beauty and chivalry of Hollywood were gathered to make the reception rousing, and Jim shoved his client well into the foreground where she was likely to be picked up by a few cameras. In the dock warehouse was food and drink and a band. Everybody presently repaired there, and Jim lost Annalee in the crush. He did a little public relations work with the newspapermen, helped a studio cameraman lug his stuff around, and wished there weren't so many lush blondes to outshine his Michigan flash.

Before long she turned up with a prize, a heavy, glum-looking young lieutenant commander with close-cropped hair and the quick, padding walk of a prize fighter. Jim gulped when Annalee introduced them.

"Commander Carlyle, Jim Malvern. Mr. Malvern watches me for the studio."

"Nice watching," Carlyle said. "I need something to eat. Will you join me?"

"Love to," Jim said quickly. "Come on, Annalee."

He started to hunt for the studio car, but the lieutenant commander had a big black limousine waiting, with a liveried chauffeur who shook hands with him, called him "sir," and seemed doglike in his gratitude at having the boss back. They drove to an excellent restaurant near the beach, where the entire management remembered Carlyle.

"I've been out eleven months this time," he remarked, after four quick Martinis, "with a squadron of PT boats. I thought the war would never end. Better reconsider and have a cocktail, Miss Barker."

"No thank you, you big hulking dipsomaniac," Annalee said. "Alcohol might make you look better to me."

"Hey," Jim said.

"That's kind of funny language," Carlyle said, "for a dame who deliberately picked me up." He turned to Jim. "I was minding my own business with some cute kid dishing out coffee, and *she* came up and said either her brassiere had broken or she'd had a heart attack, and she wanted me to stand by until she made sure."

"Miss Barker!" Jim said.

"I was desperate," Annalee said. "All the other girls had men around them, and I was alone. So I picked out this jerk. In a minute I would have set my hair on fire to attract attention."

"Now I'm a jerk," Carlyle said.

"I want men to admire me," Annalee said. "I want to be loved. But instead I'm homely, obscure and unwanted." Her fists clenched, and she blinked back quick tears. "I'll show them yet. Wait till my picture comes out. They'll be after me then."

"Sure they will," Jim replied, "but you can't tell what with. Annalee, I want you to be nice to Commander Carlyle. Stop saying such nasty things to him."

"Very well," Annalee said. "But make him leave me alone."

The waiter brought them abalone steaks done to a turn. Jim glanced apprehensively at Carlyle. The latter was grinning. He seemed rather pleased.

"What's Annalee going to do if she isn't a hit in pictures?" he asked.

"She's going to kill herself," Jim said.

"No kidding? How?"

"Some kind of a gag with a vacuum cleaner, I understand."

"That's been changed," Annalee said. "It'll be a gun, and I'm going to take a couple of you with me."

"If I'd known what it was like here," Carlyle said, "I wouldn't have come home."

WHEN they left the restaurant, Annalee suddenly became graciousness itself. She took Carlyle's hand in both of hers and smiled. "My dear Commander," she said, "this has been perfectly charming. If I have said anything amiss to you, it is only because you are an ill-bred oaf and deserve no better. God bless and keep you, Commander."

"Wait a minute," Carlyle said. "You have to go back to town, don't you? I'm driving in, so why not come with me?"

"I'll look funny holding my nose, Commander."

"That's enough, Annalee," Jim said.

"Suppose I get to like you?" Annalee said to Carlyle. Her face grew tragic. "I'm trying to fight down the attraction now. What if it gets to be too powerful? Can we look forward to anything but tragedy?"

"Look," Carlyle said, "I'm asking you to ride into town with me. The worst that can happen is that you'll be in a wreck. Want to come along, Malvern?"

"No, I've heard enough," Jim said, and went away.

He telephoned Annalee several times that evening since he had information of importance to communicate, but he couldn't reach her. Finally, at twelve o'clock, she answered. He wanted to know if he could stop by for two minutes.

"Yes, of course," Annalee said. "I'm a Bohemian. I've never cared what people think."

Apartments were scarce in Los Angeles, and Annalee had one with dingy walls, a pull-down bed, and a kitchenette attached. She was still wearing a dinner dress, and she ushered Jim into her rat hole with the elegance of a hostess in a Georgian house in Surrey.

"Dear boy," she said, in clipped accents. "How delightful of you to come. Please sit down."

"Yeah, yeah," Jim said. He left his hat on in sheer annoyance. "Annalee, I couldn't tip you off before to the importance of this guy Carlyle. Were you out with him tonight?"

She nodded.

"Wonderful. I can plant something in a column about you tomorrow. Now, listen. Your big chum is Thornton Carlyle the second or third, or some number like that. He's got millions; he was an All-American football player, a polo whiz, raced speedboats, and he's ended up with a great war record. Besides that, he's dated every good-looking girl in the world. He loves 'em all, but he soon leaves 'em. Any romance with him is eighteen-karat stuff; his name is sure-fire publicity. So don't roust the guy around. Play him along. It'll help your build-up immeasurably to have your name mentioned with his in a romantic way. Do I make myself clear?"

"Indubitably, James," Annalee said. "But I was informed about the lad by a reporter on the pier. That's why I picked

Hire a Veteran

him up. I swept toward him like a wave."

"I see," Jim said.

"If I decide to marry him," Annalee said, "I promise that you, my publicity representative, will be the first to know."

"Gee, thanks."

"It is nothing, dear boy, nothing."

"Well, good night," Jim said.

On impulse, he bent and kissed her on that loud mouth. It was intended to be a light and graceful gesture, but somehow he got his arms around her and hung on. Her lips were as firm and innocent as a child's and as trustingly given. He released her and felt confused.

"Good night, Dad," she said. "You think I'm insane, but you ought to know your own publicity racket better. Who would be likely to attract the most attention in Hollywood—a sane girl or a crazy one?"

Jim felt his blood running cold. He was appalled at her and at his own ignorance. That she had planned and carried out her line of conduct was incredible, but he should have known. It was too artistic a triumph to be natural.

"Furthermore," the Michigan extrovert said, "that naval Croesus is a bit jaded. Everybody in skirts has been trying to please him for years. A different approach is needed. Do I make myself clear?"

"Dreadfully," Jim said. "I want to thank you for a strange interlude, and don't take any wooden Indians. Good night."

IN THE morning, he called upon Mr. Pickerell. It developed that Annalee's test had just been viewed.

"Mr. Zimbal danced in the projection room," Mr. Pickerell said. "The child's multitudinous personality shines through the celluloid like a fire in a grain elevator. By the way, your campaign on her is going fine."

"It's ended," Jim said. "I've got to have another job."

"Why?"

"I don't know, but I need a change. Do you want to reassign me, or do you want me to quit?"

"Good heavens," Mr. Pickerell said, and seemed sincerely shaken. "It's love at last sight, eh? Which characterization did you finally fall for?"

"All of them," Jim said, "and I find she is as ingenuous as a panther and no more complex than the late Roman empress Messalina. She'll probably marry that poor, innocent Carlyle guy and take the fillings out of his teeth. Am I being changed, Mr. Pickerell?"

"Oh, certainly," the head of the publicity department said. "You've got it bad—I can see that. And you've lost your nerve. You'll never fly again."

Jim was made temporary acting head of photo planting, in the absence of an employee who was on his annual bender, and for a week he sat in the publicity department sorting pictures of gorgeous girls and handsome men, talented children, dogs and horses, wondering who would print them with the customary credits. Another man had supplanted him with Annalee. He looked at the papers occasionally and saw that the public was being kept well informed of her doings, especially the romance with Thornton Carlyle. A couple of the more reckless columnists even predicted marriage, but that Jim didn't believe. The old master of the hunt was simply inspecting Annalee's full gallery of characters, and then he'd blow.

One afternoon Jim had his feet up on the desk and was smoking a post-lunch pipe. His mind was vaguely uneasy, and he felt dissatisfied with everything for no particular reason. He thought if he looked at one more shot of a babe in a

"... its definitely the kind of make-up that does things for you!"

THE COLORS OF EVENING IN PARIS face powder are so wonderful . . . and the smooth velvet texture clings for hours. Evening in Paris rouge and lipstick are designed to harmonize, of course, so your make-up always has that exquisite perfection you strive for.

You really should try this marvelous Evening in Paris make-up . . . you'll see why the men say "if a lovely woman would be even lovelier...her make-up should be Evening in Paris."

Evening in Paris

Face Powder $1.00

Rouge 50¢

Lipstick 50¢

plus tax

BOURJOIS N.Y.—Distributor

Tune in the Powder Box Theater—Thursday, 10:30 P. M., E. S. T., Columbia Network

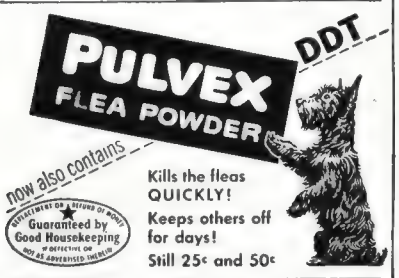
NO IFS ANDS OR BUTS

A clean toilet bowl has no odor. When you use SANI-FLUSH you know the bowl is clean. Stains and invisible film that foster germ growth are removed by the chemical disinfecting action of this wonderful cleaner.

When you use SANI-FLUSH ugly stains and unpleasant film come off quickly and easily. Its safe in septic tanks, effective in hard and soft water. Two handy sizes sold everywhere. The Hygienic Products Co , Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

QUICK
EASY
SANITARY



Study ACCOUNTING

NOW—For Top-Pay Career

Fewer have trained for Accounting in recent years. Yet government r gulations and taxes demand more bookkeepers and accountants. Good opportunity now to enter this growing well-paying field. After short period of spare-time training, you can take accounting position and continue study on the job. Interesting, free 48-page booklet describes opportunities and requirements in Accounting and tells how you can prepare quickly and at moderate cost. Write for "Accountancy, The Profession That Pays."

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A Correspondence Institution
417 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 555-H Chicago 5, Ill.

sun suit something would snap, and he'd run screaming from the building. In came Annalee.

When she was ten feet from his desk, Jim recognized the characterization. Annalee was Lulu Belle, the tough girl, the girl of a thousand affairs, hard and brittle, yet capable of rising above her dance-hall environment and making the supreme sacrifice for the love of a good man. Jim could already visualize her in a big Western, running the gambling hall and managing the toughs, yet somehow keeping herself pure. It revolted him.

"Hello, big boy," Annalee said.

She was wearing a short plaid skirt and a sweater, and her hair was piled on her head and curled. Somehow she gave the impression of a voluptuous swagger, although she was far from large or well rounded, and her hips may actually have looked like bicycle handle bars. The face was the thing. It was worn, sardonically quirked, and wise with the knowledge of men and ancient sins. All over the office men impervious to anything except box-office, were glancing up from their typewriters and paste pots.

"Beat it," Jim said. "My lunch is not settled yet."

She sat on the edge of his desk and leaned forward. The sweater really didn't do much for her.

"Jim," she said, "come back to me. I can't stand it alone."

"You need a bustle," Jim said. "Listen, I can't stand your conversation."

"This isn't an act," Annalee said, and her words quavered. "I can't help talking the way I do. I was only trying to be smart the other night. I'm just a show-off. Jim, won't you believe me? I'm actually nuts."

Jim puffed on his pipe. He hated everybody in the room.

"I know I'm not honest," Annalee said, "but I'm honest with you. You've got to believe me! I've lived hard and dangerously and thrown away the most precious things for a jest. Now I'm ready to repent. Please forgive me and take me and my publicity back."

"Oh, lord!" Jim said.

"I sometimes think I'm going crazy," Annalee said, and seemed surprised by her own statement. "I toss all night on that pull-down bed. You can't be this heartless!"

"Go away," Jim said. "I'm old enough to be your father, and I hate little girls who are actresses. You wouldn't want to make your father unhappy, would you?"

She got up and stood for a moment looking at him. A bitter smile twisted her lips. "This is the way it ends," she said. "This is the way it always ends for women. But I warn you, you can't cast me aside like a broken flower. One day I will have my revenge. I'll humiliate you as thoroughly as you have humiliated me. Farewell, false heart!"

She turned and swaggered out. There was a long silence in the room. Then a round of applause came from the spectators. Jim rose and crawled under his desk.

He presumed that was the last he would ever know of Annalee or her concerns, except what he gleaned from the newspapers and fan magazines. But a little while later he was downtown visiting an editor, and he went into a Spring Street bar for a drink. The next man on the mahogany was Thornton Carlyle, in civilian clothes.

"Hi," Carlyle said.

He looked bigger and glummer than usual, and his hair was as short as ever. They gazed into the mirror behind the bar at each other, and Carlyle drank three Manhattans. Jim had a Scotch and soda.

"I'm kind of confused," Carlyle said. "I never met a girl like Annalee before. It's the same as knowing several girls at once, and going out in a group. Half the time I don't know where I am with her."

"Neither does she," Jim said, "if that's any consolation to you."

Carlyle shook his head. "It isn't . . . Were you in the war?"

"Marine combat correspondent. That's a clay pigeon with a pencil. I got hit in the Gilberts campaign and went out on a medical.'

"Were you ever shaky after you got home?"

"That is civilian fatigue," Jim said. "You get it from dating Annalee."

"I wondered," Carlyle said, and ate a maraschino cherry. "Malvern, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to break an old custom of mine and marry Annalee. I've just been down settling the financial arrangements with my lawyer. Maybe after we're married I can figure out who she is."

"I do not mean to speak disrespectfully of the woman you love," Jim said, "and I know you're going to be very happy with the only whirling dervish who is not Mohammedan. If you could stand PT boats, you can stand her. Congratulations."

"Thank you," Carlyle said, and left.

Jim had another drink and stood looking into the mirror for a long time. There was an odd hollow feeling in his head and stomach and a bad taste in his mouth. There you are, Malvern, he thought, dished again—whether you know it or not. They'll have a big wedding in Santa Barbara or something, and you'll be invited. You'll have to give them a present. It'll kill you.

THAT night he was sitting in his little house in the Valley after dinner, reading a book. His mind wandered from the print a lot. Several times he thought of the sleeping tablets and the vacuum cleaner, although he couldn't quite remember the arrangements. Somehow it didn't seem too farfetched.

The doorbell rang, and the maid went to the door. Jim put down his pipe and book, annoyed at the thought of guests. Carlyle and Annalee entered, both in a high state.

"I have told him the truth, Jim," Annalee said. "I had to."

Carlyle gripped Jim by his coat and lifted him right out of his chair. "Look, Malvern, is this a gag? It's another one of her acts, isn't it? I don't believe it."

Jim stared at Annalee. She was in a black cocktail dress with a black lace top, and it accentuated the marble whiteness of her skin and pale, strained face. She had used a lot of powder and blue eyeshadow, and heavy lipstick made her mouth a wide slash. There wasn't any mistaking the characterization—the modern girl, gay, defiant, reckless, above all gallant, now suddenly caught in her own trap and facing tragedy and shame as bravely as she had everything else. And the poor chump with her was flushed and rattled. Jim began to burn.

"He asked me to marry him," Annalee said, her voice high, her hands clenched. "How could I come to him on our wedding night, a soiled dove? He deserves better, Jim. I—I told him about us and our affair. There can be no happiness in deception."

"Annalee," Jim said, "you mean—you mean you're going to have a baby?"

Annalee literally tottered, but even then her characterization did not fail. "Uh-uh—yes, Jim, I mean, I think I am. It's possible. However——"

"What can I say, Carlyle?" Jim said. "I'll do the right thing, old man."

"You louse," Carlyle said. He dropped Jim back in the chair and went over to Annalee, who was no longer pale but red as a beet. He bent reverently and kissed her hot forehead. "You're the bravest and sweetest little kid I've ever known, and I've known plenty. And the straightest. If he doesn't marry you, I'll beat his brains out."

"I want to be alone," Annalee said, and turned her face to the wall.

Carlyle hesitated, scowled at Jim, couldn't think of any more to say and wandered out.

Jim sighed and lighted his pipe. "You don't have to stand in the corner any longer," he remarked.

"I just thought you'd be embarrassed and humiliated," Annalee said, without moving. "I thought you'd deny everything. It was a joke."

"The joke's on you, baby," Jim said. "We've got to get married. That guy will never keep his mouth shut if we don't."

"We'll have to have a child too," Annalee said. "Is that all right?"

"I guess so."

"Oh, boy! We'll have a home and settle down, and I'll earn you a fortune. What a wife I'll be!"

She bounded over to him like a Newfoundland puppy, and her manner was mysteriously changed. She was young and tender and adoring. The cocktail dress somehow resembled a gingham apron. Jim was both horrified and happy as his intended kissed him tenderly.

"Are you quite comfy, Daddy?" she asked. "I'll bring your slippers, poor dear. Shall I fill your pipe? It's gone out."

"I love you very much, Miss Annie Lee," Jim said. "I have for quite a while, with terrible misgivings which haven't left me. I want you to remember that, my love, even if I occasionally hit you."

What's So Funny About a Drunk?

(*Continued from page 26*)

exploiter of his own personal charm or sex appeal, a frequenter of pawnshops, a dangerous human being on the loose, a patient in the alcoholic ward of a city hospital, or an outright criminal. Apart from the suffering he brings to his devoted brother and to the girl who loves him, it is by no means comic to witness the degradation Don Birnam helplessly sinks into, or his shattering morning hang-overs, or the merciless remorse he suffers (punishment far worse than any society, the law, or his family could inflict on him) for the sins of his addiction.

It is tragedy, no less; and it is the more tragic because Don Birnam, like so many alcoholics, is a gifted and worthwhile young man to begin with, one who knows what he is about every step of the way. But the knowing does not help him. He is not willfully a purse-stealer or beggar or liar, because he is not really responsible. He is, in fact, a sick man.

The case of Don Birnam has been treated in the moving picture by Brackett and Wilder with the utmost seriousness and sympathy, and the rôle is so played by Ray Milland. Yet, in most theaters, during the showing of the picture a small percentage of the audience laughs again and again. It is not the nervous kind of laughter one often hears during a tense drama, laughter which momentarily relieves the pent-up emotions of the audience. It's the laughter of callousness and superiority and ridicule, hardly different from the way laughter must have sounded many years ago, when people laughed

HOW TO FACE THE MUSIC —and like it!

9. A. M. "Imagine me auditioning— the way I feel!" exclaims the young radio hopeful who is feeling sick and headachy due to the need of a laxative. "We'll fix that, or I miss my bet," says her husband, who knows a thing or two. "Leave it to me—I'll mix you a sparkling glass of Sal Hepatica."

11 A. M. She gets the contract! Her husband gets a grateful kiss. Once again Sal Hepatica puts things to rights. Taken first thing in the morning, this gentle saline laxative brings ever-so-easy relief, usually within an hour. It helps counteract excess gastric acidity, helps turn a sour stomach sweet again, too. A nationwide survey shows 3 out of 5 doctors recommend Sal Hepatica. Why don't *you* try it, next time you need a laxative?

ASK YOUR DOCTOR about the efficacy of this famous prescription! Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today, remembering this: caution—use only as directed.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy*

SAL HEPATICA

TUNE IN: "MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY"—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:30 P.M., E.S.T.
"THE ALAN YOUNG SHOW"—Fridays, ABC, 9:00 P.M., E.S.T.

You Can't Tell 'Em Apart

Blackie: "Talking about uniformity, Whitey—did you ever see anything to beat this?"

Whitey: "Sure, Blackie—our own BLACK & WHITE Scotch!"

You can say that again, Whitey! Every bottle of BLACK & WHITE is just as fine, just as satisfying as the quality you've always enjoyed...with the same fine character that has won world renown for generations.

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

at bedlam. People used to think insanity was funny. No one thinks so now.

I have tried to figure out for myself why some of the audience behave in this fashion. (I say some of the audience because I think most of them, after the first few scenes, are moved by the tragedy and by the helplessness of the hero.) The conclusion I have come to is this: we have for so long been in the habit of automatically accepting the alcoholic as a funny man that it requires a real adjustment in our thinking for us to be able to consider him otherwise.

For centuries we've been conditioned in our literature to accept the drunk as a comic figure. In the very middle of one of the grimmest tragedies ever written, Shakespeare interrupts the bloody events of "Macbeth," immediately following the murder of the innocent Duncan, to introduce a purely extraneous scene in which a drunken porter holds forth at length—for comic relief.

In more recent times the drunk has been built up in the popular mind (by what perverse propaganda or distortion of values I will never be able to understand) as a lovable figure, a character to be cherished, a man who in many cases is depicted as being better off than the rest of us because he lives in a world of unreality.

In "Harvey," the comedy success still running on Broadway, the comic and un-understandably lovable protagonist, Elwood P. Dowd, is first shown entering the living room of his sister's home where he lives. What does the author do to establish his character immediately as one of charm and humor? Dowd goes to the bookcase, takes out a book, and retrieves a bottle of whisky which he has hidden there for just such a moment as this when he finds himself alone. The audience howls with laughter. Me, I wanted to stand up, turn around and cry out: "What in God's name are you laughing at—what the hell's funny about it?"

Later, Elwood Dowd's long-suffering sister explains her woes to a psychiatrist, and she winds up with this pathetic admission of despair and defeat: "Oh, Doctor, if you only knew what I've been through!" The hilarity of the audience is uncontrolled.

Still later, in the last act, the sister is given the opportunity of having her troublesome brother cured by some magical injection. (The play has no reality or relation to life at any point.) To my utter astonishment, she refuses. "Oh, no," she says (or words to that effect); "if he's cured he'll be just like everybody else: cantankerous, unimaginative, dull—no longer the lovable brother he is now, living in a world of his own, a world of unreality and dreams."

It is a marvelous excuse for every potential or actual drunk in the audience to go off on an immediate bender.

Well, I don't wish to be stuffy about it. In the world of make-believe which is the theater, this may all be very well. But to the adult mind in actual life, a man who refuses to accept reality and lives in an alcoholic world of escape is a very weak man to say the least, not to speak of his being a social menace as well. This last point of the sister's, when she changes her mind about having her brother cured, seems to me so dangerous as to be downright subversive. We leave the characters in the play resigned to accepting the dreadful routine with the alcoholic brother and uncle because he is, due to his affliction, lovable and charming, instead of the headache or outright menace he would be in real life.

Nor is "Harvey" the only fiction in this popular genre. There is Don Marquis's well-known play, "The Old Soak"; the

alcoholic father and husband in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"; the kind of amusing alcoholic played by Robert Montgomery in many a chic photoplay of the late 'twenties and early 'thirties, and the type W. C. Fields represents. In his last years, theater-goers flocked to see the late John Barrymore largely because it was well known that he had become a hopeless alcoholic, and they thought him ludicrous or amusing as a result. Watching Mr Barrymore abase himself and his brilliant art so publicly and play the buffoon for the sniggering audience, few realized the agonies of self-torture, remorse and bitter self-loathing the poor man was probably undergoing.

To the casual reader, I suppose all this will sound like preaching. But let me assure him that I am by no means a reformer, that I respect the rights of those who wish to drink or know how to drink, and that I myself serve liquor nightly in my own home. I abhor the very thought of a return to Prohibition more, if possible, than I deplore alcoholism. Excessive or uncontrollable drinking seems to me to be one of the most serious problems in contemporary life. Yet how few of us realize its seriousness.

Among my neighbors in the small New Hampshire town where I now live, the subject of alcoholism is not regarded as being at all serious. One of them, a wealthy and well-educated man, pointedly asked a friend of mine: "Why do you suppose Mr. Jackson ever wrote a book like that?" He would have found it more understandable, doubtless, had I written a cheap piece of fiction, a sexy romance, or something make-believe.

Another said, "The man you wrote about was a plain fool. Why didn't he just *stop*? Nobody was forcing the liquor down his throat."

And the minister in the little Vermont town directly across the river from our house preached from his pulpit against the picture before he had even seen it, saying that such a film should not be allowed to be shown. This in spite of the fact that the New York Times spoke of the novel as "the most moral book in a decade." Needless to say, the minister's diatribe jam-packed the local movie house when "The Lost Weekend" played here.

I report these bits not by way of gossip and certainly not for reasons of malice, but simply because I think they are significant of the public's general ignorance of and indifference to the seriousness of the alcoholism problem.

It also seems to me that the medical profession shares this indifference. It is significant that the only real work today toward the rehabilitation of the alcoholic on an organized scale is being done by a laymen's group called Alcoholics Anonymous. Personally, I don't subscribe to the tenets of this group. The convert to Alcoholics Anonymous, it seems to me, has made no real *substitute* for his addiction; he has become something of a reformer and sustains himself only so long as he continues to work with the organization or brings prospects suffering from his own late affliction into the fold. Such mass emotion seems suspect. But this is only my personal opinion.

It is also merely my opinion that the medical profession should take a more active interest in the problem. Generally speaking, doctors don't want to bother with the drunk. He takes too much of their time—and what can they do to help him, anyhow; what do they know of the subject except academically?

What can be done about the alcoholic? Frankly, to put it in its bluntest terms, I believe very little can be done. Public hospitals all over the country take in drunks off the street, detoxicate them,

"Let's keep Our Love Exciting"

"No woman was ever loved *as I love you,"* you said. *"Keep your hands soft, dearest."* I'm so glad I used Jergens Lotion. . . . Preferred hand care with the loveliest women. Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.

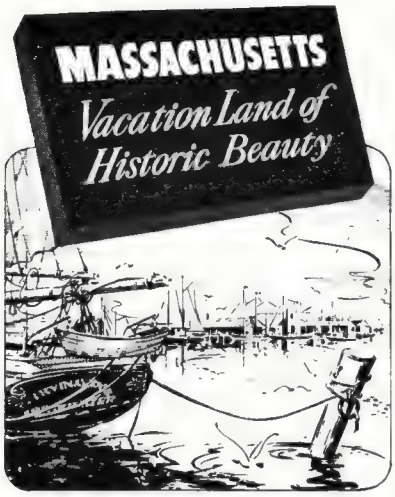
Now more effective than ever. Thanks to new wartime knowledge of skin-care, Jergens scientists now make Jergens Lotion even finer. *"My hands feel even smoother, softer;" "Protects longer;"* women said after testing.

"Fun—making a home together." Her hands still so friendly-soft. Those 2 ingredients many doctors use for skin-softening are included in this postwar Jergens Lotion. In the stores today—same bottle—still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). Never sticky; no oiliness.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

JERGENS LOTION

Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research



Gloucester Harbor on the North Shore

Whatever you like to do . . . vacation variety is enjoyably yours . . . in historic . . . healthful . . . modern Massachusetts! Plenty of historic spots to see . . . Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, Plymouth Rock . . . a host of others. Beautiful Pioneer Valley, the glorious Berkshires, sandy Cape Cod, the North and South Shore beaches . . . linked in a network of scenic highways, beckon to recreation, rest and enjoyment. Come to Massachusetts . . . Vacationland of variety!

for
SCENERY • SPORTS • HISTORY • FUN

Vacation in
MASSACHUSETTS

NEW ENGLAND VACATIONS

WRITE FOR THIS VACATION BOOKLET

MASSACHUSETTS DEVELOPMENT AND INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION
20 Somerset Street — Dept. 4 — Boston, Mass.
Please send me, free, new illustrated Vacation Booklet.
Check here for specific information about:
☐ CAPE COD ☐ SOUTH SHORE
☐ BERKSHIRES ☐ HISTORIC BOSTON
☐ NORTH SHORE ☐ PIONEER VALLEY
☐ ALL NEW ENGLAND
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

and let them go, which of course does absolutely nothing for the patient by way of therapy or cure. New Jersey, by the way, is the only state in which a drunk is regarded officially as a medical patient rather than as a law breaker. Psychoanalysis is not the answer, either; while alcoholism is merely symptomatic of other and deeper problems within the victim, these problems can be got at only after hospitalization or a period of sobriety has put him on his feet physically.

Dr. Gregory Zilboorg, one of the most eminent and publicized psychoanalysts in the country, discussed my book on the radio a few weeks after it came out. During the course of his exposition of the character of my "hero," Dr. Zilboorg flatly stated: "Don Birnam represents the worst type of drinker in our society. He is the 'still' drinker, and there is no hope for him whatever. His next step is death."

For a man of Dr. Zilboorg's reputation to make such a sweeping and categorical statement seems to me irresponsible, if not positively dangerous. His remark over a widely public network was the equivalent of his having said to each alcoholic listener: "Go out and shoot yourself." But Don Birnam *can* conquer his addiction. I could have refuted the learned doctor by voicing one simple fact (for I was speaking on the same program): "*I* did." But, of course, because of the social taboo on the subject, one does not admit these things in public.

Speaking of hospitalization, I know of only one hospital in the entire United States maintained exclusively for alcoholics—the Washingtonian Home in Boston—where a serious study is being made of the problem and a program of rehabilitation established which may or may not be successful, depending on the will power, mental attitude, or temperament of the patient. Those expensive institutions which dot the countryside do little good, it seems to me; they take the alcoholic for a long period at an astronomical fee, but what they give him in exchange for this exorbitant outlay of cash amounts to nothing more than a prolonged and pleasant rest—with, more often than not, prescribed doses of the hair-of-the-dog to keep him content.

You can "cure" an alcoholic by locking him up in jail for some months, but what happens when he gets out? During his incarceration he has stopped drinking merely because he has not been able to get the stuff; psychologically he is still just as much of an alcoholic as ever—he hasn't changed a bit. When he is released he will, perhaps, go back to the bottle with greater passion than before because he has been forcibly deprived of it.

It seems to me that the problem of alcoholism lies squarely at society's door, but particularly at the door of the parents and the family. I believe that the future alcoholic is predetermined in his earliest years. With the best intentions, fathers and mothers often ruin their children and thus undermine them for later miseries with which the child, become a man or woman, is totally unprepared to cope. It is my belief that alcoholism is largely the fault of parents who overindulge or overprotect their children to the point where they (the children, grown older but still childish) cannot face reality and seek "escape" in drink.

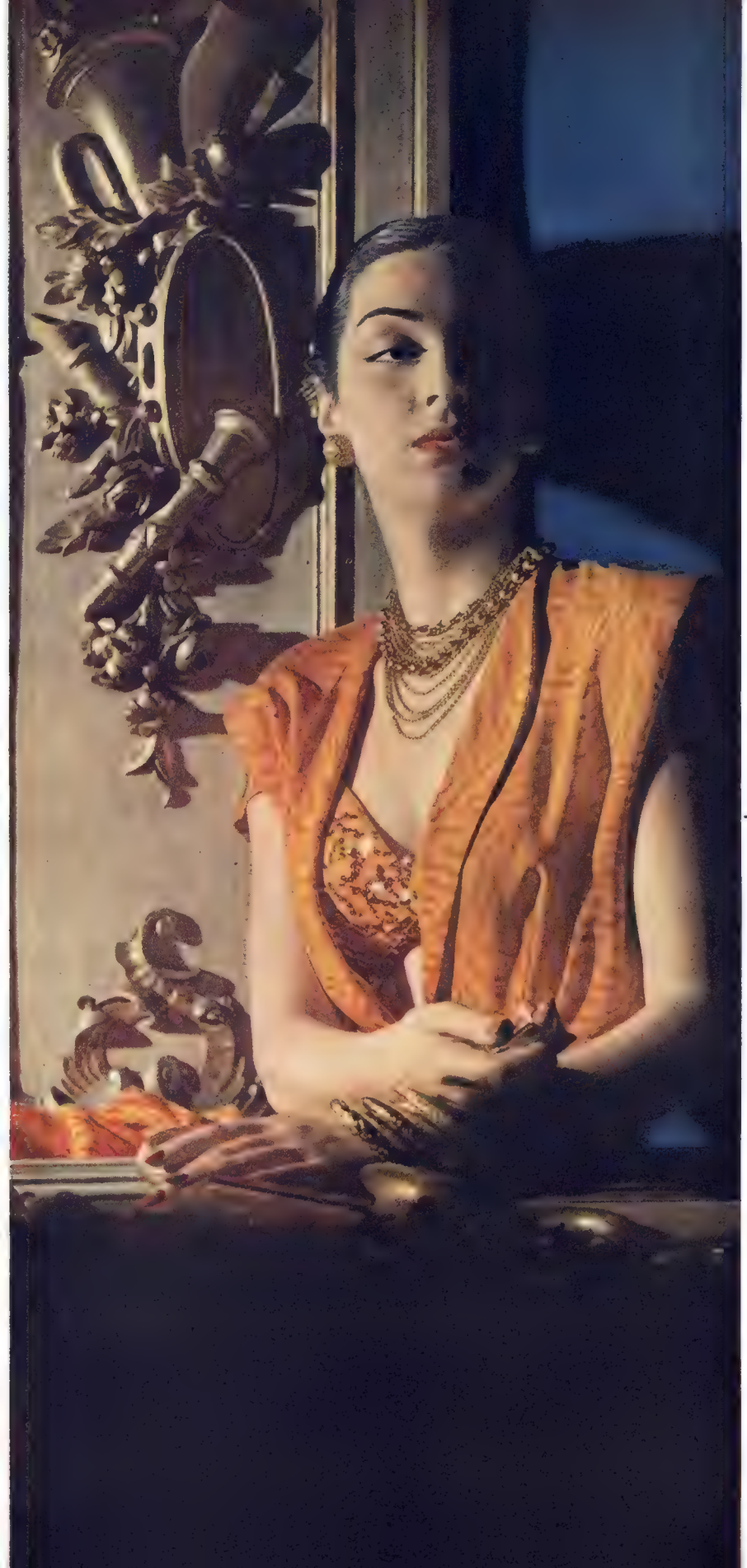
Perhaps it should be stated at this point what, in my opinion, is and is not an alcoholic. The alcoholic is the man who can't take liquor and can't leave it alone; the morning drinker or the solitary drinker; the guy who uses alcohol as a narcotic. Many men periodically go on terrific binges, often lasting three or four days; but when they're through, they're through. On the morning after, they can't bear the thought of the stuff, particularly the taste or smell of it. They're nauseated at the very idea of further drink which, apparently, is perfectly normal. The difference between this kind of "normal" drinker and your true alcoholic is that these mornings of hang-over are the very times when the alcoholic most needs and wants to drink.

Liquor is, and should be, a social asset, something to be used moderately in the company of friends as a means of relaxation, pleasure, or even stimulation in moments of depression or fatigue. Those who know how to use alcohol should by no means be denied access to it; liquor can be one of the real pleasures of life, and it should be the right of every individual to indulge in this pleasure if he is equipped to handle it. But the alcoholic is not so equipped. He starts out drinking socially as others do, then finds he needs more and more; then disappears from the crowd to drink alone; then drinks himself into a state of exhaustion; then must beg, borrow, or steal to get more liquor—and then must drink again to carry him through that shattering hang-over which, to the alcoholic, is a more dreadful ordeal than the normal drinker can possibly conceive.

In view of these opinions about men's right to drink, I need hardly state that I did not write "The Lost Weekend" as a preachment or a tract of any kind; it is purely and simply a character study of an individual, with the author taking no sides in the matter. Thus, when Time magazine called the picture "a better temperance tract" than the novel, I was grateful to their reviewer, for I did not write the book from the viewpoint of a reformer and most certainly did not wish to encourage a return to such a dangerous thing as Prohibition. But I think Time was nonetheless wrong in their statement. Paramount did not produce the picture as a tract, nor did Brackett and Wilder write their screen play as such. Their interest and intention, like my own, were exclusively to present an intensive study of an American individual in a little-understood dilemma.

The family of the alcoholic, those closest to him and those who love him, are in most cases the ones least able to help him handle his problem. It is my most earnest conviction that the only person who can really help the drunk is the victim himself. This may sound like a paradox, but I believe it to be true. No institution or treatment in the world can make an alcoholic stop drinking if he does not want to. On the other hand, if he wishes to stop badly enough—if he is aware of himself, distressed by his own dilemma to the point of pain, and passionately desires to master his obsession—he can do it himself. The first step in his cure is the *wanting* to do it. If he wants to stop badly enough, he will and can.

Because of the intense or graphic nature of "The Lost Weekend," I am constantly being asked if it was written out of personal experience. To this I reply: I used to drink like a lot of other people, but now I don't drink at all like a lot of other people. Which may sound facetious; but I put it in this fashion by way of stating that neither the alcoholic nor the ex-alcoholic is unique. There are hundreds of thousands of the former; there are a few thousand of the latter. But in time the latter figure might—thanks to public education on the subject, general understanding by the public, and sympathy toward the problem in the individual—surpass the former figure, provided we devote some time and thought to the tragedy of the alcoholic and, above all, cease to regard him as a joke.



On your lips,
a "forbidden" red
and the
"forbidden" fragrance
too with

Lipstick TABU

Dana

. . . and concealed within the cover of this almost too-clever lipstick is a vial of TABU perfume. $2.50 including the perfume.

Dress, Jo Copeland—Pattullo
Rawlings Photo
© 1946 Dana Perfumes, Inc.

GINGER ROGERS sends Flowers-by-Wire for Mother's Day

While visiting in New York, Mrs. Lela Rogers thrills to her daughter Ginger's bouquet of roses wired from Hollywood. "Ginger often sends me Flowers-by-Wire," says Mrs. Rogers. "It always means so much to me."

Ginger Rogers—starred in the Hakim-Wood production, "Heartbeat", released by RKO.

In any event—wire Flowers

As an example, you can send a $500 bouquet from Detroit to:

PLACE		Price of FLOWERS		Av. Cost of WIRE
ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla.	for	$500	+	.60
SACRAMENTO, Calif.	"	"	"	.63
ALEXANDRIA, La.	"	"	"	.60
PORTLAND, Ore.	"	"	"	.63
HASTINGS, Nebr.	"	"	"	.60
MONTREAL, Can.	"	"	"	.75
LONDON, Eng.	"	"	"	2.39

NOTE: These few examples show how reasonable it is to send flowers by wire to any U. S., Canadian or overseas city.

FOR BIRTHDAYS, HOLIDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES — ALWAYS SEND FLOWERS-BY-WIRE!

Just follow these 3 simple steps:

1. Go to any florist who displays the F.T.D.I. seal on his window.
2. Tell him the kind of flowers you desire to send and amount you wish to spend. If in doubt, ask his advice.
3. He does the rest! He wires your flower order and card message to F.T.D.I. florist in proper city—who delivers fresh flowers with your personal card.

It's *easy* and inexpensive—just be sure the florist displays this F.T.D.I. seal on his window.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION

484 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit 7, Michigan

The Words and the Music

(Continued from page 53)

"And there you stopped," Myra told herself as she stood in the foyer of the tearoom waiting for Fran. But Fran had gone on doing all the right sensible things. Gradually their lives had diverged. Drake made a difference. And Fran's marriage to George made a difference. Though they saw each other daily, Fran had to go home in the evenings. She was on schedule while Myra was still dangling.

Then, in that sickly summer when Fran had moved to New Jersey, Myra and Drake had concluded everything. (They thought they had.) He had taken his wife off to Switzerland for her health, and Myra, in desperation, had taken a ten-day boat to France. That was something Fran had always dreamed of, but Fran couldn't accompany her. Fran was pregnant with her first boy then. How lives change, gradually, imperceptibly, as the seasons do, with no definite line of demarcation, until suddenly you discover the great gulf between what you were and what you are now. Oh, well, Myra thought. The lines of a poem she had recently read recurred to her:

> To each is given secrecy of heart,
> To make himself what heart he please . . .

Now these monthly luncheons at the Fireside with Fran were the sum of their intimacy except for the holidays which, as was her custom, she spent with Fran. Last Christmas she had gone to New Jersey, as usual, two nights before Christmas. She had helped to decorate the tree, assumed the place of a visiting aunt with the children. Then suddenly, on Christmas day, the feeling of being a waif, the dangling feeling, had come over her. She had lied to Fran about having Christmas dinner with Drake. She had left in the late afternoon, as if in haste to keep an appointment. Back in New York, she had eaten a hot turkey sandwich at a drugstore fountain and gone to a movie alone. For Drake was spending the holidays at his farm in Maine. Myra had realized that night how much richer Fran was than she.

She felt now, as she stood there waiting for Fran, that all these ordinary people who crowded around her waiting for tables were gifted with a knowledge of how to live that she had been born without. She felt alone and ill-equipped in a world of adepts.

So she stood there glumly in the crowded foyer, the steady buzz of hungry, hurried women about her. Feeling a tug at her sleeve, she turned to find Fran peering from behind two portly women.

They ordered their usual lunch: the black bean soup with sherry, the blueberry muffins, a salad of apples and grapes and cheese. They made the usual introductory remarks that old friends do when they meet but seldom.

Fran's calmness implied that she had come from some safe place to be amused by this feverish, clamorous spectacle in the dining room. So comfortable and safe she was in her roomy house in New Jersey. The whole course of her life was charted. All she had to do was to live it out. The boys' school hours alone would put schedule into a life. Fran's house, the whole orchestra of affectionate attachments of which she was the center, animals, children, husband; the life with voices about in early morning. That was a woman's proper life. Not that stillness until noon.

Fran wouldn't know what it was to

dine alone, to wander the streets alone because you couldn't bear to be with people. Or, contrarily, to sit in a night club all night, grinning and pretending to be hilarious because you couldn't endure another night alone. People, people. The nightly facing of people. Yet if she didn't keep in practice with people, Drake would soon realize that she lacked a life of her own. Yet in this life of her own nothing ever seemed to happen. Nothing that might become more important than Drake. Fran had told her years before when it bore discussion, "But nothing will happen until you quit Drake. You can't do two things at once."

"You're looking exceptionally smart, Myra," Fran said. They were seated side by side on a banquette that faced a mirrored wall opposite. Fran watched their images in the mirror. Two decorative salads were on the table before them. Fran added bluntly, "I look suburban."

"Why, Fran!"

•Fran went on. "What's more, I *feel* suburban." She continued to watch herself in the mirror. "My pin, a little item of four years ago, is not big enough. I look meek and set." She spoke without bitterness, impersonally, in a flat, matter-of-fact voice. "I have that definite good-woman look. I have the look of a retired woman who sits too much in homey chintz chairs. And I *feel* retired."

"Why, Fran!" Myra repeated, at a loss for words. This was so unlike her friend, who had never before hinted at even a trifling discontent with her present life.

"You don't know your luck, Myra."

Myra looked quizzical, uncomprehending, surprised. But her lips began to form a smile. To be thought lucky, even for a moment, lent one a superior feeling.

"You don't know your luck, to be single, free, complete in yourself," Fran insisted.

Myra stuttered a remonstrance. But it was comforting to know that from the outside at least, she had the appearance of luck, and that Fran, too, had longings.

A surge of cheer rose in Myra. It seemed suddenly quite possible that all these busy normal people crowding the restaurant might, under their public faces, be hiding faltering egos. All her dismay of the morning had miraculously vanished.

"Marriage is so damned personal," Fran said. "Every thought, every little task, every thing I do is for *us*. Always the tight little circle."

Myra nodded. "Men have their work."

"And their work is the biggest part of them. And some men don't let you forget it. George doesn't. It makes a woman feel little—limited. There's something about the way George takes his work that infuriates me."

Obviously this was a culmination of a long-gathering resentment. Myra found herself admiring Fran for having kept it to herself so long.

"Not that I blame men for being absorbed in their work," Fran said. "But I'd like my work too. Female or not, I, too, am an individual. Women want to feel they have a dominion of their own, just as much as men do. If only I had my old job."

"George wouldn't hear of that?" Myra asked.

Fran laughed scornfully. "George doesn't think I lack anything. When I try to discuss things of this kind with him, he looks at me as if he thought I was unbalanced."

Myra wrinkled her forehead. She and George had never found much to say to each other. George wore an air of rocky forbearance that suggested that he thought of himself as one of the thoughtful few who were destined to shoulder all the responsibilities of a world of whimpering children. "If only you lived

Shimmer-Sheen
takes off
with
Flying Colors

shimmering **SKYHIGH** . . . *rich red with a silvery gleam*

shimmering **HIGH FASHION** . . . *heavenly red with a golden glow*

Peggy Sage has just released two Flying Colors destined to change the entire complexion of fingertips. Exciting as this air-age . . . Shimmering Skyhigh and High Fashion will give instant lift to your most earthbound costume. Insist on Flying Colors in Peggy Sage's SHIMMER-SHEEN, the new soft flattering polish that shimmers like sunlight on a Mainliner's wing.

60¢ *(plus. Fed. tax)*

Peggy Sage

new york salon	*50 east 57th street*
london salon	*130 new bond street*
paris salon	*7, place vendôme*

© 1946, Peggy Sage, Inc.

"Whiskey on Its Way to Age"—painted at the distillery by the famous artist, Paul Sample

88 years at fine whiskey-making

makes this whiskey good

IMPERIAL

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey

86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

here in New York instead of Jersey," Myra said.

"George won't."

"That's that then."

There was an edge of anger in Fran's voice as she replied, "That isn't that. I'm an individual too. Good or bad. I discovered something coming over on the train." Fran had a way of making simple statements sound like final decisions. "I realized for the first time since I have been married that I am free if I care to be. It's up to me. I am an individual." She repeated that as if she were trying to teach herself the truth of it. "If I could get my old job back . . ."

"You probably could. Or one as good. I was thinking only this morning that if you had remained at work you'd probably be one of those thirty-thousand-a-year career women." Myra scanned her friend's profile. "It would be becoming to you, Fran."

"It needn't be forever. I could try it for a year or two. Get an apartment in New York . . ."

"Alone, you mean?"

"If need be." Her voice was cool and determined. "With the children of course. But there'd be no question about that."

Myra's eyes rounded. She felt guiltily exuberant—as if, after a long dull spell, something at last was about to happen. She felt as if she had made a convert. "I know of a dream of an apartment," she said casually. "Just around the corner from me on Sixty-first."

"That's a good street," Fran said absentmindedly. "To dare . . . Now that I've realized the possibility, it's a challenge."

"The apartment would be just perfect for you and the boys."

"To dare," Fran soliloquized aloud. "There's no question about my finding a job. That's easy. I've *that* much confidence left . . . What's the apartment like?"

"Let's go up there now," Myra suggested.

"Let's!"

"AT LAST I'm doing something about it," Fran thought as the cab drove rapidly up Madison Avenue. The intent behind the small act of taking a cab gave her a feeling of crisis, of decision. The boys would find better schools here in New York. George was in the city every day. And it needn't be forever. Actually she didn't want it to be forever. But to feel her own identity again! To be something more than an ignored wife sitting on the sidelines, waiting for George to come home from the office with that preposterous solemnity of his. He had, actually, a contempt for happiness and for those who sought it. He thought everyone should sacrifice happiness and do "deeds." Well, then, why not allow her to do her "deeds" as she saw them?

She knew Myra must be thinking that she and George had quarreled. That perhaps George was having an affair. But it wasn't that. George was faithful so far as she knew. Marriages were not wrecked by infidelities alone. Rather the infidelities were a symptom that something was lacking in the marriage. Perhaps it was in her . . . So be it. She had to be herself. Dying on the vine—that common expression fitted her exactly. She wanted to get a job. To have authority somewhere other than in a kitchen. Then, perhaps, she and George could come together once more as equal personalities.

And here was Myra, not looking too happy, perhaps; looking in fact a little battered. But how self-reliant she was! How alert and alive. How quick with the change for the cab driver. How aggressive with the superintendent of the building. Myra had an air of command.

The flat was in a reconverted old mansion. And it was all Myra had said it would be. There were nooks that would be a decorator's delight.

The superintendent of the building, knowing Myra, had left them alone. They smoked innumerable cigarettes. They wandered from room to room, summoning up images of how the rooms would look furnished.

Fran took out her shopping pad and sketched the floor plan. Myra teemed with ideas and suggestions, generous with her interest and enthusiasm, as always. There would be quiet dinners in the living room, just the two of them at a small table by the fire. There would be other evenings when she would give small intimate dinners with as yet unknown guests. There would be concerts and theaters without the worry about the long ride home . . .

"I really believe it would make you happy to have me back," Fran said, smiling. How lonely she must be, Fran thought. She was suddenly overcome with shame. "We haven't said one word about you, Myra," she cried. "How's Drake?"

"As always."

Fran watched Myra's face. She looked a little tired now. "Is there no possibility that his wife will consent to a divorce?"

"He's never asked for a divorce," Myra said quietly.

"How is she?"

"Well enough, I daresay. We don't discuss her much, naturally."

"I still think he owes it to you to ask her for a divorce."

"She'd probably get sick again. Arrested cases do that, you know."

"Well, you're arrested too, in another way."

Fran looked at her watch. It was already four o'clock. It was growing very cold in the empty rooms. Suddenly the bareness became sepulchral, and she wanted to flee from the empty stillness.

"Walk over to my apartment," Myra suggested. "I'll make a cup of tea. It's very cold, isn't it?"

In the window of a decorator's shop on the corner stood a fine old table. On it a millefiori crystal paperweight gleamed like a jewel. Fran wondered if it was outrageously expensive. "It's so suitable for a man's desk, don't you think?"

"Come along," Myra said. "You forget you're going to be single from now on."

Myra had lost the knack of loitering. That's what New York did to you, kept you at a staccato pace.

THE kitchen was almost innocent of food, Fran observed as Myra busied herself with the making of tea.

"Obviously you don't eat at home very much," Fran remarked. It was a dead hygienic kitchen. A depressing kitchen. How a woman's dwelling gives away the secrets of her life! "Where do you dine when you do eat at home?" Fran asked.

"There." Myra indicated the foyer off the living room where a backgammon table was set up, its men of red and black glass arranged in a fancy design.

The apartment was chic. But impersonal as a waiting room is, Fran thought. It lacked function. Like the kitchen, the entire apartment seemed unemployed. Only the bedroom, its bed table piled with books and its dressing table crowded with cosmetics, looked inhabited.

They sat on the sofa while Myra poured the tea—her hat still on, her handbag beside her. It was as if this were but a momentary halt in her day. There was no indication that she had come home.

But she was as enthusiastic as ever, still decorating the apartment on Sixty-first Street, rehearsing how gay they would be just as in the old days.

MAKE THEM WITH DUFF'S

Light, fluffy muffins will be as welcome as those gay May flowers! They're wonderful with crisp salads and light spring meals.

Quick! Convenient!

JUST ADD WATER -that's all!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

A PRODUCT OF AMERICAN HOME FOODS, INC.

equipped with DUTCH CLOTHLESS FILTER

VACULATOR · CHICAGO, 6

LAW . . .

STUDY AT HOME Legally trained men win higher positions and bigger success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever before. More Ability: More Prestige: More Money We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL.B. We furnish all text material, including 14-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 48-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books FREE. Send for them NOW.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, 417 South Dearborn Street
A Correspondence Institution Dept. 555-L Chicago 5, Ill.

Fran interrupted her. "You're brave, Myra," she said. "I've always felt that. Ever since Drake happened, and I married George." The warm tea had made her meditative. "It's as if I took bread and you cake. As if I chose the words and you chose the music. That's brave."

"I have unbrave hours. Unbrave days. And unbrave nights. Most of them are," Myra admitted. "I don't see Drake every day, you know. And then, when I'm just not up to putting on my public face, I have nothing. Nothing." She paused. "Sometimes I wander up and down Fifth or Madison, hesitating before a movie on Lexington, eating just to have something to do. There's one restaurant where they have canaries singing. I always seem to go there in my most depressed moods. I sit alone at an early dinner, hurrying through it, though I go there to pass the time. I look around and the canaries trill away. Suddenly the contrast between the noise outside me and the dead silence within makes me think I'm going mad." And there are times when I put on my gaudiest hat and rush out of here, wearing a broad smile to fool the doorman." Myra stopped abruptly when she saw Fran looking at her watch. "It's a very perilous feeling," she ended lamely.

Fran had risen and gone to the windows. Lights were on in all the buildings now, and Myra turned on all the lamps in the room. "Stay with me in town tonight," she suggested. "Perhaps Drake will be free to take us to dinner."

But Fran mumbled something about her clothes not being suitable. She felt a flicker of scorn in Myra's eyes as if she thought her a child who feared to be caught out after dark. She said firmly, "If I call George at the office, we could meet at the station and get the same train home."

Just then the telephone tinkled. "Maybe it's Drake."

Only maybe, Fran thought. How perilous it was, indeed!

"I'll tell you what," Myra was saying over the phone. "If I can, I'll join you about eight at Twenty-One; earlier . . . I have a cocktail date. If I can't come, I'll call you at Twenty-One. Okay?"

When she had hung up, she said, "They're a gay crowd. Very exhausting."

"I'd better phone George now," Fran said. "I'll stay with you some other time."

"I can tell you have home on your mind," Myra said.

What else should she have on her mind at this hour? She talked briefly to her husband. When she had hung up, she went to the dressing table and freshened her lipstick. The phone tinkled again.

"That *will* be Drake," Myra said as she answered it. "Yes . . . At six-thirty . . ."

"It was Drake," Myra explained. "I'm to meet him for a cocktail." She pulled out drawers, snatching things from them. "I'll take a quick shower."

In a few moments she was back at the dressing table, busy with her make-up. Fran sat on the bed, examining the literature piled on the little bed table.

"There's a poem in that book you have in your hands," Myra said. She quoted: "'To each is given secrecy of heart . . . To make himself what heart he please' Does that mean anything to you?"

"Nope." Fran put the book back and tilted her head to read the other titles. "You, reading Ralph Waldo Emerson!" she gasped. "I haven't read Emerson since I had to for an English class."

Myra did not respond at once, being engaged in painting on her lips with a brush. "You'd be surprised," she said at last, how many people in New York spend an hour reading Ralph Waldo Emerson before they emerge to face the elevator man and the doorman. You'd be surprised how many sharp-looking women and well-pressed men walk into their favorite bar after a session with Ralph Waldo." Myra was stepping into her dress. "Listen," she said gaily, "if you haven't felt the hunger for Emerson, you haven't hit the bass string of despair."

Her tone suggested that not to have known this despair was to have a great gap in one's sophistication.

Myra brought down a hatbox from the closet. "Do you like this one?" she asked.

Fran did not answer. Instead she watched her friend curiously. "You'll meet Drake. And then, if he isn't free for the evening, you'll do what?"

"Oh, I'll join my friends at Twenty-One. Who knows what the evening will bring forth?"

Fran was insistent. "Every evening you do something along these lines?"

"Except for those evenings with the canaries. It's either . . . or . . ."

"But isn't it rather—haphazard. I should think . . ." But Fran didn't finish.

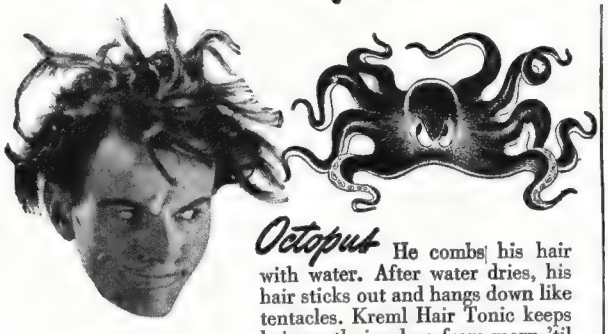
They stood outside Myra's house while the doorman whistled for two cabs.

Myra insisted that Fran take the first cab. "You have to catch a train," she said. "Drake will wait."

They kissed each other hastily, and just as Fran put one small neatly shod foot into the cab, she turned and called to Myra, "Do me a favor, dear. Inquire the price of that millefiori paperweight. I know it'll be very expensive, but George has a birthday coming up."

Myra felt a resentment welling up in her. She felt that she had been tricked into spending hours of enthusiasm over plans that were never more in Fran's mind than a day-off whimsey. Fran would have to sharpen up a bit if she had any idea of filling a position. She wasn't as

Don't be a "poor fish"—be her dream man!



Octoput He combs his hair with water. After water dries, his hair sticks out and hangs down like tentacles. Kreml Hair Tonic keeps hair neatly in place from morn 'til night.

Eel Often called a "heel" by the ladies. He plasters his hair down with grease. Looks just like a gigolo. Kreml keeps hair handsomely groomed yet never leaves it looking oily or greasy.

Speckled Trout Specks look beautiful on a trout but *not* dandruff specks on your shoulders. Kreml is famous to remove dandruff flakes. Leaves scalp feeling and looking *so clean.*

"He man" and "Head man"

He uses Kreml and his hair is always so neat and attractive. Never pasted down, sticky or greasy looking. Just hear the girls sigh *'mm-m-m* at the man with Kreml-groomed hair!

●Ask for Kreml Hair Tonic at your barber shop. Buy a bottle at any drug counter. Use it daily for a *cleaner scalp* — for *better-groomed* hair.

KREML HAIR TONIC Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy—Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

alert as she used to be. "She's just spent the entire afternoon in an orgy with herself and not me—an iffy orgy. Poor, dear Fran; she bores me."

Well—it was going to be a beautiful night. Myra hardly recognized herself. This had happened so many times before: daylight despair followed by this buoyancy when the lights came on. No matter how gray the day, with the coming of evening and the lights, life began to sing again.

In the train Fran and George had found seats together. George, contrary to custom, did not open his newspaper.

"Did you have a good day with Myra?" George asked.

"Yes," Fran replied. Then after a pause, she added, "Myra depresses me lately. She's doing exactly the same things she was doing ten years ago. It doesn't seem mature, somehow. Frankly, I'm worried about what's to become of Myra."

"I'm free to dine with you tonight," Drake said. Myra squeezed his hand under the table.

"Do you know what Fran said to me today?" Myra asked. He shook his head indulgently. "She said she had chosen the words. And I had chosen the music."

And tonight was the music. Oh! there'd be mornings like this morning again. But no matter. Tonight was the music. Miracle that the mood of the Boston train hadn't worn threadbare by now. But it hadn't. She thought of Fran who was probably home by now in her comfortable house, planning where to put the millefiori paperweight. Ah! well. "To each is given secrecy of heart . . . To make himself what heart he please . . . To each is given what defeat he will."

Adventure of Sidney J. Nealy

(Continued from page 37)

his plans—to have a quick look at Times Square, even though he was very tired and it was very late in the evening, then take a room somewhere near the Battery.

He walked through Grand Central, his eyes searching for a way out, his walk slowing as he headed for one entrance, then another. And when he was completely confused and a little frightened, he stepped up to a redcap. "How do I get to Times Square, if you please?"

The redcap stared at him. He nodded, smiled, and pointed to a doorway. SUBWAY, it said. "Take the shuttle train, suh. Jes' follow the green lights at the end. Jes' follow the green light."

Mr. Nealy thanked him and crossed the station. He went through one doorway, then another; he pushed through a turnstile, went down a ramp, came back again, went down another, put a nickle in a slot, walked down a passageway, and shook his head, feeling the terror coming again. It was a long time before he sat uncomfortably in the shuttle train.

Underground at Times Square was even more confusing than Grand Central. There were signs—"Follow Green Lights." And there were little green bulbs placed at intervals along a winding corridor. Mr. Nealy followed the lights, up stairs and down ramps, across and around and up and under. Once he lost them completely, and once he found himself following red lights going in the opposite direction. It took fifteen minutes in all, and it left Mr. Nealy trembling and nervous on a wide cement platform with tracks on either side, and trains rushing frantically past. Some of them stopped, opened their doors just long enough to look inviting, and then closed

AT YOUR FINGER TIPS

All the things you need frequently

Companion to your purse . . . this bright signal that seems to say: "Here you are . . . your bills, coins, keys, snapshots and credentials, all conveniently together." See Princess Gardner Registrar's six fashion colors in genuine leather at leading stores. PRINCE GARDNER, Dept. 46, St. Louis 10, Mo.

PRINCESS GARDNER

Princess Gardner

registrar

Gahna Saffian Leather, $3.50

"Black Glamour" Vinylite, $5

Others $2.50 to $7.50, plus tax

ON MOTHER'S DAY—GIVE MOTHER A PRINCESS GARDNER REGISTRAR

this very moment the way you look may be the way you'll stay in someone's memory

Dorothy Perkins
Saint Louis New York

Cream of Roses...a bland and delightful but thoroughly effective cleansing cream. Cream Delight No. 1...to help preserve youthful skin beauty ...a night cream for young, normal or oily skin. Cream Delight No. 2... an extra rich night cream to aid in softening and smoothing dry or mature skin. Rose Lotion...refreshing as spring rain... a morning cleanser and excellent powder base.

them again, before anyone could decide whether to get in or not. And there were signs, too—"Uptown Local." "Downtown Local," "Uptown Express," "Downtown Express." Mr. Nealy decided not to see Times Square after all. He would go straight to the Battery, find a room and hide until morning.

A sleepy, disheveled man passed him, and Mr. Nealy touched his arm. "Could you tell me which way to the Battery?"

The man pointed down the tunnel, then walked off along the platform.

A train pulled in. Mr. Nealy waited for the doors to open, then sprang inside. It was a great relief to find the doors did not crush him like a worm.

THERE were a number of people in the car, but they paid no attention to Mr. Nealy. They sat with their eyes staring vacantly at posters along the sides of the car. They read newspapers, wheezed in sleep, or muttered to each other, bored and unconcerned.

Mr. Nealy sat back, then straightened again. There was a map on the side of the car, just by the doorway. It was an explanation of New York's subway system, and Mr. Nealy crossed the car and studied it. He had just passed Thirty-fourth Street. The next stop along the way was Twenty-eighth, then Twenty-third, then Eighteenth, then Fourteenth, and Christopher. Very simple, he thought; very simple. He sat down again, smiled, and leaned toward the man beside him. "Could you tell me how far it is to the Battery? I can't find it on the map there, and——"

The man opened an eye and looked at him. "On this train, about twenty minutes. On the express about ten."

"I see. How would I find the express?"

"Get off at Fourteenth and transfer."

"Fourteenth?"

"Christopher," a middle-aged woman said. She was sitting behind the sleepy man. "He should change at Christopher."

"Christopher," Mr. Nealy said.

A drunken man stood up and lurched toward them. "I been living around here all my life," he said. "He should change at Chambers."

"Chambers?" Mr. Nealy said.

"Chambers," the drunken man said.

"Christopher," the woman said.

"Fourteenth," the sleepy man said.

An argument followed. It grew fiercer as the train sped down the tunnel, and Mr. Nealy was in the center. The train stopped at a station, opened its doors, closed them and went on. Fourteenth Street. According to the map beside the door, the next stop would be Christopher Street, and the arguing woman had insisted he should change at Christopher. So Mr. Nealy decided to take her advice, merely to get off the train . . . somewhere . . . anywhere. His head was whirling with confusion and the arguing voices in his ears. He gritted his teeth, tensed his body, waited for the train to stop. And just as the door opened, he sprang. The doors closed behind him, and he was safe. He looked down the long and empty platform, his mouth dry, and his knees like blades of grass. There was a sign at the far corner. "Wits' End," it said.

Now Mr. Nealy had never heard of "Wits' End," and looking at that sign, he felt a sick worry in his stomach; for somewhere inside his whirling head, he knew that no one else had ever heard of it either. There was no such station on the map he had seen in the subway car and it was too ridiculous a name to exist anyway. Yet there it was, and here he was—standing in a deserted station called "Wits' End." It was very confusing, and it frightened Mr. Nealy even more than the green lights he had followed, or the

rushing train or the arguing passengers. For there was something eerie about this place. He was the only person on the platform; there was no change booth, and not even an exit to the street. He was completely alone and trapped in a subway station that did not exist.

Mr. Nealy did not bother to look at the destination of the next car, or even whether or not it was a local or express. It stopped beside the platform, the doors opened, and Mr. Nealy rushed inside. He sat shaking in a corner, and the train sped off down the tunnel. Yet Mr. Nealy was still not safe. There was a certain lonely feeling inside the train. There was no one else in the car, and the train did not stop at any of the stations it passed. It sped by so fast it was impossible to read the names along the platforms, and after a while Mr. Nealy became so nervous he decided to investigate.

He went into the next car, and that was empty also. Then he tried the next car, and then the next. He went through the entire train, and found no other passenger. Not one. He felt his throat tighten, sweat on the back of his hands. He ran to the first car and beat on the door of the driver's compartment. But there was no answer. Another station whisked by and then another, and still the train did not slow down. He reached for the emergency cord and pulled frantically. But the train kept going. And when he could not stand it a moment longer, he put all his weight to the door of the driver's compartment, flinging his body at it again and again. The doorlock snapped and the door opened wide. The compartment was empty.

Mr. Nealy had never even been on a subway before, let alone tried to drive one; so he found it impossible to stop the train. He pulled levers and pushed buttons, but to no avail. The train kept going. And when it was too much and he was sick inside himself, frightened and panicky, wishing desperately that he was back in Higgstown, Maine, setting up type for his little press, riding in simple buses with simple people—when he had regretted and called out for help, pressing his nose to the window and screaming to be released from the mad and phantom train—when it was all too much and he could not cry or scream any longer, he sat down and gazed dumbly at the posters along the top of the car.

There was Miss Subways, a dark-haired girl who liked horses and banana splits and "intelligent boy friends." And there was a review of a late movie by a certain Susan Lee, movie critic for the New York subways. "You'll laugh at this delightful comedy about two people in love. Sincerely, Susan Lee." There were pictures of girls with their teeth white and dazzling, and pictures of girls with their lips a bright impossible red. There were peas and beans, flowers and furniture, shoes and chewing gum, as though a general store in Higgstown was advertising its entire stock in that one car.

Mr. Nealy stared vacantly at the posters. His head spun, his mouth dropped open, the pictures faded, and after a very long time, he was fitfully and gratefully asleep.

WHEN Mr. Nealy awoke some three hours later, the train was standing motionless in a station, the doors open wide. It was a platform like all the others in New York, and he wasted no time in leaping from the car before it started on another reckless journey. He had barely touched the platform, when the doors closed behind him, and the empty train went hurtling down the tunnel into darkness.

Mr. Nealy looked about the platform.

ARE YOU REALLY SURE OF YOUR PRESENT DEODORANT? TEST IT UNDER THIS ARM.
PUT FRESH THE NEW CREAM DEODORANT UNDER THIS ARM. SEE WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION— PREVENTS ODOR BETTER.

Be lovely to love

Make the famous Fresh test. See why more women are switching to Fresh than to any other deodorant.

Fresh stops perspiration worries completely. Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science.

Fresh stays smooth...never sticky or gritty...doesn't dry out in the jar.

There was a sign on the cement wall—"Coward's Notch." A flight of stone steps led up to the street. He climbed the stairs with a great relief and burst suddenly into sunshine. It was morning, and he was standing in a clump of bushes on the edge of a very small town. There was a rutted dirt street, a few shabby wooden houses, a general store, and a post office. A horse was tied to a hitching post outside the store, and a bearded old man sat on the top step of the store's wooden veranda, his back against a post. On either side of the town were mountains, and on one side, far below, could be seen the winding thread of a river, sparkling in the morning sun. Mr. Nealy shook his head, gulped, felt weak in the knees. It was ridiculous, a subway that ran into the mountains, a stop at a place called "Coward's Notch." He could not believe it, and it became more fantastic as he walked down the rutted street. He stopped in front of the store and looked down at the dozing, bearded man.

"Good morning," he said tentatively.

The man opened an eye and looked at him. "Mornin', son."

"This is Coward's Notch, I presume."

"'At's right. Coward's Notch."

"Do you mind telling me what state this is?"

"New York State. Yep." He put a match in his mouth and began chewing with his rotted teeth. "Full of a lot of fellers who can't get along with the big city. Lot of 'em wanted to go to New York. Couldn't get up the courage. Made a bad start. Ended up here."

"That's why they call it Coward's Notch, I suppose."

"Reckon so. How'd you get here?"

"On the subway."

The man wrinkled his forehead and spat on the ground. "Heard that one afore," he said. "Number of fellers round here say they come that way. T'aint so."

"There's a stop right down the road," Mr. Nealy said. "It comes out in those bushes."

"Ain't nothin' in them bushes 'cept more bushes. That's what."

"Yes, there is, there's a——" He stopped and looked back down the road. Then suddenly he turned and ran fast for the bushes. He lifted them one by one, examined the ground, trampled in the dirt. But there was no entrance, no subway. Nothing. He turned and walked back toward the store, his heart sinking, his knees weak. "You're right," he said. And he sat wearily beside the man on the step. They were both silent, and after awhile Mr. Nealy began talking, low at first, then faster, with a great and crying passion. "All I wanted to do was come to New York. I wanted to work on a newspaper, and I came on the train at night. I was too afraid to come in the daytime, but everything went wrong just the same—everything, everything. And here I am in this place, and I can't get out and I don't know how I got in and I don't know where I am and——" He put his head in his hands and cried like a child.

When he lifted his head again there were other people on the steps around him. They were old men mostly, and they looked as though they came from all parts of America—a cross section of the country. They stared at him, shaking their heads with a great sad wisdom. "Hear you tried to get into New York," one said. "Hear you actually *got* in."

"Yes, but—well, I didn't make out very well. I guess New York has something against me."

"Has against everyone," the man said. "All us fellows wanted to go to New York once. Never had the courage to do it, and ended up here in Coward's Notch. Only one fellow from around here ever really got to New York. Fellow named Jep Doudy. Know what happened to him?"

"What?"

"Ran off and tried to sneak into the city. Did it at night so the city wouldn't notice. Know what happened?"

"No, what?"

"Jep Doudy was never heard of again."

"I see."

"Jep's the only one ever got in. All of us tried, got close, too. Never made it, though. Got cold feet at the last minute."

"It isn't as bad as all that," Mr. Nealy said. "A lot of people live in New York."

"Ain't bad, huh?" Another man laughed, gripped Mr. Nealy's arm and started leading him down the road. The rest of the group followed behind them, laughing.

"Where are we going?" Mr. Nealy demanded. "Where are you taking me?"

But there was no answer. Only laughter from the men who had wanted New York but had never dared it. And after a while, when they had left the town and climbed high to the top of a cliff, they stopped on the very peak. The man let go of Mr. Nealy's arm and pointed far off over the hills and beyond the river that lay below them. And following the man's pointing finger, Mr. Nealy saw what had frightened them all for so long—and what had attracted a certain Jep Doudy—New York City. It lay far off in the distance, the buildings rising steep in the sun, the river surrounding it like a great rock in the center of the ocean, a mountain to be climbed, a fortress to be assaulted. It was beautiful and terrifying, exciting and foreboding. It was enchanted and desirable—so terribly, achingly desirable.

Mr. Nealy let his breath out slowly. He glanced at the awed and yearning faces about him, and he said, "I'm going there,

and I'm going to stay. I am, I am, I am." But the people only shook their heads. They said, "We all tried it once. But we were frightened, like you, and we were thrown up here, like you. It's fate, and you're not supposed to try again. You had a chance, and you didn't have the nerve. Just Jep Doudy had the nerve, and he was never heard from again." And they gazed at Mr. Nealy with a strange mixture of pity and admiration.

Mr. Nealy turned on his heel and walked back into the town, the crowd following. He strode into the general store and said to the bewildered clerk, "Where can I get a train to New York?"

"Ain't none," the clerk said.

"All right. Where can I get a bus?"

"Ain't none," the clerk said.

"A taxi?"

"Ain't none. Them that comes here is here for good. New York don't want 'em."

Mr. Nealy was angry. He banged his fist on the counter and shouted, "Well, how *do* you get out of this place?

"Don't," the clerk said. "Just Jep Doudy, and he snuck away in——"

"Forget it," Mr. Nealy said. "Forget it." He turned and started from the store, noticed an old-fashioned wall phone hanging by the counter, and came back. "Does that phone work?"

"Don't know," the clerk said. "Ain't never been used."

"Well, for heaven's sake, why not?"

"Aint no one to call. Just Jep Doudy, and he snuck away in——"

Mr. Nealy picked up the phone and cranked the handle on the box. It made a clear ringing sound in the room. He cranked it again, and after a long time a voice answered. "Number pu-ll-ease?"

"Can you get me a taxi cab company in New York City?"

"Which company, pu-ll-ease?"

"I don't care which company."

"I must have the company, pu-ll-ease."

Mr. Nealy thought hard, then remembered a cab he had seen in a movie. "The Yellow Cab Company will be fine."

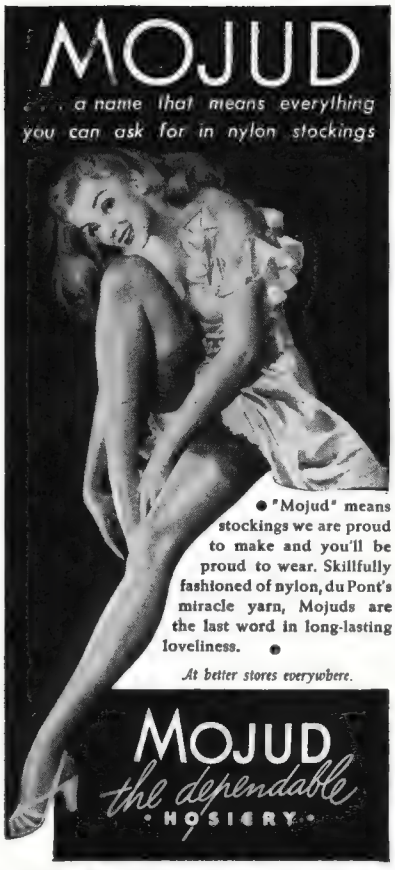
"One moment, pu-ll-ease." There was a wait, and then another voice, a man's this time. Mr. Nealy explained the situation. He was stranded in a place called "Coward's Notch," where New York City sent all the people it didn't want. But Mr. Nealy was not one of those cowards at heart. He wanted a Yellow Cab to come for him. He didn't have the slightest idea where Coward's Notch was, but it was probably somewhere in the Catskill Mountains, and perhaps the cab company could find it on a map. The man at the other end of the phone hedged for awhile. It was a long trip; the cabs weren't supposed to cross the river; it would cost a lot of money; difficult, very difficult.

"I'll pay him," Mr. Nealy insisted. "Get a driver and I'll pay him anything . . . anything."

The man hemmed awhile and finally consented. The cab would arrive in a couple of hours. Mr. Nealy hung up. He sat on a cracker box, weak with relief.

IT WAS a lonely wait, that one of Mr. Nealy's. The people of the town sat beside and around him in the general store. They told him New York was evil and inhuman, and if it didn't like you it swallowed you up like Jep Doudy, or it sent you off to Coward's Notch. They were pessimistic and frightened; and listening to them, Mr. Nealy lost some of his own fear of the big city. He had to admit that he had been afraid, terribly afraid, and that he had "snuck" in one night, in the same way Jep Doudy had tried to sneak in unnoticed. He admitted that, and he became ashamed of himself, and very confident, seeing the frightened people around him. So when

the Bra Beautiful
by FLEXEES
Flexaire
BY FLEXEES
Ah, there's a bra that once you've tried you'll never forsake. For it's one thing to be beautiful and another thing to be comfortable. And it's wonderful to have lovely lines and feel free as air, too.
FLEXAIRE BRAS 1.00 to 5.00 • FLEXEES GIRDLES and COMBINATIONS 5.95 to 25.00


MOJUD
. . . a name that means everything you can ask for in nylon stockings
● "Mojud" means stockings we are proud to make and you'll be proud to wear. Skillfully fashioned of nylon, du Pont's miracle yarn, Mojuds are the last word in long-lasting loveliness. ●
At better stores everywhere.
MOJUD
the dependable
HOSIERY
© 1946, TRADE MARK REG. MOJUD HOSI... INC., N.Y.C.

THERE'S CERTAIN TO BE A MOMENT WHEN YOU'LL BE loved FOR YOUR

kerchiefs by kimball

At fine stores everywhere

the cab arrived, he was mad with courage and impatience. He spoke to the bewildered driver, a thick-set fellow with a cap pulled low over his eyes. "We can leave right away if you don't mind."

"Can't get out any too soon to suit me," the driver said. "What kind of a burg is this anyway?"

"This is Coward's Notch," Mr. Nealy said.

But the driver only shook his head with wonder. "Me, Tim McCluskey," he said, "I been a lot of places, but this is the damndest burg I ever seen."

Mr. Nealy admitted that it was and climbed into the taxi. He looked out the window at the people gathered around the front of the store. "I'm off to New York!" he shouted. "I'm going to the big city!"

And the people opened their mouths, then closed them again. There was no answer, no good-byes. But when the cab had started down the rutted road, when it had turned at the bend and was gathering speed for the long drive, a great shouting cheer came echoing down the hills to Mr. Nealy's ears. It was the sweetest music he had ever heard, and he knew the people of Coward's Notch, the people who had never dared what he was attempting, were wishing him well.

They drove in silence, he and Tim McCluskey, down the rutted road to a macadam highway, deep through a valley, and out to a smooth concrete highway alongside the Hudson River. They drove in silence, for Mr. Nealy was thinking. His mind went back to his first approach to Manhattan, the train coming in at night, the frightened wandering through the maze of passageways, following green lights, taking a shuttle train, asking questions, studying maps, frightened and unsure—a timid little man trying to enter New York unnoticed. And he remembered the story of Jep Doudy, who had "snuck" into the city one night and was never heard from again.

There was something very similar in those two stories—something fantastic and mysterious, the way there had been a crazy mystery about his preceding twelve hours. A subway stop that did not exist; an empty train that ended in Coward's Notch, with an entrance that disappeared after he had climbed up to the sunlight. It was as though he was taken there on purpose, cast out of New York, defeated by some great and powerful force, in the same way that all the people of Coward's Notch had been defeated. They were all cowards, and New York had forced them by various mysterious ways to Coward's Notch, and it had forced Mr. Nealy there to join them. But why? He had tried to go to New York. He had wanted to go. He still did.

McCluskey turned in his seat. "You can see it now," he said. "That's Manhattan over there. Quite a place."

"Yes, it is." Mr. Nealy stared across the river at the high and formidable city. And then he smiled, for this time he was not afraid. He was really not afraid.

"Lived there all my life," the driver said. "Born on the East Side, raised on the West Side. Know it like the palm of my hand, and I love it. I love that lousy, rotten, beautiful, terrible, lovely place!"

"Yes," Mr. Nealy said, "it is terrible, isn't it? It's as if—well, as if the city doesn't want an outsider. If you come down from Maine the way I did, it's—well, it's hard to get in. I mean, the city seems to throw you right out again."

"How'd you come?" the driver asked.

"By train—at night." And Mr. Nealy told him the story of his entrance to Manhattan. He told him of the mystery station and the ghost train, his own terrible fear, and his growing confusion.

McCluskey listened silently, and when Mr. Nealy was through, he pulled his cap back on his head, then jerked it down again. "Well," he said, "I'm a fellow who's seen a lot of human nature, drivin' cabs all my life. That city there is human, if you know what I mean. Now when a guy comes in for the first time, New York wants him to jump into the pace of things—come in the daylight, holler and cuss and laugh and belong to the place. It's got a heart, that place, and it beats like hell, so fast a little timid guy couldn't stand the pace. So—it just throws him out—up to that place called Coward's Notch. So the city just stands there where those fellows can see it from a hill, and where the city can see those fellows, too. It's watching you now, see, and it's waitin' for you to make a false move, start sneakin' around or bein' afraid or something. See what I mean?"

"Yes," Mr. Nealy said, "I see."

"Now you take the way you're goin' in this time. Here we are at the George Washington Bridge. There's the city dead ahead. Scary lookin', ain't it? Well, never mind that. You're goin' there and work, be a big success, and you ain't afraid of no one and that city ain't too big for you either. It ain't——"

Suddenly a car swerved toward them on the bridge, and McCluskey put his head out the window. "Get off da road, ya bum!" The car swerved out of the way, and McCluskey pulled his head in. "See what I mean," he said. "That guy's scared, and he's gonna crack up someday. He ain't got the Manhattan attitude."

"I guess so," Mr. Nealy said. "I guess so." He sat silently awhile, seeing the city loom nearer, more frightening with each minute that passed. He took a deep breath, swallowed, fought down a crawling fear, bit hard on his lip.

THEY left the bridge and swung into Manhattan, and as they rounded a curve a car shot up beside them. Mr. Nealy glanced at it, then up at the city itself. It seemed to be watching his approach with criticizing eyes. Mr. Nealy leaned out of the window. "Kindly clear the way," he said.

The city scowled, and McCluskey turned in his seat. "Naw," he said, "that ain't no good!" He pointed toward the high buildings. "This is New York, Mac, and they're watching you; they're watching you. It's your second try, so make it good. For God's sake, make it good!"

Mr. Nealy tried again. He gritted his teeth, and glared at the car beside them. "Get off da road!" he shouted. "Get outa da way, yah bum!"

The car swerved toward the curb and there was a clear road before them. Mr. Nealy leaned back in his seat. He wiped his face with a handkerchief, held his breath and glanced up at the city. It seemed that the city was smiling, pleased and happy to welcome Mr. Sidney J. Nealy of Higgstown, Maine. He had come in the daylight, sure and unafraid, and the city was proud to greet him.

And Mr. Nealy—there was a wonderful strength inside his frail body as he rode majestically, with great confidence and triumph, down the road between the high and formidable buildings. Mr. Nealy had returned, and his heart was beating fast, the pace of Manhattan. He leaned back and gazed up through the cab's open roof at the glorious buildings and the morning sun above. He laughed aloud and rode kinglike into the greatest city of them all.

Victoria Lincoln is the author of Cosmopolitan's Blue Ribbon Story in June. It's a powerful love story that you'll remember

Hire a Veteran

Sign of David Bissell's Tavern, Connecticut hostelry catering to inter-state travelers during the first years of the Republic.

Signs of Old-Fashioned Hospitality

To many, the very name of William Penn Whiskey brings a suggestion of other days—of bars lighted by candles, and taverns warmed by old-fashioned friendship! For that's the kind of a whiskey William Penn is. Down through the long years its ripe bouquet and rich, mellow flavor have been as dependable, and as comfortable to have around, as a faithful old friend. Enjoy William Penn for yourself . . . sometime soon.

William Penn

JUST AS FINE AND MELLOW AS CAN BE

Blended Whiskey—86 proof, 65% grain neutral spirits. Gooderham & Worts Ltd., Peoria, Illinois

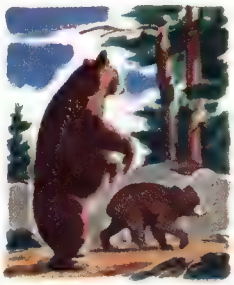
COPR. 1946 GOODERHAM & WORTS LTD., PEORIA, ILL.

Where Nature *Lets off steam...*

YELLOWSTONE
NATIONAL PARK

Pillars of steaming water spout skyward. Roaring falls, mysterious lakes, and pools like bubbling paint-pots also are part of Nature's magic show in Yellowstone.

The famous Yellowstone bears, with their entertaining antics, perform for visitors and there is other wild-life in abundance.

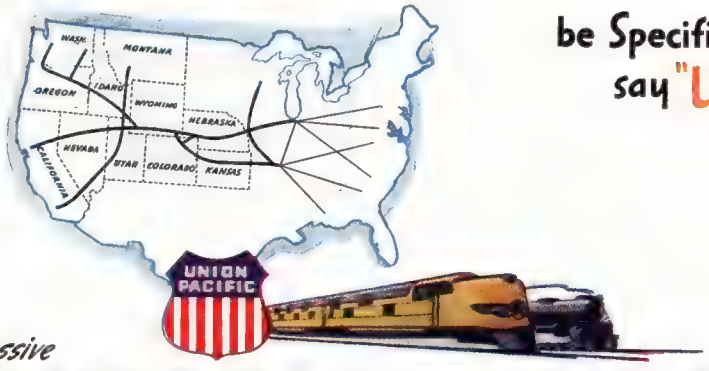


Beautiful Grand Teton National Park is but a few miles south of Yellowstone. Together they offer a double attraction for vacationists. Comfortable, inexpensive guest accommodations are available.

These wonderlands also may be visited as a short side-trip when enroute to or from the Pacific Coast via Union Pacific.

Travel by train and begin your vacation with relaxation. Ride in comfort and arrive rested. Union Pacific offers a variety of fast Streamliners and steam-powered transportation.

More western scenic regions are served by Union Pacific than by any other railroad. It's the world's greatest vacation travel bargain. For unexcelled passenger service—



be Specific – say "Union Pacific"

The Progressive

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

ROAD OF THE *Streamliners* AND THE *Challengers*

besides a good boy, and she was afraid that Machiavelli would corrupt him, for it was notorious that Machiavelli was a gay fellow and a dissolute.

Biagio reasoned with her. "Dear Francesca, now that Niccolo is married he will abandon his loose habits. Marietta, his wife, is a good woman and she loves him."

"A man who likes women as much as Niccolo will never be content with one," said she. "And, if she is his wife, less than ever."

"That is no reason why you should hesitate to entrust Piero to someone who can be useful in his career."

Monna Francesca gave her brother a sour look. "You are infatuated with the man. You're like putty in his hands. And how does he treat you? He makes use of you; he makes fun of you. Why should he be your superior? Why are you satisfied to be his subordinate?"

Biagio was of about the same age as Machiavelli, who was thirty-three; he was of the middle size, plump, with a round face, a high color and an expression of great good nature. He was honest and hard-working, a man without envy, who knew his own limitations and was satisfied with his modest position.

"Niccolo has the most brilliant mind of anyone at present in the service of the Signory," he said now. The Signory was the City Council of Florence and, since the expulsion of the Medici eight years before, the chief executive body of the state. "He has a knowledge of men and of affairs that men twice his age might envy. Take my word for it, sister, he will go far, and take my word for this too: he is not one to abandon his friends."

Madonna Francesca shrugged her shoulders crossly. Meanwhile Piero, like the prudent young man he was, held his peace. As he had foreseen, his uncle's worldly wisdom triumphed over his mother's anxious scruples, and so it came to pass that on the following morning Biagio called for him and together they went to Machiavelli's house.

The horses were already at the door, one for Machiavelli and two for the servants he was taking with him. Piero, giving his pony to one of the servants to hold, followed his uncle into the house. Machiavelli was waiting for them with impatience. "Now let us start," he said.

Marietta was in tears. She was a young woman of no great beauty, but it was not for her beauty that Machiavelli had married her. He had married her that very year because it was proper that he should marry, and she was of a respectable family and brought him as good a dowry as a man of his means and position could expect.

He put his arm round her shoulder. "Don't weep, dearest," he said. "You know I shall be gone only a little while."

"You will write to me often?"

"Often," he smiled. And when he smiled his face lost the sardonic look it generally wore, and there was something engaging in him so that you could understand that Marietta loved him. He kissed her and patted her cheek. "Don't fret, my dear. Biagio will look after you."

Piero, on entering the room, had stood just within the door. No one paid him attention. Though his uncle was Machiavelli's most intimate friend, Piero had seen little of him and had not exchanged more than a few words with him in all his life. He took a good look at the man who would be thenceforth his master.

Machiavelli was of the middle height, but because he was so thin looked somewhat taller than he was. He had a small head, with very black hair cut short so it fitted his skull like a velvet cap. His dark eyes were small and restless, his nose long; his lips were thin and, when he was not speaking, so tightly closed that his mouth was little more than a sarcastic line. His skin was sallow. In repose his face wore an expression that was wary, thoughtful, severe and cold. This was evidently not a man you could play pranks with.

Perhaps Machiavelli felt Piero's uneasy stare, for he gave him a quick, questioning glance.

"This is Piero?" he asked Biagio.

"His mother hopes you will see that he doesn't get into mischief."

Machiavelli gave a thin smile "By observing the unfortunate consequences of my errors he will doubtless learn that virtue and industry are the highways to success in this world and happiness in the next."

THEY set forth. Machiavelli and Piero rode together and the two servants behind. All four were armed, for though Florence was at peace with her neighbors, the country was unsettled, and you could never be sure that you might not run across marauding soldiers.

Machiavelli did not speak and Piero, though not by nature shy, was somewhat intimidated by that sharp, set face, and thought it wise to wait till he was spoken to. Machiavelli never said a word. Now and then he raised one hand to indicate that they should walk the horses.

Machiavelli was busy with his thoughts. It was much against his will that he went on this mission, and he had done everything he could to get someone else sent in his place; but the government in Florence had insisted. For one thing he was far from well and even now, as he rode, he had a pain in his stomach; and then, having recently taken a wife, he did not wish to cause her pain by leaving her. He had promised her that his absence would be short, but in his heart he knew that the days might run into weeks and the weeks into months before he got permission to return. But these were the least of his troubles.

The state of Italy was desperate. Louis XII, King of France, was the paramount power. He held a large part of the Kingdom of Naples, and was in firm possession of Milan and its territories. He was on friendly terms with Venice, and for a consideration in hard cash had taken the city states of Florence, Siena and Bologna under his protection. He had an alliance with the Pope and had promised Caesar Borgia, Duke of Valentinois, to supply troops to enable him to recover the lands, lordships and dominions of the Church.

Caesar Borgia, known throughout Italy as Il Valentino, was in his early twenties. With French help he captured Imola and Forli, but discovering that the French could not be relied on, he set about forming an army of his own. He engaged the best mercenary captains of Italy and proved himself a bold, astute commander. By force of arms, treachery and the terror he inspired, he gained possession of city after city, Italy rang with his exploits.

But his success aroused suspicion as well as admiration, and the mercenary captains under his command could not but fear that when they had served his purpose he would crush them as ruthlessly as he had crushed others. They met to discuss how best to protect themselves.

Caesar Borgia, apprised of this, sum-

PAINT RIGHT OVER WALLPAPER

$2.98* PER GAL. PASTE FORM

DOES AVERAGE ROOM

*Slightly higher in Rocky Mt. Area

TRUST Kem-Tone Miracle Wall Finish to keep giving you a bigger bargain in beauty for your home! This finer scientific blend of pigments, resins and oils is easy to use, dries in one hour and covers most any surface, even wallpaper, with a single, quick coat!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

THERE'S A KEM-TONE DEALER NEAR YOU!

$1 RIDS YOUR LAWN OF UGLY WEEDS!

Weed-No-More kills dandelion, plantain, other weeds. Won't harm lawn grasses or soil. Just spray on! 8-oz. pkg. treats 1600 sq. ft.

At Paint, Hardware, Garden Supplies, Department and Drug Stores.

WEED-NO-MORE

MAGIC WEED KILLER

Made by the makers of Kem-Tone

Stops Perspiration Troubles *Faster*

THAN YOU CAN SLIP ON YOUR SLIP

Look for this new, excitingly different idea in deodorants. Ask for new super-fast ODORONO Cream Deodorant... *stops perspiration troubles faster than you can slip on your slip.* Because it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper.[1]

Affords other greatly needed blessings too: Will not irritate your skin . . . or harm fine fabrics . . . or turn gritty in the jar. *And really protects up to 3 days.*

Change to new ODORONO Cream Deodorant—super-fast... super-modern . . . excitingly different.

ODO·RO·DO

CREAM DEODORANT

39¢ Also 59¢ and 10¢ Plus Federal Tax

[1]ODORONO ICE is back from the wars... 39¢

moned the Florentines to provide him with the troops they had engaged to send him in case of need and requested them to send an envoy empowered to treat with him. This was how it came about that Machiavelli was on his way to Imola. He was uneasy about his reception. Il Valentino would know that the Signory had dispatched him because he was a man of no official consequence, with no authority to make an agreement, who could only refer back to Florence and at every step must await his government's instructions.

Machiavelli had had dealings with Il Valentino before. He had been deeply impressed. He saw that this was a man of capacity, fearless, crafty, unscrupulous and intelligent, a great organizer and a brilliant general.

Machiavelli's business was to temporize, to allay the impatience of a man unused to being thwarted, to make no promises that had substance, to cajole a suspicious man with specious words, to use craft against craft, to counter deceit with deceit and to discover the secrets of a man who was notorious for his dissimulation.

A sarcastic smile played about Machiavelli's thin lips and his keen, restless eyes gleamed, for the prospect of matching his wits with Il Valentino's excited him. He began to feel better and he was no longer conscious of his aching stomach.

Observing this change in his master's disposition, Piero began to hum one of the popular songs that ran about the streets of Florence.

Machiavelli pricked up his ears. "Why, Piero, your uncle never told me you had a voice."

Piero let it out with complacency and sang an ascending scale.

"A pretty tenor," Machiavelli said with a warm and friendly smile.

He reined in his horse to a walk and Piero, accepting this as an invitation, broke into a well-known air, but the words were some that Machiavelli had written himself. He was pleased but did not fail to reflect that the boy had chosen the verse to ingratiate himself with him. It was a neat device, and he did not disapprove of it.

"How did you learn those words?"

"Uncle Biagio wrote them out for me and they fitted the tune."

Machiavelli made no reply and broke again into a canter. It occurred to him that it would be worth while to find out what he could about this boy. So during the rest of the journey, when hilly country obliged them to walk the horses, he set out to do this.

No one could be more affable, interesting and amusing than he when he chose, nor so subtle, and Piero, being neither shy nor self-conscious, answered Machiavelli's questions frankly.

"It is one of the misfortunes of my life that I never learned Greek," said Machiavelli. "I envy you for having read the Greek authors in the original."

"What good will that do me?"

"It will teach you that happiness is the good at which all men aim and in order to attain it you need nothing but good birth, good friends, good luck, health, wealth, beauty, strength, fame, honor and virtue."

Piero burst out laughing.

"It will also teach you that life is uncertain and full of tribulation, from which you may conclude that it is only reasonable to snatch what pleasure you can while you are of an age to enjoy it."

"I didn't need to learn the tenses of Greek verbs to know that," said Piero.

"Perhaps not, but it is reassuring to have good authority for following one's natural inclinations."

By well-directed questions Machiavelli

Hire a Veteran

gained presently a fair impression of Piero's capacity and character. He was inexperienced, of course, but quick-witted, more so than his Uncle Biagio, who, though good and honest, was of mediocre intelligence. Piero had the high spirits of his youth, a natural wish to enjoy himself and an adventurous temper; though ingenuous and in a way simple, he was not overscrupulous, a trait to Machiavelli's mind of no disadvantage, for it meant that the boy would not be hindered by a too-delicate conscience if he were wanted to do something a trifle less than honorable; he was strong and active and there was no reason to suppose that he lacked courage; his open face, his air of frankness, his engaging manner might all turn out to be valuable assets; it remained to discover whether he knew how to keep his own counsel and whether he could be trusted.

At the end of the afternoon they were nearing Imola. It was situated on a river in a fertile plain, and the surrounding country showed none of the ravages of war, since it had capitulated on the approach of Caesar's forces.

When they were about two miles away they met seven or eight horsemen, and Machiavelli recognized among them Agapito da Amalia, the Duke's first secretary. He greeted Machiavelli warmly and accompanied him into the city.

It had been a long ride, and Agapito asked Machiavelli whether he would not like to refresh himself and rest before presenting his credentials to the Duke. Though the army was encamped outside the walls, the small city, now Il Valentino's capital, was crowded with his personal staff, the members of his court, agents of other Italian states, merchants with necessities or luxuries to sell, solicitors of favors, sycophants, spies, actors, poets, loose women and all the ragtag and bobtail that followed a victorious *condottiere* in the hope of making money by fair means or foul. The result was that accommodation was hard to get. But the Florentine agent had made arrangements for Machiavelli and his servants to be put up in the Dominican monastery.

Machiavelli turned to Agapito. "If His Excellency can receive me I should prefer to see him at once," he said.

"I will ride on and find out if he is at liberty. This officer will lead you to the palace."

On the way Machiavelli asked the guide which was the city's best inn. "I don't fancy the fare those good monks of the monastery will provide, and I have no wish to go supperless to bed."

"The Golden Lion."

Machiavelli addressed himself to the courier. "When you have deposited me at the palace go to the Golden Lion and see that an ample meal is prepared for me." Then to Piero: "Attend to the stabling of the horses. The courier will show you the way to the monastery, and you will leave the saddle bags in charge of Antonio." This was one of his two servants. "Then you and the courier will come to the palace and wait for me."

At the palace, Machiavelli and the officer, dismounting, were admitted by the guard. The officer sent a soldier to tell the first secretary they were there. In a few minutes he came into the room in which Machiavelli was waiting.

Agapito da Amalia was a swarthy man, a gentleman, with good manners, suave of speech and with a candid air that deceived many into thinking less of his abilities than was wise. He was devoted both to the person and the interests of the Duke. He told Machiavelli that the Duke would receive him at once.

They ascended a fine flight of stairs

More beautiful than ever. . . in

Velva Leg Film

So easy to apply and quick to dry, Elizabeth Arden's leg make-up stays on the legs and off the clothes. Water-resistant. Clings, until deliberately washed away, with a blemish-concealing sheer-textured beauty that trims the ankle — slims the leg. Be sure to wear Velva Leg Film with bathing suits or shorts, it makes your legs look sun-burnished . . . far more lovely.

Sun Beige, light—Sun Bronze, medium—Sun Copper, dark

Approximately 20 pairs in the 5 oz. bottle, 1.00
Almost 50 pairs in the 12 oz. economy size, 2.00

SLEEK . . . the fragrant cream that removes hair and leaves the legs satin smooth, 1.00

VELVA LEG FILM BUFFER . . . for polishing after applying Velva Leg Film. Must be thoroughly dry, then buff lightly for a sheer-textured finish, .50

Elizabeth Arden

All prices plus taxes, except Buffer

Delicious . . . with Genuine
NEW ENGLAND FLAVOR
Mealy, tender, wonderfully better flavored. Actually baked (not steamed) with pork and spicy sauces, all day long . . . "Down East" in Portland, Maine.
B&M
Genuine
New England Brick-Oven
BAKED BEANS

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE?

Writing short stories, articles on homemaking, decorating, business, human interest stories, local and club activities, etc., will enable you to earn extra money. In your own home, on your own time, the New York Copy Desk Method teaches you how to write—the way newspaper men learn, by writing. Our unique "Writing Aptitude Test" tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. You'll enjoy this test. Write for it, without cost or obligation.

VETERANS: This course approved for Veterans' Training.

NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

Suite 545-E, One Park Avenue New York 16, N. Y.

and Machiavelli was ushered into a handsome apartment, the walls painted in fresco, with a large stone fireplace. A bright fire of logs blazed on the hearth, and the Duke stood with his back to it.

Machiavelli bowed to the Duke who, coming towards him graciously, took his hand and led him to a chair.

The Duke was a man of striking beauty. He was dressed in black, which emphasized his vivid coloring. His only ornament was the collar of St. Michael. His hair, of a rich auburn and carefully dressed, was worn long and reached to his shoulders; he had a short beard trimmed to a point and a mustache. They did not conceal his well-shaped, sensual mouth. His nose was straight and delicate and his eyes, under well-marked brows, were fine and bold.

"I offer you my apologies for presenting myself as I am, in my riding clothes, but I did not wish to delay to tell you what I had to say on behalf of the Republic," Machiavelli said.

He proceeded then to deliver the protestations of friendship as the Signory had instructed him to do. The Duke listened without speaking, and though his face continued to wear an expression of amiability, Machiavelli could not but see that he looked upon these amicable assurances as nothing but fine phrases. When Machiavelli had come to the end of the discourse he had prepared, there was a moment's silence. The Duke leaned back in his chair and, with his left hand fingering the order of St. Michael on his breast, hesitated. Then he seemed to make up his mind; his face was grave.

"Secretary," he began, "I desire to confide to you secrets I have told to no living man."

Machiavelli, his lips tight closed, his eyes fixed on the handsome Duke, waited. Caesar went on.

"I must tell you that one of my mercenary captains, Pedro Orsini, at one time begged me to attack Florence. I refused. He persisted, and I continued to refuse. I had nothing to do with his invasion of your territory. It was begun without my knowledge and continued without my aid. I will not pretend I regretted it. I didn't. The Florentines had broken faith with me, and I thought it well that they should have a lesson. But I received letters both from His Holiness the Pope and from the King of France and in consequence I ordered Orsini and the other captains to withdraw. It has won me their enmity, and they are now conspiring my overthrow."

He smiled and there was a cruel glitter in his eyes.

"They are fools, and this is the moment for the Florentines to conclude an alliance with me. If your masters wait till I have patched matters up with these rebels there will be as many difficulties and hestitations as before. If the gentlemen of your government want to come to terms they must do it now."

"I see the force of Your Excellency's arguments," Machiavelli answered after a moment's reflection. "No one could have put them more clearly and more convincingly. It is rare to find a man of action and a brilliant commander such as Your Excellency has shown himself, who has besides so logical a mind and such a command of language."

The Duke with a slight smile made a modest gesture of protest. Machiavelli hesitated, for now he had to come to the point.

"I have no power to make an agreement. I can only write to Florence and tell the gentlemen of the Signory what you have said and await their reply."

The Duke sprang to his feet. "Then what have you come here for?"

"I have come because Your Excellency requested my government to send an envoy to treat with him."

"But an envoy with full powers to treat."

Until now the Duke had treated Machiavelli with something more than ordinary courtesy, but now, his eyes blazing, he strode up to Machiavelli. Machiavelli rose and the two men faced each other.

"The Signory is fooling me. They sent you precisely because you have no power to decide anything. Their eternal shilly-shallying exasperates me beyond endurance. How long do they think they can continue to try my patience?"

He began to walk up and down the room, storming; he was bitter, brutal and sarcastic; he seemed to have lost all control over himself. Machiavelli, unmoved and far from frightened, watched him with curiosity. At last the Duke flung himself back into his chair.

"What are you waiting for, Secretary? Tell your government that I am deeply affronted."

"The last thing my government would wish is to affront Your Excellency."

"The discussion is ended. You may withdraw." He did not trouble to acknowledge Machiavelli's low bow.

Piero and the courier were waiting below, and Machiavelli was conducted to the Golden Lion.

He regarded his interview with the Duke as far from unsatisfactory. Il Valentino's anger seemed to indicate that he was nervous and his insistence on an immediate alliance with the Republic that he knew his position was perilous. Machiavelli was indifferent to the scant courtesy with which he had been treated. He knew when he started on his mission that he need not expect to be used with consideration.

Having done eating, he bade the courier show the way to the monastery where he was to lodge. Before going to bed Machiavelli wrote a letter to the Signory in which he described the events of the evening. The courier was to take it back to Florence at the crack of dawn.

MACHIAVELLI needed little sleep and awoke soon after sunrise. He called Piero to help him dress. He had no intention of remaining at the monastery, for he needed quarters where he could if necessary receive persons in secret, and he knew very well that at the monastery his movements would be conspicuous.

With Piero accompanying him, Machiavelli set out for the Golden Lion. Imola was a bright little town, and there was no sign that it had not long since changed masters. As they walked through the narrow, tortuous streets they passed a good many people going about their various business, and they looked contented. You received the impression that the tenor of their lives remained unaltered. Now and then they had to make way for a man on horseback or for a string of donkeys with a load of firewood. A man sauntered by with she-asses, whose milk was good for pregnant women, and announced his presence with the habitual cry. A peddler of pins and needles, thread and ribbands, passed along raucously calling his wares.

They entered the Golden Lion and Machiavelli ordered bread and wine for himself and Piero. Thus fortified they went to the barber's and Machiavelli had himself shaved; the barber sprinkled strongly scented water on his short black thick hair and combed it.

Machiavelli inquired of the barber where was the house of Messer Bartolomeo Martelli whom he desired to visit.

Machiavelli did not know Bartolomeo Martelli, but he had been instructed to

get in touch with him. He was one of the principal men of the small city, an alderman, and a man of wealth. He owned land in the immediate neighborhood of Imola and several houses in the town itself. He had numerous business connections with Florence. Bartolomeo was distantly related to Piero's uncle, Biagio Buonaccorsi, and this indeed was one of the inducements Biagio had held out to Machiavelli to persuade him to take young Piero with him. The connection would make it easier for Machiavelli to get on intimate terms with the useful man.

And Bartolomeo might be very useful. He was not only a considerable man in Imola, but it was he who had led the party that brought about the capitulation of the city without a struggle. Il Valentino, who was always generous with other people's property, had rewarded him with the gift of an estate which carried with it the title of Count, a fact Machiavelli had learned from the loquacious barber, and he had learned also that Bartolomeo, though he pretended otherwise, was inordinately pleased with his rank.

The Duke trusted him, knowing it was to Bartolomeo's advantage to be trustworthy, and had employed him on various commercial missions in which he had conducted himself with credit. The Duke was secret, but it was likely that Bartolomeo knew as much about his plans as anybody, and Machiavelli was confident that he would in due course succeed in extracting from him anything he knew.

The Signory furthermore had a hold on Bartolomeo: he owned several houses in Florence, and if he did not behave an accidental fire might easily destroy one of them.

"It is good to have friends," Machiavelli reflected, "but it is as well that they should know you can retaliate if they should be led to act other than as friends should."

The door was opened by a servingman. When Machiavelli, first giving his name, asked for Bartolomeo, the man said, "The Count is expecting you."

He led them into a courtyard, up an outside staircase and into a room of moderate size which a glance showed was used as an office. They waited a minute or two, and Bartolomeo blustered in. He greeted his visitors with noisy heartiness.

"I heard of your arrival, Messer Niccolo, and I have been awaiting you with eagerness."

He was a big corpulent man of about forty with long hair, receding from his forehead, and a full black beard; he had a red face, shining with sweat, a double chin and a somewhat imposing paunch.

"Biagio Buonaccorsi wrote and told me you were coming. A courier brought me the letter yesterday."

"Yes, a courier was coming and Biagio made use of him. This is Piero, son of our good Biagio's sister."

Bartolomeo gave a ringing laugh and taking the boy in his arms, pressed him to his paunch and kissed him on both cheeks. "Then we are distant cousins," he cried in a loud, booming voice.

"Cousins?" murmured Machiavelli. "Did you know this, Piero?"

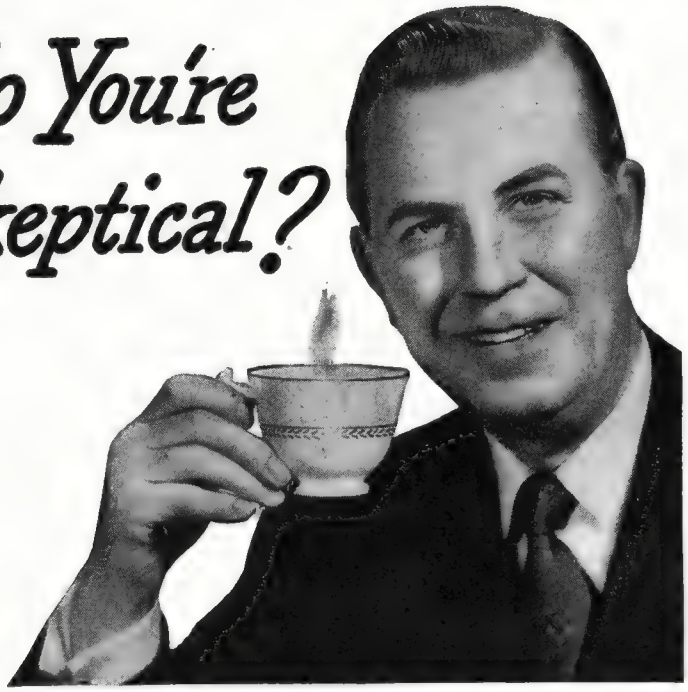
"My mother never told me."

Machiavelli only disclaimed knowledge of this fact, with which of course he was perfectly acquainted, because it was one of his principles never to let anyone know how much you know except with good reason. He was pleased to see that Piero had taken the cue without hesitation.

Bartolomeo asked them to sit down. He asked after his friends in Florence, and Machiavelli gave him news of such as he knew, taking care to let Bartolomeo know

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF

So You're Skeptical?



See if this INSTANT COFFEE isn't as delicious as the finest *ground* coffee you can buy!

● If you doubt that an Instant Coffee can taste as delicious as the finest ground coffee—then try a steaming cup of the NEW G. Washington! Just add hot water to *one-half teaspoonful* and see for yourself if it isn't the grandest cup of coffee you ever tasted! That's because it's *pure* coffee, 100% coffee—with no dextrins, maltose or dextrose added!

Thousands switching to New G. Washington

No wonder thousands are changing to G. Washington! For G. Washington, with 25 years' experience, *knows how* delicious instant coffee should be made! There's no coffee pot; no grounds; no waste. It's ready in 5 seconds. And it costs no more! The 2-oz. container is equal to a full pound of ground coffee. Ask for the New G. Washington at your grocery or delicatessen store today!

SEE HOW EASY IT IS to make G. Washington! Just add hot water to *one-half teaspoonful* and it's ready! Saves time, work—and it's *delicious!*

IT'S ALL COFFEE!

THE NEW G. Washington's INSTANT COFFEE

A PRODUCT OF AMERICAN HOME FOODS, INC.

that he had the confidence of the heads of the Florentine Republic.

"I am very glad to see you, and you may be assured that you can count on my services. I asked Biagio to send me a bolt of fine linen, but in the circumstances I suppose you had no opportunity to bring it."

Biagio, since he was ever ready to do a service, was constantly asked to do commissions for all and sundry and no one used him more than Machiavelli.

"On the contrary," Machiavelli answered. "Biagio made a point of my bringing it, and my servants will have it unpacked later in the day."

"My wife is making me some shirts. There is not a woman in Imola who can embroider like Aurelia. She was taught by the nuns, and though it's I who say it, she's a real artist."

Machiavelli's mind was busy. He was trying to size the man up. Bluff and hearty, plethoric, which suggested that he liked to eat well and drink deep, with a fat laugh and a booming loquacity. It remained to be seen whether the jovial manner and frank cordiality masked an astute and scheming brain.

Machiavelli turned the conversation to Imola and its condition. Bartolomeo was eloquent in praise of the Duke. He had adhered scrupulously to the terms of the capitulation; the sum he had exacted on occupying the city was not unreasonable, and he was proposing to spend much on making it a finer and grander place. In short the city was entering upon an era of prosperity, and everyone was well satisfied.

"Long may it last," said Machiavelli pleasantly. "And what will happen to you if the Duke's captains overthrow him and march into your city?"

Bartolomeo burst into a bellow of laughter and slapped his thigh. "They amount to nothing. They know they're powerless without the Duke, and they'll come to terms with him. Believe me, it will all blow over."

Machiavelli could not make up his mind whether Bartolomeo believed all he said, wanted to believe that what he said was true, or was just saying what he wanted Machiavelli to believe. He had still not made up his mind whether the man was stupid or clever. That frankness, that enthusiasm, that guileless air and those smiling, friendly eyes might conceal anything. He changed the conversation.

"Can you tell me where I can find a place to live with Piero and my servants?"

"I wish you had asked me anything but that," Bartolomeo laughed boisterously. "What with the Duke's courts and all the hangers-on, there isn't a hole or corner in the city that isn't occupied."

"I cannot conduct my business in a monastery cell. I must find accommodation for Piero and my servants."

"I will ask my mother-in-law. She knows more about a matter like this than I do."

He left the room and on his return invited his guests to follow him. He led them into a much larger apartment, with handsomely painted walls and a fireplace. Two ladies were seated at work by the fire. They rose when the strangers entered and curtsied in response to their low bows. One of them was a middle-aged woman of a comely presence.

"This is my mother-in-law, Monna Caterina Cappello," said Bartolomeo. "And this is my wife."

She was young enough to be his daughter. Following the fashion of the day her hair, naturally dark, was dyed very fair and, since the swarthy skin of Italian women did not go with this, her face, neck and bosom were heavily coated with

Hire a Veteran

a white cosmetic. The contrast of the golden hair with her handsome black eyes was very effective. She had a small straight nose and a lovely mouth. She was dressed in pale blue, with a full skirt, billowing sleeves and a bodice fitting her slim figure tightly and cut low in a square to show her snowy bosom and the outline of her young full breasts. There was a virginal quality in her beauty and at the same time a ripeness that made a very attractive combination. Machiavelli, though his face gave no indication of it, felt a queer sensation in what he was pleased to call his heart.

"Would these gentlemen not like some refreshment?" asked Monna Caterina.

She was dressed very like her daughter, but in a darker color. She had her daughter's fine black eyes and in youth must have been as beautiful. Machiavelli said they had already breakfasted, but his host insisted that they should at least drink a glass of wine.

"Aurelia, go and tell Nina," he said to his wife.

The young woman went out. He repeated to his mother-in-law what Machiavelli had told him about his requirements.

"It's impossible. There's not a room to be let in the whole city. But wait. Since Messere is a person of consequence and this young man your cousin, it may be that Serafina would take them. She has always refused to take lodgers; only the other day I told her it was a shame to keep that room empty when people were willing to pay anything to have a roof over their heads."

Bartolomeo explained that Monna Serafina was a widow, and that the house she lived in belonged to him.

"She could hardly refuse you, my son, if you made a point of it."

It was odd to hear Monna Caterina address the fat man as her son, for she could not have been more than two or three years older than he.

"I will take you round myself," said Bartolomeo. "I'm sure it can be arranged."

Aurelia came back and was immediately followed by a maid who brought in a salver on which was a bottle of wine, glasses and a dish of sweetmeats.

When they finished Bartolomeo proposed that he should take them to the widow Serafina. "Her house is just behind this one," he said.

Having taken their leave of the ladies, Machiavelli and Piero accompanied him downstairs and through a small yard to a door that led into a narrow alley.

"Here is the house," said Bartolomeo

The street door was immediately opposite the door through which they had just come, and the deserted alley suggested to Machiavelli that visitors in all likelihood could come to see him without being observed. Bartolomeo knocked, and the door was opened by a thin, tallish woman with a lined sallow face and gray hair. The look of suspicion on her face changed when she saw who it was that had knocked. She begged them to enter.

"This is Messer Niccolo Machiavelli, envoy to the Duke from the Florentine Republic, and this youth is my cousin Piero, nephew of my good friend and relative, Biagio Buonaccorsi."

Monna Serafina led them into a parlor, and Bartolomeo set forth the purpose of their visit. Monna Serafina's face went glum when she heard it.

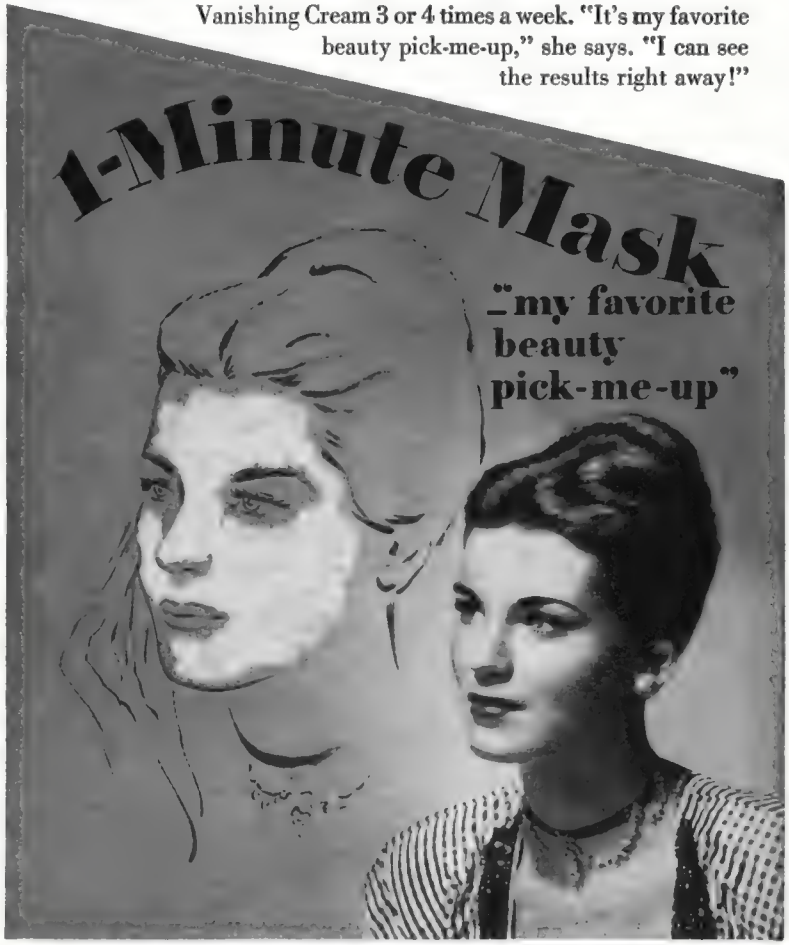
"Oh, Messer Bartolomeo, you know I've refused everybody."

"I know, I know, Serafina, but here are people I vouch for. And Piero is my cousin."

The discussion proceeded. Bartolomeo, in his bluff, hearty way managed to convey to the unwilling woman that the

Antonia Drexel Earle

High-spirited, and strikingly attractive with heavy-fringed gray eyes and jet black hair, Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle is very popular in Philadelphia's young social crowd. To help keep her fair, fine-textured skin looking its loveliest, Mrs. Earle has a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream 3 or 4 times a week. "It's my favorite beauty pick-me-up," she says. "I can see the results right away!"



Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle loves the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream

Glamorize your complexion in only one minute!

Mask your face—all but your eyes—in a luxurious white cloak of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

The Mask works by what skin specialists call "keratolytic" action—it loosens and dissolves little skin roughnesses and clinging dirt particles! After one minute, tissue off—clean.

Your complexion looks *smoother, brighter—more exciting!* And the Mask makes it *feel* beautifully soft. Now—make-up goes on smoothly!

Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

"A quick powder base, too!"

"For a quick, non-greasy powder base, I smooth Pond's Vanishing Cream on lightly —and leave it on!" says Mrs. Earle.

house was his, and if he wanted to he could turn her out. Serafina was poor, and she could not afford to offend Bartolomeo. With a somewhat grim smile she said that she would be happy to do him and his friends a service.

It was arranged that Machiavelli should have a large room and the use of the parlor, Piero a small room, and she would put down mattresses for the two servants in the attic. The sum she asked for rent was high, and Bartolomeo remarked on it, but Machiavelli thought it beneath his official dignity to haggle and said that he would be glad to pay it. He knew that nothing more predisposes someone in your favor than to let him rob you a little. There was of course no glass in the windows, but there were shutters to them and oiled paper screens which could be opened entirely or in part to let in air and light. There was a fireplace in the kitchen and the parlor could be warmed by a brazier.

THIS having been settled, Bartolomeo left them and Machiavelli and Piero went back to the Golden Lion to have dinner. They were just finishing when the two servants arrived with the horses and the baggage.

"Take the bolt of linen to Messer Bartolomeo's and have the maid take it up to the ladies," he told Piero. "That maid wasn't a bad-looking wench; it might be worth your while to get into conversation with her. Then go back to Serafina's and wait till I come."

He paused for a moment.

"She's a talkative woman and certainly a gossip. Go and sit with her in the kitchen. Let her talk to you about her children and talk to her about your mother. Then find out all you can about Bartolomeo, his wife and his mother-in-law. Serafina's under too great obligation to him not to bear him a grudge; if you can gain her confidence she will be glad to pour out her bitterness. It will be good practice for you to learn how with kind words and pretty speeches you can get someone to betray the hatred that is in his heart."

"But, Messer Niccolo, why are you so certain that she hates him?"

"I'm not certain at all. It may be that she's only a foolish, garrulous woman. The fact remains that she is poor and he is rich, and that she depends on his bounty; the burden of gratitude is very hard to bear. Believe me, it is easier to forgive the offenses your enemy does you than the benefits your friend confers upon you."

He smiled acidly and went his way. He had an appointment with the Florentine agent to meet a fellow citizen, Giacomo Farinelli by name, who had been exiled with the Medici, and who, being a clever accountant, had been engaged by the Duke. But he was anxious to get back to Florence and have his confiscated property restored to him, so could be counted on to make himself useful.

He confirmed what Bartolomeo had told Machiavelli in the morning. The Duke's new subjects were contented with his rule. The administration was severe but competent. The people who had groaned under the tyranny of their petty princes enjoyed a freedom from oppression they had not known for a century. By conscription, taking one man from every house in his dominions, the Duke had created an army which was much more reliable than the mercenary troops of which, in general, armies consisted. The Duke's soldiers were proud of the red and yellow uniform into which he had put them; they were well-paid, well-drilled and well-armed; and he had succeeded in inspiring them with loyalty.

"And what of the rebellious captains?" asked Machiavelli.

There was no news of them. No one knew what they were doing.

Machiavelli frowned. He was puzzled. The conversation proceeded, but though the accountant was very willing to tell all he knew, at the end Machiavelli was obliged to admit that he was no wiser than before. He left and returned to his lodging. Piero was waiting for him.

"Did you deliver the linen?" he asked.

"Yes. Messer Bartolomeo was at the palace. The maid told me to wait while she took it up to the ladies, and when she came down said they wanted to thank me in person for bringing it. So I went up."

"Then you didn't make friends with the maid as I told you to."

"There was no opportunity."

"You might have pinched her or at least told her she was pretty. There was opportunity for that."

"The ladies were very nice to me. They gave me fruit and cake and wine. They asked me a lot of questions about you."

"What did they ask?"

"They wanted to know how long you'd been married and whom you'd married and what Monna Marietta was like."

"And have you talked to Serafina?"

"You were right about her, Messere. If you hadn't come in she'd be talking still. I thought she'd never stop."

"Tell me."

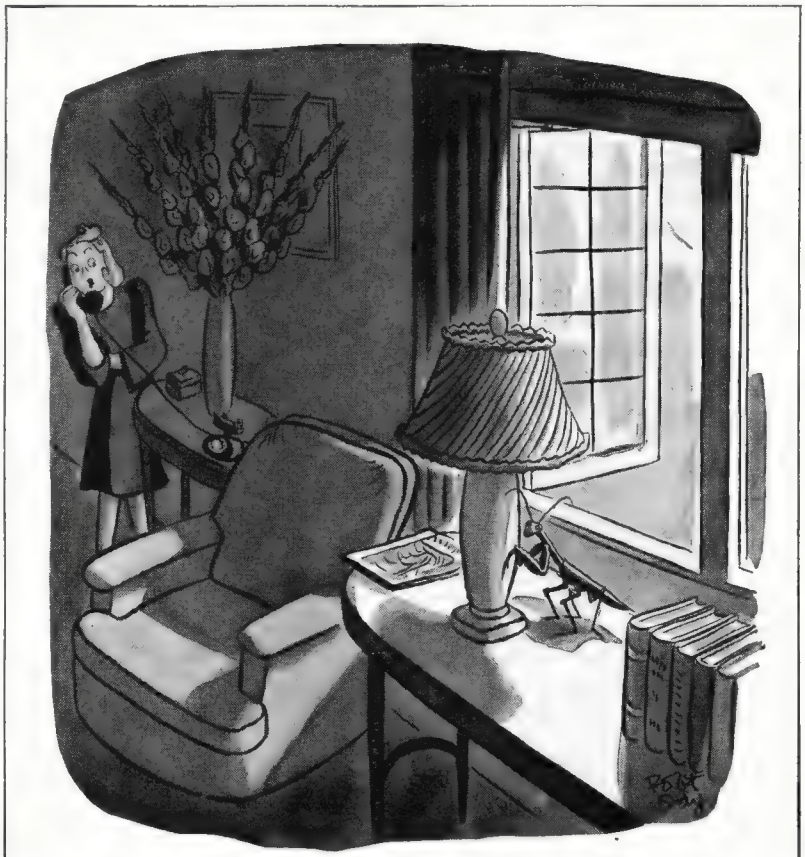
It was true that Piero had found out a great deal that interested Machiavelli. Bartolomeo was in high favor with the Duke. He was honest, kindly, generous and devout. This was his third marriage. His first had been arranged by his parents, and his wife after eight years died of cholera. After a decent interval he married again, but eleven years later his second wife also died. Both brought him handsome dowries, but both had been childless. He had remained a widower for three years and then suddenly married Aurelia. Her father had been owner and master of a coasting vessel that carried merchandise to the Dalmatian cities and had been lost with his ship in a storm. His widow was reduced to poverty so that she had to work as a seamstress.

Aurelia was sixteen when accident brought her to the notice of Bartolomeo. He was struck by her virginal beauty, yet, young though she was, there was in her a ripeness that gave promise of fecundity, and that was a matter of moment to Bartolomeo, for there was nothing in the world he wanted more than to have a son. He made an offer of marriage, and it was promptly accepted.

Bartolomeo was not only a businessman, but a shrewd man. Aurelia was twenty years younger than he, and he thought it advisable that she should have someone to keep an eye on her. He invited Monna Caterina to live with him and his bride. But Serafina had hinted that Monna Caterina was hardly a woman to be trusted.

"Serafina evidently doesn't like Monna Caterina," said Machiavelli. "I wonder why not. Perhaps she wanted to marry Bartolomeo herself and have him adopt her children. Perhaps merely envy. It may be of no importance, but it is just as well to know."

The marriage had been happy, and Bartolomeo was delighted with his young wife. He gave her fine clothes and fine jewelry. She was dutiful, respectful, submissive, in fact all that a wife should



"I hardly think one DDT bomb will be enough."

Hire a Veteran

Made to be admired—the exciting new *Elgin American* compacts.
Each one, a show piece of *Elgin American's* exquisite designing, enduring jewelry finish, and precision craftsmanship. Each one, a credit to your fine taste in accessories. The perfect gift.

Elgin American *featured at better jewelry and department stores everywhere*
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

Compacts • **Cigarette Cases** • **Dresser Sets**

COPYRIGHT 1948, ELGIN AMERICAN

THERE IS NOTHING BETTER IN THE MARKET
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original finesse developed with care. There is nothing better in the market
BOTTLED BY
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION INC.,
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION, INC., *at Louisville in Kentucky*

100 PROOF

be, but though they had been married three years she had not had a baby and showed no sign of having one. It was the great cross of Bartolomeo's life, and now that he had a title to transmit he wanted a son more than ever.

"Did Monna Serafina hint that the beautiful Aurelia might be unfaithful to her old husband?" Machiavelli asked with a smile.

"No. She seldom goes out except to go to mass and then only with her mother or the maid to accompany her. Messer Bartolomeo keeps a sharp eye on her, and so does Monna Caterina."

Machiavelli pondered. Aurelia's beauty had taken his breath away, but it was not only her beauty that had moved him; he could not remember any woman who had so violently excited his senses.

He knew a great deal about women. He had no illusions about his appearance; he knew that other men were handsomer than he and that many had the advantage of him in wealth and station. But he was confident in his powers of attraction. He could amuse them, he knew just how to flatter them, he had a way with him that put them at their ease, but above all he desired them; they were very conscious of that and it excited them.

"When a woman feels with every nerve in her body that you want her, she can resist only if she's passionately in love with another," he had once told Biagio.

It was impossible to suppose that Aurelia loved her fat husband, a man so many years older than herself, to whom she had been married by her mother because it was a good business proposition. But Bartolomeo must know that there were young men in the city, dissolute fellows attached to the Duke's court, who had noticed that she was beautiful, and he must be on his guard. The serving-man had suspicious eyes. He was beetle-browed, a sullen fellow with a great bony nose and a cruel mouth; he might well have been put there to spy on his young mistress.

And then there was the mother. Serafina said she had been gay in her youth, and it might be true; she had the bold, roving eye of the woman who has had adventures.

It was no easy matter that Machiavelli had now decided to undertake—the seduction of Aurelia—but that did not disturb him. He had confidence in himself, and the difficulty made the affair more interesting. It was evident that he must cultivate Bartolomeo and lull him into security, and it would be well to get on good terms with Monna Caterina. It had been a good idea to get Piero to question Serafina; it had given him some notion of the situation. But he had to know more, and then some plan might suggest itself to his fertile mind.

"Let us have supper," he said to Piero.

THEY walked to the Golden Lion and, having eaten, returned to their lodging. Serafina had put her children to bed and was in the kitchen darning a pair of stockings. Machiavelli sent Piero up to bed and, politely asking if he might warm himself for a little by her fire, sat down. He had a notion that Monna Caterina would be over very soon to ask Serafina about him, and he wanted her to give a good report of him.

He could be very charming when he chose, and now he did. She listened with all her ears to his gay gossip. Then he took another line; he told her of Marietta, his wife, and how hard it was to leave her. Serafina would have had to be a very clever woman to doubt that he was the good and devoted husband, the honest man he made himself out to be.

He listened with sympathetic interest while she told him of her husband's illness and death, the better days she had seen, and the responsibility it was to have two young children to launch into the world. He finally left Serafina with just the impression of himself that he wanted.

Machiavelli lay in bed late next morning. He read one of the cantos of the Inferno. Though he knew the noble poem almost by heart, it filled him as usual with exaltation; but at the back of his mind hovered the picture of Aurelia primly at work on her embroidery. He wondered how on earth he could arrange to see her again. Of course it might be that on a second meeting she would seem less desirable, and in a way it would be a blessing, for he had enough to do without engaging in a love affair. On the other hand it would be a pleasant distraction from his political labors. His reflections were interrupted by his servant Antonio who told him that Messer Bartolomeo was below and desired to see him. Machiavelli threw on his clothes and went downstairs.

"Forgive me for keeping you waiting, Count, but I was just finishing a letter to the Signory," he lied easily.

Bartolomeo, with a slight gesture of deprecation at Machiavelli's use of his title, as though to say that it was a trifle of no account, was obviously flattered. He brought news. The strongest fortress in Urbino was San Leo. It happened that it was undergoing repair and, taking advantage of this, a number of armed peasants rushed the gate and massacred Il Valentino's garrison. The news spread quickly, and other villages at once rose in revolt. Il Valentino had flown into a temper when intelligence of this was brought him; it was evident that the rising had been instigated by the rebellious captains and that could only mean that they had decided to attack him. The palace was in a turmoil of activity.

"What are the troops the Duke can at present dispose of?" Machiavelli interrupted.

"You'd better come and see for yourself."

"I doubt whether His Excellency would give me permission."

"Come with me. I'm going to the camp now. I'll take you."

It flashed across Machiavelli's mind that Bartolomeo had not come in a friendly way to give him information which in any case could not have been for long kept secret, but had been sent by the Duke expressly to tender this invitation. Like a hunter in the forest who hears a rustling in the undergrowth, Machiavelli was on a sudden alert.

They rode out to the camp. It was three miles from the city. Machiavelli was interested in military affairs, and he flattered himself on his knowledge. He kept his eyes open. He asked a lot of questions, both of officers and men, and sorting the answers, accepting what looked like the truth and rejecting what was improbable, formed the opinion that the Duke's force was far from negligible.

On getting back to the city he found a message from Agapito da Amalia to say that the Duke desired to see him at eight o'clock that evening. After dinner he sent Piero over to Bartolomeo's house to tell him that he was to have an audience with the Duke that night, and if Bartolomeo would go to the Golden Lion afterwards they might drink a cup of wine together; it was possible that he would have something interesting to tell him. This he did from a simple motive. He had come to the conclusion that he could only get into communication with

The choice of Jose Iturbi

FAMED PIANIST AND CONDUCTOR

"Baldwin! Again I say it is incomparably superior to all others . . ."

Choose your piano as today's masters do: by richness of tone, effortless action, and responsiveness. Baldwin and Baldwin-built Pianos are increasingly available. Meanwhile your Baldwin dealer has set one aside so you can hear and play it any time you like. Let him tell you when and how you can own a Baldwin.

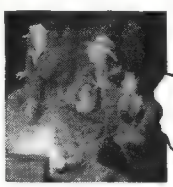
Baldwin

THE BALDWIN PIANO COMPANY · Cincinnati 2, Ohio
Makers of Baldwin, Acrosonic, Hamilton and Howard Pianos

Night and day there's fun at...

LAS VEGAS NEVADA

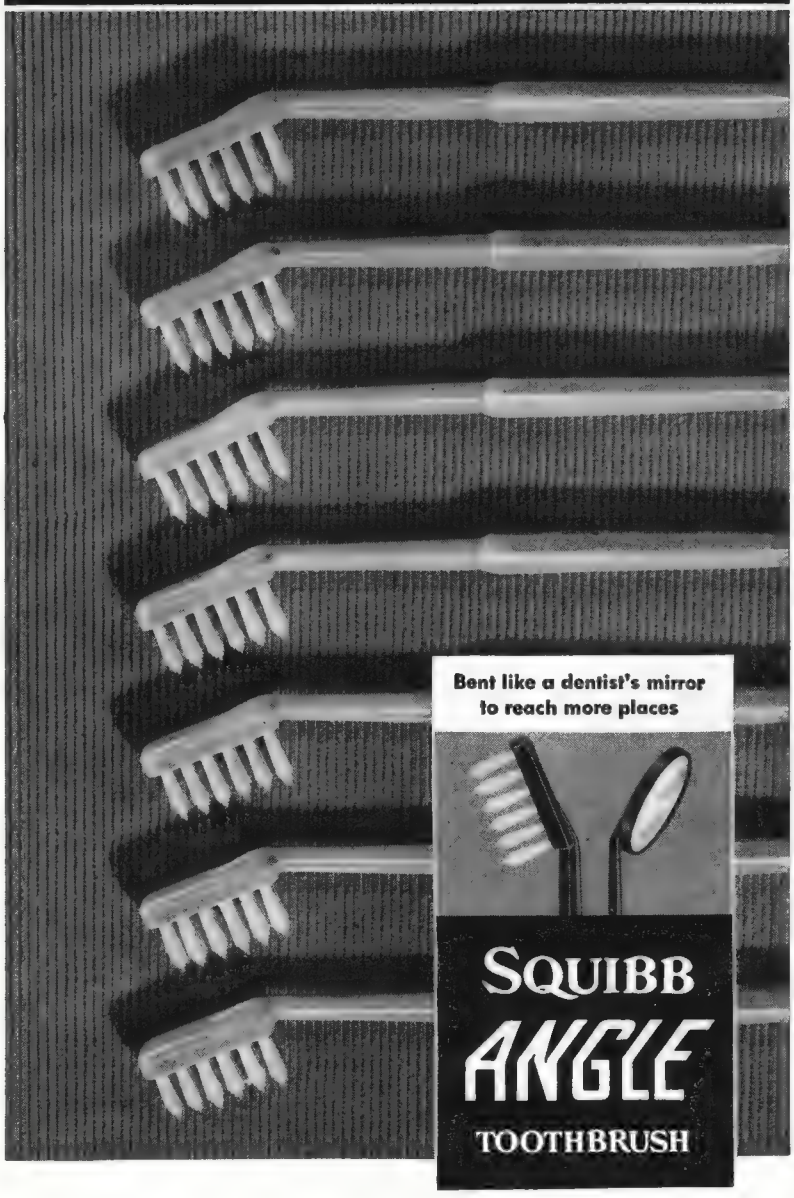
There's no chance for boredom in this streamlined frontier town! If the luxuries of your resort hotel or of the town's casino-night life should pall, there's excellent fishing; mountain climbing; trails to ride; swimming and boating on Boulder Dam's Lake Mead...all within 35 miles! Las Vegas is waiting to show you the time of your life, and it's convenient by air, rail or highway on Coast to Coast routes.



DESERT NIGHT RIDES
Complete with music

For information and rates write to Chamber of Commerce, Las Vegas, Nevada

Reaches neglected teeth



EVEN SOME VERY CAREFUL PEOPLE skip teeth that need cleaning—because their brushes can't easily get at every tooth. The Squibb Angle Toothbrush was scientifically designed to reach those teeth that usually are neglected. The moment you first put this new, improved toothbrush in your mouth you'll catch on to its secret. The *angle* does it. The Squibb Angle Toothbrush was developed by a practicing dentist after years of study of tooth-cleaning problems. It costs no more than other brushes. It's a joy to use. Your choice of hard or medium bristles.

SQUIBB *A name you can trust*

Aurelia through her husband and therefore must make friends with him.

Machiavelli went to his room and had a siesta, then decided that it would be a good thing to have another talk with Serafina. He had a notion that he could get more out of her than Piero had. He strolled downstairs as though to go to the parlor and on his way sang, a little more loudly than was necessary, the catch of a Florentine song.

"Are you there, Monna Serafina?" he said as he passed the kitchen door. "I thought you were out."

"You have a fine voice, Messere," she said.

"A thousand thanks. May I come in for a minute?"

"My eldest son has a beautiful voice; Messer Bartolomeo used often to have him over and they would sing together. Messer Bartolomeo is a bass. It is strange that a man so big and strong should have a voice of so little power."

Machiavelli pricked up his ears.

"What a pity I couldn't bring my lute with me! It would have been a pleasure to me to sing some of my songs to you."

"But my son left his lute here. He wanted to take it with him, but it's a valuable instrument and I wouldn't let him take it."

"Will you let me see it?"

"It hasn't been touched for three years now. I daresay some of the strings are broken." But she fetched it and put it in Machiavelli's hands.

It was a lovely thing of cedar with ivory inlay. He tuned it and proceeded in a low voice to sing. As he finished he noticed that tears were in Serafina's eyes. He put down the instrument and looked at her kindly. "I didn't wish to make you cry."

"It reminds me of my boy, so far away and exposed to so many dangers among those heathen people."

"It'll be good experience for him and under the protection of Messer Bartolomeo his future is assured."

She gave him a pinched glance. "Lazarus must be thankful for the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table."

Her acid remark assured him that he had not been wrong in his conjecture.

"The Holy Scriptures assure us that in heaven the position will be reversed," he answered.

She gave a laugh that was more like a snort. "He would give half his wealth to have my children."

"It is strange that none of his three wives should have produced a child."

"You men, you always think it's the woman's fault. Monna Caterina has her head screwed on her shoulders all right; she knows that if Aurelia doesn't have a baby soon it'll go badly with both of them. No more fine dresses then. No more rings and bracelets. I've known Bartolomeo all his life. He doesn't give much away for nothing. Monna Caterina is wise to worry. She's giving Fra Timoteo money to pray that Aurelia should conceive."

"Who, pray, is Fra Timoteo?" asked Machiavelli.

"Their confessor. Bartolomeo has promised to give a Virgin and Child when Aurelia has a son. But Fra Timoteo knows as well as I do that poor Bartolomeo will never have a child."

Machiavelli had learned more than he had hoped. A scheme beautiful and simple flashed through his mind, and he thought it wise to drop the conversation.

He idly plucked the strings of the lute. "You're right, it's a beautiful instrument. It's a pleasure to play on it.'

"You are very sympathetic, Messere," she said. "If it gives you pleasure to play, I will lend it to you while you're

here. I know you'll be careful with it."

Machiavelli had been wondering how he could induce her to make such an offer: she saved him all further trouble. There was no doubt about it, he had a way with women.

At the appointed time one of the Duke's secretaries, accompanied by men with torches, came to fetch Machiavelli. The Duke received him with a show of affection which was the more surprising since two nights before he had dismissed him in a passion. He appeared to be in high spirits. He mentioned the fall of the fortress of San Leo in an offhand way and seemed to have no doubt that he would easily settle the trouble. Then in an intimately confidential manner which could hardly fail to flatter the envoy he told him that he had sent for him to impart some news that would interest the gentlemen of the Signory. He produced a letter he had just received from the Pope's legate in France, which told him that the King and the Cardinal were anxious to please him and, knowing that he needed men, had given orders to send him six hundred lancers. The Duke showed the letter to Machiavelli so that he could vouch for its authenticity.

"Now listen to me, Secretary," he said. "You can see for yourself that I shan't lack strength to defend myself against these rascals. They couldn't have revealed themselves at a more convenient time. I know now against whom I have to protect myself and who are my friends. I'm telling you this so that you may write to your masters and tell them that I'm not bowing before the storm. I have good friends and among them I would like to count your masters—if they're disposed to come to terms quickly; but if they're not I'm finished with them for good and all, and even if I were up to my neck in water I wouldn't talk of friendship again."

Though his words were menacing, he spoke in such a gay and debonair fashion that they hardly seemed offensive. Machiavelli said he would write at once to the Signory to inform them of what the Duke had apprised him. The Duke bade him good night with cordiality.

When Machiavelli arrived at the inn he found Bartolomeo waiting for him. They ordered mulled wine. Machiavelli, pledging him to secrecy to make what he had to say appear more important, though he guessed that if Bartolomeo did not know it already, he soon would, told him what he had learned from the Duke. It suited him then to invent a little; he told Bartolomeo that the Duke had spoken most flatteringly of him, and when the fat man wanted to know in exactly what terms, Machiavelli had no difficulty in specifying them. Bartolomeo beamed.

"You are already the first man in Imola, Messer Bartolomeo; if things prosper with the Duke you may well be one of the first men in Italy."

"I am nothing but a merchant. I do not aim so high."

"Cosimo de Medici was nothing but a merchant, and yet he became the master of Florence, and his grandson, Lorenzo the Magnificent, treated on equal terms with kings and princes."

The expression on Bartolomeo's face showed him that the dart had hit its mark. Then Bartolomeo changed the subject.

"Is it true that your wife is pregnant, Messere?"

"It is a great joy to me. She expects her confinement some time next year."

"You are more fortunate than I," sighed Bartolomeo. "I have had three wives and not one of them has borne me a child."

"Monna Aurelia is a strong and healthy

America's Own Fragrance of Roses and Spice

EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice*

Cooling Toilet Water 1.00 and 1.75

Refreshing Talcum Powder .50 and 1.00

SHULTON
Rockefeller Center, New York

America is the Story of Individual Achievement — *Prices plus tax* *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Hire a Veteran

young woman. It is impossible to believe that she is barren."

"What other explanation can there be? We have been married three years. We went on a pilgrimage to Santa Maria de la Misericordia at Alvanio where there is a miraculous image of the Madonna. It had no effect. You can imagine what a mortification it is to me."

"You mustn't despair, my friend. A miracle is always possible, and you have surely deserved well of our Holy Church."

"That is what Fra Timoteo says. He prays for me daily."

"Fra Timoteo?" asked Machiavelli as though the name meant nothing to him.

"Our confessor. He tells me to have faith."

Machiavelli called for more wine. By the exercise of judicious flattery, namely by asking Bartolomeo's advice on how he should conduct himself in his difficult negotiations with the Duke, he soon brought him to a more cheerful state of mind. Machiavelli was a temperate man, but he had a strong head and the wine that had made Bartolomeo a trifle tipsy had not affected him at all.

When he got back to his room he proceeded to write a long letter to the Signory telling them of his interview with the Duke and what forces he had at his disposition or within call. He wrote fluently. Then he read what he had written. It was a good letter.

Next morning Machiavelli, with nothing much to do till after dinner, to pass the time took up his borrowed lute. It was a sunny day, and he sat by the open window enjoying the grateful warmth. The lane that separated Serafina's house from Messer Bartolomeo's was so narrow that a donkey with panniers could hardly have scraped its way through, and from his window Machiavelli looked down into the tiny courtyard.

He began to sing. He was in good voice that morning and, liking the sound of it, went on. Then he noticed that the oiled paper window in a room opposite was being opened, he could not see by whom. He did not even see the hand that fixed the paper panel, but he had a sudden thrill of exultation for he was convinced that the unseen person could be none other than Aurelia. He sang two of his favorite songs, love songs, both of them, and was in the middle of a third when the window was suddenly closed as though someone had come into the room. This somewhat disconcerted him, and a suspicion passed through his mind that it might have been the maid (interrupted by her mistress) who did not want to be found neglecting her work to listen to a stranger singing in the next house. But that evening his well-directed conversation with Serafina discovered to him that the window that had been opened was that of the chamber of Bartolomeo and his young wife.

Of course, the listener might have been Monna Caterina. It was evident that he must ingratiate himself with Aurelia's mother for without her he could do nothing. And what about this Fra Timoteo? He was their confessor; he was a friend of the house. It might be worth while to go and see him and find out what sort of a man he was. It might be that he could be put to good use.

Machiavelli's meditation was on a sudden disturbed by a tap on the shutter. He looked up but did not move; the tap, low and direct, was repeated. He went to the window and slightly opened the shutter. It was Farinelli.

Machiavelli went into the passage and opened the door. Farinelli, it may be remembered, was the Florentine accountant with whom Machiavelli had made contact the day after his arrival. Huddled in a cape, with a scarf to conceal his face, he slipped in and followed Machiavelli into the parlor.

"I have something important to tell you. Can I count on the generosity of the Signory if what I say is useful to them?"

"Without doubt."

"A messenger, riding post, arrived at the palace today. The rebels have at last formed forces. They have decided to collect seven hundred men at arms, a hundred light horse and nine thousand foot. They will soon be ready to attack the Duke."

"That is news indeed," said Machiavelli.

He was pleasantly excited. Stirring events exhilarated him, and he looked forward with the anticipation of a spectator at a play to seeing how the Duke would cope with the danger that confronted him.

"I can count on your discretion, Messer Niccolo? My life would be short if it were discovered that I have told you what I have."

"I know. But I am not one to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs." Machiavelli dismissed the accountant.

But while Machiavelli studied with attention the letters he received from the Signory and wrote almost every day careful and exact reports, while he gathered every scrap of information, every rumor, every piece of gossip so that he could come to conclusions that were at least plausible, he found time to pursue the plan he had devised to become Aurelia's lover.

But his plan involved spending money, and money was just what he hadn't got. The Florentine government was stingy, his salary was miserable, and he had already spent much of the sum they had given him on leaving Florence. He was extravagant and liked to live well. Then

Try this New Spring Salad for Saturday Lunch!

SPICY tomato-jelly base..."White cap" topping of well-seasoned cottage cheese...just the kind of salad men go for!

AND IT'S EASY...with Knox Gelatine. (Make it up ahead of time, whenever convenient!) Use Knox regularly for interesting new treats...for stretching leftovers...for *more-delicious flavor* in your molded salads and desserts.

KNOX is pure, unflavored gelatine. When you use it with *real* fruits and vegetables, you get all their wonderful true-flavor goodness (and good vitamins!) . . . so much more tempting than factory-flavored products!

RECIPE → WHITE CAP TOMATO JELLY

(Serves 6; uses ¼ pkg.)

1 envelope Knox Gelatine
¼ cup cold tomato juice
1½ cups hot tomato juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon celery salt
1 cup cottage cheese
2 tablespoons minced celery
2 tablespoons chopped stuffed olives
1 tablespoon chopped chives

Soften gelatine in cold tomato juice; dissolve in hot tomato juice. Add lemon juice, salt, and celery salt. Cool. Combine cottage cheese, celery, olives, and chives; shape into 6 balls. Pour a thin coating of gelatine into individual molds that have been rinsed in cold water. When firm, put a cheese ball in each mold. When remaining gelatine begins to thicken, pour into molds. Chill until firm. Serve with mayonnaise. Garnish with additional cottage cheese.

NOTE: Whenever your recipe says *plain, unflavored gelatine*...remember, *the* plain, unflavored gelatine is Knox!

FREE—write to Mrs. Charles B. Knox, Box C5, Johnstown, N. Y., for her beautifully illustrated recipe booklet.

KNOX GELATINE

a strange thing happened. Giacomo Farinelli, who before had only come to see him at night, muffled up so that no one should recognize him, appeared at the door in broad daylight and asked to see him. His manner, which hitherto had been furtive and frightened, was now open and cordial. He did not delay to come to the object of his visit.

"I am commissioned by someone who is your friend and who highly esteems your abilities to ask you to accept this small token of his appreciation." From the folds of his dress he drew a bag and placed it on the table.

Machiavelli heard the clink of coin. "What is that?" he asked, his lips tightening and his eyes cold.

"Fifty ducats," smiled Farinelli.

"Why should the Duke wish to give me fifty ducats?"

"The Duke would be the last man to wish you to do anything against your conscience or to the injury of Florence. What he wants is to your mutual benefit, the Republic's and his. The Signory has confidence in your judgment, and all the Duke would have you do is to put his case in such a way as to appeal to the common sense of intelligent men."

"You need say no more," said Machiavelli, his thin lips curling into a sarcastic smile. "I have no use for the Duke's money. I shall continue to advise the Signory according to the best interests of the Republic."

When he was once more alone he laughed out loud. The possibility of accepting the money had never for an instant occurred to him, but he could not help being amused when he thought how useful it would have been to him. But as he laughed an idea occurred to him, and it made him laugh all the more. He was sure he could borrow the money he needed from Bartolomeo, who would be only too glad to oblige him. It would be a priceless jest. And what a good story it would make to tell when he got back to Florence!

He had not seen Bartolomeo for two days when he ran across him just before dinner at the palace to which he had gone for news. After exchanging a few friendly words he said, "Why don't you come this evening, and we'll have a little music?"

Bartolomeo was pleased to say he could think of nothing he would enjoy more. But later that day his servant brought a letter to Machiavelli. Bartolomeo wrote that the ladies of his house didn't see why they should be deprived of a treat; the big room in his house was much better suited for music than Serafina's cold small parlor; it had a fireplace so that they could warm themselves at its cheerful blaze, and if he and cousin Piero would do them the honor to sup with them, their happiness would be complete.

Machiavelli accepted with alacrity. He had himself shaved and his hair trimmed and he put on his best clothes, a long black damask sleeveless tunic and a tight-fitting jacket with billowing velvet sleeves. Piero had dressed himself up also for the occasion, but his pale blue tunic reached only half way down his thighs, and he wore a purple belt round his waist; his handsome legs were encased in dark blue hose and his jacket, with sleeves less ample than Machiavelli's, was dark blue also; a purple cap was perched jauntily on his curly locks. Machiavelli looked at him with approval.

"You should make quite an impression on the little maid, Piero," he smiled. "What did you say her name was? Nina?"

"Why do you wish me to become her sweetheart?" asked Piero.

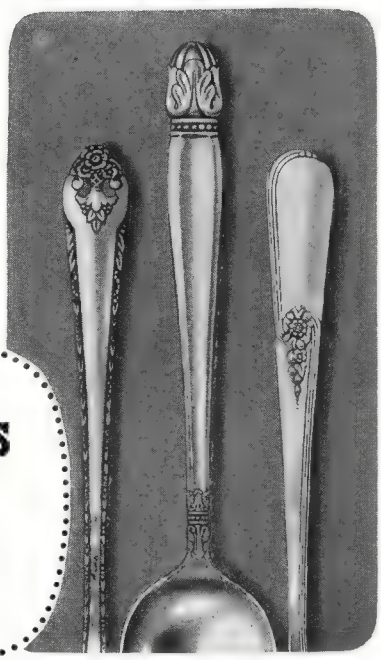
"I like to think that you will not have entirely wasted your time on this trip.

Why I'm choosing these

'cause I'm sure Holmes & Edwards is a better kind of silverplate. It is *Sterling Inlaid* with two blocks of sterling silver at the backs of bowls and handles of the most used spoons and forks. Surely that means my precious spoons and forks will stay lovelier longer.

'cause I'm thrifty! A fifty piece service for eight, including chest, costs only $65.75 *No federal tax.*

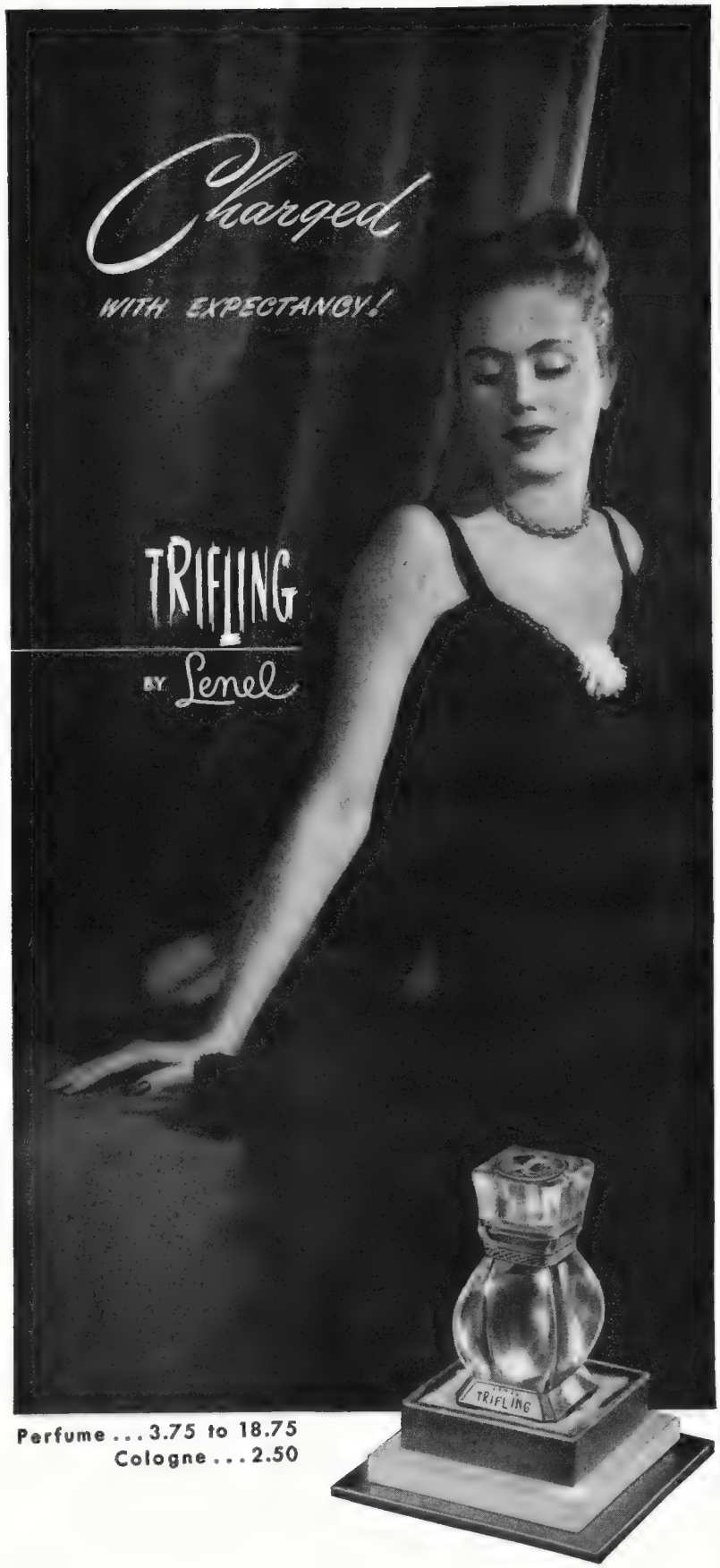
LOVELY LADY DANISH PRINCESS YOUTH



HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID° SILVERPLATE

HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

Copyright 1946, International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Div., Meriden, Conn. In Canada: The T. Eaton Co., Ltd. °Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Perfume . . . 3.75 to 18.75
Cologne . . . 2.50

And besides, it may be useful to me."

"How?"

"Because I am very interested in her mistress."

"You?"

There was so much surprise in Piero's one that Machiavelli flushed angrily. "And why not, if you please?"

Piero saw that his master was put out and hesitated. "You're married and—well, as old as my uncle."

"You speak like a fool. A woman of sense will always prefer a man in the flower of his age to an inexperienced boy."

But though Machiavelli was quick-tempered, he could not be angry long. He patted Piero's smooth cheek. "It is very hard to keep secrets from a maid," he smiled. "You would be doing me a service if you shut her mouth with kisses."

They had only to step across the narrow lane and on knocking were let in by the servingman. Monna Caterina was handsomely gowned in black, but Aurelia wore a rich dress of Venetian brocade; its opulent colors enhanced the whiteness of her breast and the brilliant fairness of her hair.

After the usual compliments they sat down to wait for supper. The ladies had been working when Machiavelli and Piero came in.

"You see, they've already got busy on the linen you brought me from Florence," said Bartolomeo.

"You are pleased with it, Monna Aurelia?" asked Machiavelli.

She looked at him and her great dark eyes resting on him for a moment made his heart beat.

"I wish my Marietta had such a charming gift and the industry to make such good use of it."

"This woman of mine is as industrious as she is good," Bartolomeo said fondly.

Machiavelli could not but reflect that he was interested neither in her goodness nor her industry. He reflected further that husbands were often mistaken in the virtues they ascribed to their wives.

Supper was served, and he exerted himself to be entertaining. Afterwards he suggested that they should try their voices. Part singing was a common accomplishment of the day, and with Bartolomeo's bass, Machiavelli's light baritone and Piero's agreeable tenor they acquitted themselves to their mutual satisfaction. Then Machiavelli sang one of Lorenzo de Medici's songs, and the other two joined in the chorus. As he sang he looked at Aurelia in the hope that she would guess he was singing only to her, and when their eyes met, and she looked down, he flattered himself that she was at least aware of his feelings. That was the first step.

So the evening passed. It was a dull life the two ladies led, and such a diversion was a rare treat to them. Aurelia's delight was plain in the shining of her splendid eyes. The more Machiavelli looked at them the more sure he was that here was a woman, unawakened still, who was capable of passion. He was prepared to awaken her. Furthermore an ingenious idea had occurred to him. He would ask Fra Timoteo, Aurelia's confessor, to help him.

Early next morning he made his way to the monastery in which Fra Timoteo was a monk, found the Franciscan, and introduced himself.

The monk was a man of medium stature, of a comfortable corpulence, which suggested to Machiavelli's cool mind that he was given to fasting no more than the rules of his order de-

manded but not to the gross vice of gluttony. He felt instinctively that this was a man he could deal with.

Machiavelli told Fra Timoteo smoothly that he had been commissioned by the Signory to find a preacher to deliver the Lenten sermons in the cathedral at Florence. He suggested that if Fra Timoteo would join him for supper, his advice would be most welcome.

Fra Timoteo accepted the invitation. Machiavelli went home, but on the way called on Bartolomeo and asked him for a loan. He explained that he was put to great expense at Imola in connection with his mission and the funds he was expecting from the Signory had not yet arrived. But Bartolomeo cut him short.

"Dear Niccolo," he said in his jovial way, "you do not have to tell me that in this court one can get nothing without paying for it. For your own sake as well as for that of the Signory I shall be happy to lend you whatever you require. How much do you want?"

Machiavelli was surprised and pleased. "Twenty-five ducats."

"Is that all? Wait and I will give it to you at once."

He left the room and in a minute or two came back with the money. Machiavelli regretted that he had asked for so little.

"And when you want more don't hesitate to ask me," said Bartolomeo, beaming.

"A fool and his money are soon parted," Machiavelli said to himself as he returned to his lodging.

Brother Timoteo came to supper. Machiavelli saw that his cup was well filled and when, supper finished, he led him into the parlor so that they might talk undisturbed, he told one of his servants to bring a flagon of wine.

"Now let us get down to business," he said.

Fra Timoteo told him that he had been giving the subject of their conversation careful thought and mentioned three monks who had some reputation in the city as preachers. He described their respective merits with candor but, with an ingenuity that Machiavelli could not but admire, introduced into his eulogy of each a note of disparagement which effectively overrode his recommendation.

Machiavelli smiled blandly. "You have spoken of these excellent monks with a sincerity and a disinterestedness which are what I should have expected of you, Father, but you have left out the name of one whose talents and piety according to all accounts are infinitely superior to theirs."

"And who may that be, Messere?"

"Fra Timoteo."

The monk gave a start of well-simulated surprise. "You cover me with confusion, Messere. The Signory want a monk of reputation, and I am but a poor friar in a poverty-stricken monastery of a provincial city. I have neither great birth to recommend me nor powerful friends."

"I am your friend, Father, and such little influence as I have is at your service. And there is no reason why I should not speak of the matter with our good friend Bartolomeo. I have little doubt that I can persuade him that it is an idea of his own to write to certain powerful connections of his in Florence."

Fra Timoteo smiled. "Our dear Bartolomeo. He is goodness itself, but it cannot be denied that he is a little simple."

Thus Machiavelli conducted their colloquy to the point at which he had been aiming. He refilled the empty cups. "Bartolomeo is a very worthy creature. How sad it is that such an excellent and deserving creature should not have been

It's as simple as this!

GIVE YOURSELF A BEAUTIFUL *Crowning Glory*

COLD WAVE PERMANENT.. AT HOME!

Ideal FOR CHILDREN'S HAIR, TOO

The dainty softness of your little girl's hair will be accented by a natural-looking Crowning Glory Permanent given at home. Crystal-clear Crowning Glory Solutions are as effective and easily used on her baby hair as on yours.

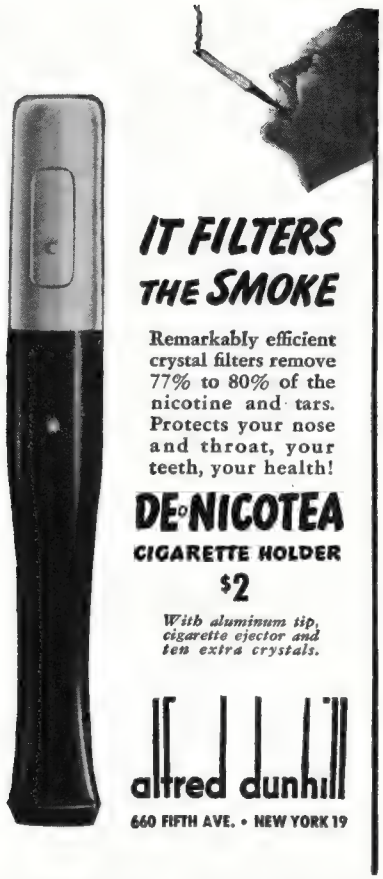
You can treat yourself to a perfect, soft, natural-looking permanent—done at home—in three hours or less with the simple, ready-to-use Crowning Glory Cold Wave Permanent Solutions . . . Simply put your hair in curlers, dampen each curl with Crowning Glory and, in less time than you believe, you have a lovely new permanent—ready to set in your own most flattering style . . . And all you need is—

CROWNING GLORY!

Complete with Curlers . . . $2.00 plus tax

Crowning Glory

Ask for Crowning Glory Cold Permanent Wave Packet at Leading Cosmetic Counters and Notions Departments



IT FILTERS THE SMOKE

Remarkably efficient crystal filters remove 77% to 80% of the nicotine and tars. Protects your nose and throat, your teeth, your health!

DE·NICOTEA
CIGARETTE HOLDER
$2

With aluminum tip, cigarette ejector and ten extra crystals.

alfred dunhill
660 FIFTH AVE. • NEW YORK 19

granted the dearest wish of his heart."

Fra Timoteo looked at him inquiringly.

"You must know as well as I do that he would give half his possessions to have a son."

"It is indeed an obsession with him; he can talk of nothing else."

"Father, I have a small property not far from Florence and to augment the poor salary I receive from the Signory I make what money I can by farming my land. I have cows and it sometimes happens that you get a bull, to all appearances strong and healthy, who for some reason suffers from the same unfortunate disability as our good friend Bartolomeo. Then you kill the bull for butcher's meat and on the proceeds buy another."

Fra Timoteo smiled. "It is not practicable to go to such lengths with human beings."

"Nor necessary. But the theory is sound."

It took the friar a moment to grasp exactly what Machiavelli meant. Then he shook his head vigorously. "You have acquired my good will by the charm of your conversation and the graciousness of your manner, Messere," said the monk. "But I cannot be of service to you."

"I will ask you to do nothing that can weigh on your conscience," said Machiavelli, concealing his disappointment. "I should merely like you to arrange it so that I may have a conversation with Monna Caterina in private."

Fra Timoteo looked thoughtful. "I can see no harm in that. Monna Caterina will bring her daughter on Friday for confession. You would have an opportunity of talking to her then."

So far so good.

ON FRIDAY Machiavelli waited till vespers were over before entering the church. He was just in time to see Fra Timoteo go into the confessional, and in a moment Aurelia followed him. Monna Caterina was sitting alone in one of the chapels. Machiavelli joined her. She did not seem surprised to see him, and he could see no object in beating about the bush. He told her that he had fallen passionately in love with her daughter and asked her to plead his cause with her. Monna Caterina seemed amused rather than indignant. She informed him that he was not the first to succumb to her daughter's charms.

"But I brought her up very strictly, Messere Niccolo. I have had great misfortune in my life. I have been tossed on stormy seas, and now that I am safe in harbor I have no wish to expose myself again to the fury of the elements."

"I can well understand it, but are you so sure that your anchor is firm and your mooring taut?"

Monna Caterina did not answer, and Machiavelli was conscious of the uneasiness of her silence.

He went on. "Am I not right in thinking that if Monna Aurelia does not soon produce the heir Bartolomeo craves he has it in mind to adopt the two sons of his sister, Monna Costanza?"

Once again Monna Caterina made no reply.

"You have too great an experience of the world, Madonna, to make it necessary for me to tell you what your position and that of your daughter would be in such a case."

Two tears trickled down Monna Caterina's cheeks.

Machiavelli patted her hand in kindness. "Desperate situations demand desperate remedies. Should the opportunity present itself so that what we both wish could be effected without danger, may I count on your help?"

"You are a charming man, Messer Niccolo, and what you say makes excellent sense. But I do not see how the opportunity can be brought about. Bartolomeo is too good a businessman to take unnecessary risks. When his affairs force him to absent himself his servant is there to protect my daughter."

"I am well aware of it. I suggest to you that if Bartolomeo, accompanied by his servant, went to Ravenna and spent a night in prayer and meditation before the sarcophagus which contains the mortal remains of San Vitale, his prayers would be answered."

"San Vitale? Who was he?"

"Bartolomeo knows no more of the miraculous powers of the saint than you or I. A drowning man will catch at a straw, and Ravenna is but twenty miles away. If you told Bartolomeo that you had heard something about the peculiar power of the saint, can you believe that he would hesitate to make so short journey to achieve a result he so much desires?"

"Perhaps not. But if he does decide to go, Messer Niccolo, I cannot promise to do more for you than to see that you are admitted to our house the night he is away."

"That is all I ask."

Slipping out of the church, he went to a silversmith's and there bought a chain, only of silver gilt, certainly, for he had not the money for a gold one, but of very pretty workmanship. Next morning he sent Piero to buy a basket of the luscious figs which Monna Caterina had told him she liked so much, and putting the chain at the bottom of the basket told Piero to take them to her. He felt that he and Monna Caterina understood each other perfectly, but he knew that nothing confirms an understanding like a little present.

After some days Bartolomeo suggested that they should repeat the evening of good cheer and singing which had been so enjoyable. They did so. Things went off as before, with pleasant conversation and some good music; Aurelia, never very chatty, was more silent than usual, but Machiavelli was conscious that when he was talking in his sprightly way to the others she looked at him appraisingly. Was it only his fancy that when from time to time he caught Aurelia's eyes he saw in them a smiling tenderness that suggested she was not indifferent to him?

The affairs of his mission kept Machiavelli so busy that for several days after this he was obliged to devote his whole time to them; but through Piero he sent Aurelia a flask of attar of roses which he had bought at a cost which he could ill afford. It was a good sign that she did not refuse it. He congratulated Piero on the tact and skill which he managed to convey it to her without anyone's knowing and gave him a scudo so that he could prosecute his suit with Nina, the maid.

"How are you getting on, my boy?" he asked.

"I don't think she dislikes me," said Piero. "She's frightened of that servant of theirs."

"Don't be discouraged; if she likes you she'll find ways and means to arrange things."

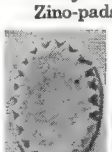
Then on a rainy afternoon, Bartolomeo sent round to ask Machiavelli if he could spare the time to come to his house to play chess. Machiavelli decided that what work he had to do could be done later, and went.

Bartolomeo received him in his study. "I thought we could play more conveniently here than in company with a pair of chattering women," he said.

Instant Relief from CORNS, SORE TOES

For quick relief beyond belief, use *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. The instant you apply them on corns or sore toes, painful shoe friction stops, pressure is lifted. Thin, soft, soothing, cushioning, protective. Separate *Medications* included for speedily removing corns. Skin-tone blended. Worn almost invisibly. Easy to apply. No bulk, no unsightly taping. Cost but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores and Toiletry Counters. Get a box today. Insist on Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads!

Special Size for Small Corns



Regular Size for Corns, Sore Toes

2 Sizes for Corns, Sore Toes. Also Sizes for Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

4 Reasons Why

Fleischmann's makes America's Most Delicious Martini!

1 Fleischmann's "Dry" Dryness!
Not just dry—FLEISCHMANN'S GIN is "dry" dry . . . without the slightest trace of "sweetness." In fact, tests show it's 100% dry—a connoisseur's choice, yet *priced for you to enjoy!*

2 Fleischmann's Taste!
It's light! It's delicate! A taste found only in FLEISCHMANN'S. It comes from a mash *specially prepared* from finest American grains . . . plus *continuous* distillation.

3 Fleischmann's Smoothness!
It's so soft! So velvety! So *very, very* smooth! The reason? It's 76 years of "know how"—for *no other* gin was made in America before FLEISCHMANN'S!

4 Fleischmann's Mixability!
It's priceless—for making perfect drinks! The secret is simply that FLEISCHMANN'S provides the ideal "base" for Martinis, Tom Collins, *for all gin drinks!* It's "balanced" at 90 proof—just right!

EST. 1870

America's First Gin

You find all 4 only in

FLEISCHMANN'S...

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF. THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK.

ACCENT THOSE *Precious Moments* OF REAL LIVING

It takes a lot of work and worry to make the wheels go 'round . . . and there's mighty little time for rest and recreation. Highlight your precious leisure moments with a well-told tale, a bit of savored food, and the sparkling friendliness of Carling's Red Cap Ale. This mild, mature beverage, a favorite for more than a hundred years, will help you ease the strain of making a living . . . help you make a life *worth* living.

CARLING'S Red Cap ALE

Since 1840.. Quality that never varies

BREWING CORP. OF AMERICA, CLEVELAND, O.

Machiavelli had gone in the hope of seeing Aurelia and was somewhat put out, but he answered civilly enough. "Women will talk, and chess is a game that demands concentration."

They played and perhaps because Machiavelli's attention was divided, Bartolomeo to his delight beat him without difficulty. He called for wine, and when the wine had been brought and Machiavelli was setting up the pieces for another game, Bartolomeo leaned back in his chair and said, "It was not only for the pleasure of playing chess with you that I asked you to be good enough to come here, dear Niccolo. I want to ask your advice."

"It is at your service."

"Have you ever heard of San Vitale?"

A faint sigh of satisfaction escaped Machiavelli's lips. Monna Caterina had not failed him.

"Strange that you should ask that. You're speaking of the church at Ravenna? The saint's bones are buried there. Everyone in Florence was talking about him not so very long ago."

"In what connection?"

"The facts are these. Guiliano degli Albertelli, a citizen of Florence, is a man of property, a man in the flower of his age, with a fine house in the city and a beautiful wife to whom he is greatly attached. He should have been a happy man, but he had no child, and this was a bitter grief to him because he had quarreled desperately with his brother and he was enraged by the thought that this man and his brood of squalling brats should one day inherit all he possessed. He took his wife to the baths, he took her on pilgrimages to various holy places, he consulted doctors, but nothing served."

Bartolomeo, breathing heavily, listened as though his life depended on it.

"Then it happened that a monk who had been on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land told him that on his way home he had stopped at Ravenna where there was the church of San Vitale, and the saint had the miraculous power of making sterile men fertile. Though his friends sought to dissuade him, Guiliano insisted on visiting the shrine. Nine months to a day from the date of his return his wife was delivered of a nine-pound son. All Florence cried out that it was a miracle."

BARTOLOMEO took a long draught of wine. "I know I can trust you, dear Niccolo," he said. "It was not for nothing that I asked if you had ever heard of San Vitale, but I never expected you to confirm so promptly the information I have received."

"You talk in riddles, friend."

"You are well aware that I too have a great desire for a son to whom I can leave my fortune, my lands and houses, and who will inherit the property and the title which the Duke has granted me. I have a widowed sister who has two sons and, having no child of my own, I have had it in mind to adopt them. Though it is to their advantage she will not consent to be parted from them; she insists on our all living together here. But she shares with me the masterful character which has made me the man I am, and I can see little peace for me in a house inhabited by three jarring women. It would be the scene of incessant quarrels."

"Your life would be a torment. They would tear you limb from limb."

Bartolomeo gave a deep sigh.

"And it is on this question that you want my advice?" asked Machiavelli.

"No. I do not for a moment believe that I am at fault in this matter, but if the Saint's relics have the miraculous property they are reported to have, it might be worth while to go to Ravenna. I have some business to transact there so that even if my main object were not achieved my journey would not be wasted."

"In that case I don't see why you hesitate. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose."

"It seems strange to me that if the Saint has the power he is reputed to have his celebrity should not have been bruited abroad."

For a moment Machiavelli was floored, but only for a moment. "You forget that men are unwilling to admit that they suffer from a deficiency which they prefer to ascribe to their wives. You may be sure that the men who have availed themselves of the Saint's intercession go in secret and take care never to divulge it."

"I hadn't thought of that. Then you would not think me too great a fool if I made the experiment?"

"The ways of Providence are inscrutable. I can only tell you what happened to Guiliano degli Albertelli. Whether it was a miracle or not, who am I to say?"

"It is my last hope," said Bartolomeo. "I will try it. It succeeded with Messer Guiliano; there is no reason why it should not succeed with me."

"None," said Machiavelli.

DURING the following week Machiavelli's emotions were as various as the colors of a crazy quilt. At one moment he was hopeful, at another despondent; he passed from happy anticipation to angry disappointment; now he was all agog with excitement, then in the depths of despair. For Bartolomeo could not make up his mind. He was at once eager and loath to go.

But finally a letter reached Bartolomeo from his factor in Ravenna to say that if he did not immediately clinch the deal which he had been for some time negotiating another offer would be accepted. This decided him.

Machiavelli's fears vanished. He bought a pair of scented gloves stitched with gold thread. They cost more than he could afford, but this was not an occasion on which he could stint. He sent them by Piero, when Bartolomeo was safely out of the house, telling the boy to ask for Monna Caterina and inform her that he would be in the church at a certain hour and would like to have a talk with her.

He was elated when Piero came back and told him that Monna Caterina had called her daughter in and she had been delighted with the costly present.

"How did she look?" asked Machiavelli.

"Monna Aurelia? She looked pleased."

"Don't be so stupid, boy. Did she look beautiful?"

"She looked as she always looks."

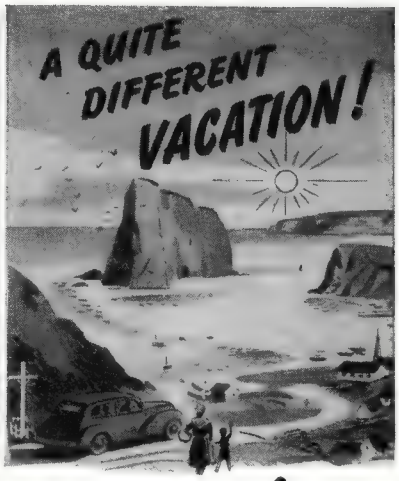
"Fool. When will Monna Caterina be at the church?"

"She is going to vespers this afternoon."

Machiavelli was well pleased when he returned from his interview with her.

"What a noble animal is man," he reflected, as he walked home. "With audacity, cunning and money there is practically nothing he cannot do."

Having made up his mind, Bartolomeo accompanied by his servant and a groom, set out for Ravenna at noon on the following day. Machiavelli with his usual politeness went to bid him good-by and wish him success on the expedition. Nina, the maid, was sent home to spend the night with her parents, and when she had gone Machiavelli despatched Piero



IN LA PROVINCE DE
Québec

Old world charm . . . Old world hospitality . . . fine roads . . . beautiful scenery . . . comfortable modern hostelries. An atmosphere that is different awaits you in Quebec.

For maps and illustrated booklets, write Province of Quebec Tourist Bureau, Quebec City, Quebec, Canada.

Learn to Write

Short Stories, Mysteries, Novels, Articles, Radio Scripts —at home in your spare time

"Since studying the Palmer course, I've been able to sell to The Post, American, Coronet, Esquire, Liberty, and other top pay magazines. It's the finest course anywhere." Keith Monroe

The demand for material creates great new opportunities for people with an urge to write and for experienced writers who want to make their work still better.

It's not as hard to be a successful writer as you may imagine. Most famous authors were once just ordinary people—with an urge to write. Some of them learned the slow, hard way, by trial and error. But now there's a direct road—Palmer Institute's **complete** home study training.

Endorsed by Famous Authors

Endorsed by Rupert Hughes, Gertrude Atherton, Ruth Comfort Mitchell and others. There have been hundreds of successful graduates—new as well as established writers—in our 29 years' experience teaching fiction—**the basis of big pay writing in all fields** (short stories, novels, mysteries, newspaper and magazine articles, radio scripts).

Learn at Home

You get thorough, individual instruction and professional coaching in your home. You get actual writing experience to develop your own style. Go fast or slow. Learn more. Save time and money. To find out how you too may enjoy an ideal part time or full time career, send for FREE illustrated book—Palmer Institute of Authorship, Est. 1917, Hollywood 28, Calif., Desk C65. Send TODAY!

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP, Est. 1917
6362 Hollywood Blvd., Desk C65, Hollywood 28, Calif.

Please send me free illustrated book, "The Art of Writing Salable Stories," explaining how your training helps new writers get started and experienced writers increase their income. This is confidential. No salesman will call.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone....State.....

Glorify your Lifeline

...WITH FORMFIT ALL THE WAY

THE FAMOUS Life-Bra ...brings alluring "lift" to glorify your *upper* Lifeline. $1.25 to $3.50.

THE NEW Life-Girdle ...brings new trim, feminine curves to glorify your *lower* Lifeline. $7.50 and up.

The line of your figure is your Lifeline . . . target of all eyes. A wrong line above waist *or* below can spoil the precious first impression you make . . . impair the way you feel and work. For your *upper* Lifeline, Life-Bra lifts—holds—corrects—molds. For your *lower* Lifeline, the new Life-Girdle brings alluring new curves, with elastic comfort and *tailored-in* material control. Working together, these superb Formfit creations GLORIFY YOUR LIFELINE ALL THE WAY! Be fitted today—see and *feel* the difference. At all the better shops and stores.

A Formfit CREATION

Look for this label. It is your assurance of quality—in fabric, tailoring, fit, long life.

THE FORMFIT CO., CHICAGO, NEW YORK

to Bartolomeo's house with a basket in which were fish fresh from the river, a pair of fat capons, sweetmeats from the confectioner's, fruit and a demijohn of the best wine the city could produce.

The plan arranged with Monna Caterina was that Machiavelli should wait till three hours after sunset, nine o'clock, by which time Serafina would be in bed and asleep and then present himself at the little door of the yard. Monna Caterina would let him in, and they would have supper. At a convenient moment she would retire to her own bedchamber, and Machiavelli would be left with the object of his affections.

He wished no more; he was confident he was not unpleasing to her and that the same arguments that had won over her mother would be as successful with her.

When Piero returned, having delivered the basket, he brought a last message from Monna Caterina. She would be waiting at the door as the church clock struck the hour. To make sure it was he, he was to knock twice, quickly, wait a moment, knock once, and then after another brief pause again knock twice quickly. The door would be opened and he was to step in without a word.

"What it is to have to do with a woman of experience," said Machiavelli. "She leaves nothing to chance."

He told one of his servants to bring a pail of hot water to his bedroom, and he washed himself all over. It was a thing he hadn't done since the night before his marriage to Marietta. Then he scented himself with perfume he had brought at the same time as he bought the attar of roses for Aurelia. He put on his best clothes. Since he did not want to spoil his appetite for the excellent supper he looked forward to, he refused to partake of the modest meal Serafina had prepared on the excuse that he was going to sup at the inn.

He tried to read, but was too excited to read with attention. He strummed a little on the lute, but his fingers served him ill. He thought for a while of that dialogue of Plato's in which he proved to his own satisfaction that pleasure, being mingled with pain, is an imperfect good. There was something to it, but there were moments when meditation on eternal things was but an insipid resource.

The church clock struck eight. He called Piero, thinking to pass the long hour ahead of him by playing checkers; ordinarily he could beat him easily, but tonight he was careless and Piero won game after game.

It seemed as though the hour would never end, and then on a sudden the clock began to strike.

Machiavelli sprang to his feet, flung his cloak round him and opened the house door on to the darkness of the night. He was about to step out into the alley when he heard the tread of feet on the cobbles. He closed the door partly and stood just within to wait till the men, whoever they were, had passed. But they didn't pass, they stopped at his door and the flare of the torches two of the men carried discovered Machiavelli in the passage.

"Ah, Messer Niccolo," said a man whom Machiavelli immediately recognized as one of the Duke's secretaries. "We were coming to fetch you. And you, you were just coming to the palace? His Excellency desires to see you. He has important news for you."

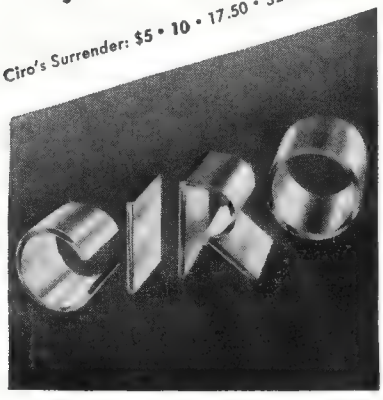
Next month, Monna Caterina, with surprising result, does her best to forward Machiavelli's romantic plan

Hire a Veteran

Surrender

HE WILL . . . IF YOU WEAR IT
SHE WILL . . . IF YOU GIVE IT

Ciro's Surrender: $5 • 10 • 17.50 • 32 • plus taxes



Lucky Streak

(*Continued from page 58*)

"They're all mixed up about what they believe and don't believe."

Then as she was in the dining room one evening, finishing dinner, the page-boy came up to her table.

"Somebody to see you in the lounge, ma'am," he said. "Mr. Wisser."

"Who?"

"Roddy Wisser."

"I don't know him," she said loudly. "Tell him not to wait."

"Yes, ma'am." He grinned. "He said to tell you it was business, and if it'd be more convenient maybe you'd drop down to his place sometime to talk it over."

She made no answer. The people at the next tables had heard; by tomorrow it would be all over Reno that the disreputable Roddy wanted to do business with her.

She went on drinking her coffee. She looked imperturbable. Around her, she heard talk spurt up again.

"Brazen it out. Stare them down. Sound carefree." She repeated the rules she'd made. When she finally reached the sanctuary of her own room, they were singing in her head like a persistent tune. The telephone rang. Nobody ever called her housemate; nobody ever called her. Could it be Roddy? "Brazen it out," she repeated as she picked up the receiver, "sound carefree."

"MRS. VARLEY, please. New York calling."

Her heart squeezed tight. "This is Mrs. Varley."

"Go ahead, New York," the tinny voice said.

Interminable splutter, crackling in her ear. Then: "Gail, for God's sake, what's hit you?"

"Ted!" (Sound carefree!) "Hit me? Meaning what?"

"What's come over you? What are you up to out there?" Through two thousand miles of space his rage came as hotly as if his eyes were blazing into hers across a room.

"I don't know what you're talking about." In sheer nervousness she tittered a little. The sound startled her. Carefree as an imbecile.

"I almost called you when your letter came. But this is even worse."

"What's even worse? Sorry, I don't get it."

"This job—this not needing money—that was the first thing. *What* job? Where are you getting money now?"

Something like hope flared high in her. He worried about her.

"O-o-oh, a good job."

"With what firm? What do you know about them? Who are they anyway?"

"Why the catechism, Ted?" Now she really did sound cheery. "We're through with all that."

"Well, I *did* decide not to call you after your letter. But now, these things people are saying out there! I've heard the most ridiculous reports——"

"From anybody I know?"

"Cut it, Gail. You know damn well it would upset Carol. She told me she'd run into you out there——"

Suddenly she laughed.

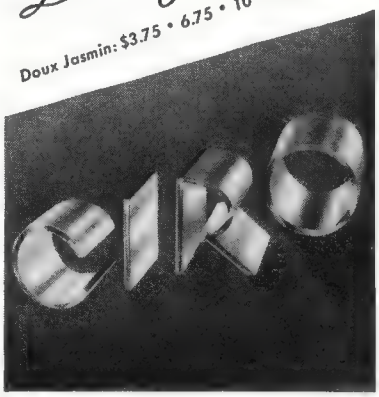
"Head-on collision, practically." This was almost being fun. "So she's upset. About people talking about me? Or because I said I might break my residence off without the divorce?"

"Never mind all that, Gail," he said. "*I'm* the one that's upset. You can't let that kind of smear get started. You just don't realize how it sticks. Lots of New Yorkers are out there, after all. They're

MOST FAMOUS OF JASMINE EXTRACTS

Doux Jasmin

Doux Jasmin: $3.75 • 6.75 • 10 • 20. plus taxes



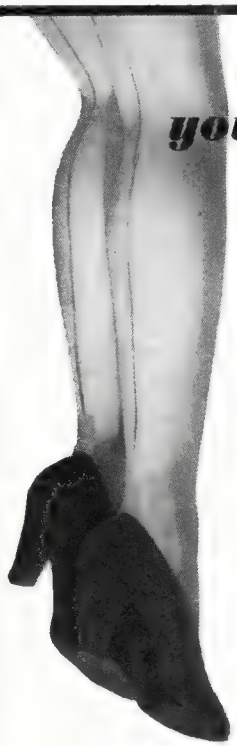
DON'T COVER UP A "PROBLEM SKIN"*

(YOU MAY MAKE IT WORSE!)

See how quickly this famous cream helps heal ugly blemishes*

Don't take chances with ugly, externally-caused pimples and blemishes. "Covering them up" may actually make them worse! Instead, help heal them with *Medicated* Noxzema. Nurses were among the first to discover how effective Noxzema is for pimples and blemishes. That's because it's a *medicated formula*. It contains special ingredients that not only soothe and smooth rough, dry skin but *aid in healing blemishes and irritations*. See for yourself how much Noxzema can do to improve the appearance of your skin. Get a jar *today* at any drug counter. 10c, 35c, 50c (plus tax). *externally-caused

NOXZEMA



you love Nylons... nylons love IMRA

BEAUTIFUL NYLONS DESERVE
BEAUTIFUL HAIR-FREE LEGS

Now you need IMRA* more than ever! For IMRA is the odorless, painless depilatory that keeps your legs smooth and hair-free under the sheerest of hose. Just smooth it on—then rinse it off, together with all that unsightly fuzz. No bad smell, no razor knicks, no ugly bristles. One application does the trick!

2½-oz. jar — **65¢**
(plus Fed. Tax)

At better cosmetic counters

ARTRA Cosmetics, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. U. S. PAT. NO. 2352524

coming back; you're coming back——"

"And I'll still be a Varley." Her tone iced over. "So that's it? The sacred name of——"

"Gail, for God's sake, skip it."

"Fine. You too. Quit worrying about me, Ted." She sounded lighthearted again. "I'm having a flock of new experiences out here. Taking chances. Having adventures. That's what went out of our life. I'm getting it back into mine."

The receiver made sounds in her ear "'By, now," she said sweetly.

She slept more soundly that night than any night since the evening he'd exploded his bombshell. This call meant nothing, she told herself firmly, except that he still had his little neurosis about his family name. She would go on being Varley, of course, even after the divorce. That was what had caused this telephoning, nothing more meaningful than that. Just the same, she slept better than she'd slept for ages.

After that, she found it definitely easier to carry on with her rôle of indifference to any gossip. Circumstance helped her. Each day familiar faces disappeared from the ranch. Her housemate got her divorce and left; June Florey left. New arrivals who knew nothing about Gail Varley took their places.

She knew about them instead. She saw the smart new hats intended to bolster the morale, saw the tired eyes, heard the flippant remarks. She wasn't fooled. She'd never be fooled by "gay divorcées" again. She knew that in most cases, these women of all ages had come here, grief-stricken or bitter-hard, frightened or jealous, from the husbands who need only wait six weeks before going on to the new life, the younger girl, the "more understanding" woman.

Ted had only three weeks to count off now.

Eve had at last seen him. It was in a restaurant, at luncheon; he was with another man. "Maybe it was Mr. Bentley," she wrote. "Ted looks years older. People are saying he'll wish to heaven he'd never gone in there. The old man is the worst dictator on The Street. And a bit of a thug, like his daughter."

Really happy people look younger.

FOR THE thousandth time Gail pondered Ted's telephone call. Was he sorry he'd done it? Did he ever think of the old days the way she did? Could it be that he didn't see through Carol? Surely it was only a question of time.

"Stop it," she ordered herself. "He's happy; he's in love; he's got his blonde with him; they're counting the days. You just *want* to think something's wrong."

She missed the excitement and the something-to-do of the casino. As soon as darkness came, she felt forgotten, lost in a hostile world. She knew she was not.

Not a day went by without mail. Ann wrote stiff brisk sentences that always heartened her. Eve rarely let a day go by without a letter. Pat wrote fast bits about "your new holding company," sent more flowers and even telephoned once to say his partners approved the experiment of having "a feminine customers' man" in the New York office.

"I'm burning up, waiting to start," she said into the phone.

"How are things in the meantime, Lucky? Still winning everything in sight?"

"Haven't played since you left." She laughed. It sounded so voluntary. If he only knew . . .

If he only knew, then what? After he'd hung up, she thought comfortably: He'd be furious, as Eve had been when she received the five pages that poured out the sickening story. Ted had been

furious too. Maybe *some* of it had been on her behalf.

It was a beautiful night, still and starry. Gail came out of the dining room and looked up into the sky. Maybe she'd drive into town and see a movie. There were still fifteen days and nights to get through.

Behind her, tires swhooshed to a graveled stop before the main lodge. She looked around. A taxi door was opening.

She didn't move. A dizziness wavered through her. There, heaving a suitcase out of the cab, was Ted.

He paid the driver, went inside. She walked across the grass, into her cottage.

A moment later he came through her front door. He flung his suitcase to the floor, hat onto a chair. He just looked at her.

"What are *you* doing here?" she blurted out.

He started toward the living room. "We've got to do some straight talking, Gail."

His voice was odd. Angry? Suspicious? He did look older.

"You look—are you all right, Ted?"

"Never mind about me." Muscles were tight around his mouth. He motioned her to a chair. Without a word, he handed her a clipping from a New York tabloid gossip column.

"I phoned Eve Murphy about it yesterday," he said. "She got in touch with some woman you'd written her about, in White Plains. Then this Ann somebody checked around and discovered it had appeared first in a Hollywood column by a June Florey. Eve called me back."

"Wait a second, let me see it." She began to read:

> . . . wife of a Wall Street Wiz has Reno talking plenty because she's just too "Lucky"—at everything except being welcome at the better gambling jernts . . .

She looked up at him, stricken eyes searching his face. Could he believe——

"I'm going to kill whoever started that," he shouted. "We'll track it down here and strangle it here."

A surge of joy went through her; she didn't even have to reassure him.

"In a week, everybody'll tie it to *you*," he went on, "and the name Varley will be mucked over all New York."

The joy flattened. She might have known. She'd remembered it well enough during his phone call.

"It's a damn ugly mess," he went on, "for you and me both, and I'm out here to clean it up. Where's this Club Mesquite?"

"Mesquite? How do *you* know the name?"

"Quit it, Gail. I phoned them last night from New York, and the Nevada Club too." He suddenly was talking very fast. "They admitted you were—well, they said merely 'not playing here any more' but the tone was damned offensive. I wanted to murder them for it. I got their names from Carol. I asked her, or she wouldn't have said a word."

"No." Suddenly Gail smiled. The odd sensation of joy came back. His motives about coming were mixed, anyway. Part of them, maybe, *was* concern for her.

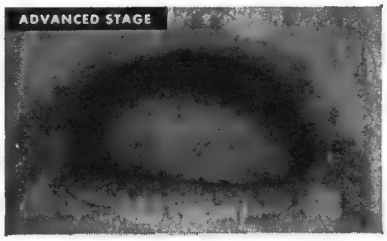
"Don't bother going to the casinos," she said cheerfully. "I don't care really, though it *was* fun winning all the time."

"Good Lord, is *that* all this means to you—missing a little fun? Can't you realize people will——"

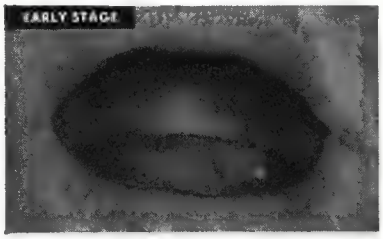
"Sticks and stones," she said, and shrugged. Someday he'd discover that it was his adored Carol who'd started this.

"Goodness, you're solemn," she said. "And even *I'm* smart enough so I never went near Roddy to find out what he

LIPS CAN REVEAL
Early and Advanced Signs of
"TISSUE STARVATION"



MORBID CHANGES in mouth tissues due to advanced "Tissue Starvation." A rare case, resulting from severe vitamin shortages.



LIP LESIONS like these in the photo above are quite common where there is a chronic—even if comparatively mild—vitamin deficiency.

"TISSUE STARVATION" is producible by a lack of vitamins in the living cells of your body— Its signs often appear first in Eyes, Skin and Mouth

MILLIONS have missed the real point about vitamins. Vitamins are needed factors in food, it's true. But more than that, they're part and parcel of every body tissue. If you're short of vitamins, your shortage may show in those tissues.

You can have a "Tissue Starvation" — producible by vitamin deficiency — even if overweight. Medical opinion confirms the fact that thousands of Americans show some sign of "Tissue Starvation"!

The "Advanced" photo above shows a "Tissue Starvation" rare in the U. S. A. But the condition at the right is quite common, as are such signs as swollen gums . . . cloudy eyes. These signs, of course, may result from such conditions as irritation, infection or other malnutrition, but "Tissue Starvation" due to vitamin deficiency is a frequent and *basic* cause. To help prevent this form of "Tissue Starvation," take *multiple* vitamins — take ALL the known needed vitamins; not just one or a few. One-A-Day (brand) Multiple Vitamins bring you vitamins A, B_1, B_2, C and D, plus Niacin, Calcium Pantothenate and B_6 — in a single capsule.

ONE A DAY BRAND

MULTIPLE VITAMIN CAPSULES

Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

THE MILES PLAN
FOR HEALTH PROTECTION

1. **PROPER DIET.** Vitamin deficiencies may accrue gradually in the body tissues throughout your entire life. So try to eat a balanced diet *every* day from now on.
2. **PROTECTIVE VITAMINS.** Take one capsule of Miles One-A-Day Multiple Vitamins every day.
3. **CONDITIONING FACTORS.** Certain conditions and habits (diarrhea, over-indulgence, etc.) increase vitamin needs. Protect yourself then by taking extra vitamins.
4. **SEE YOUR DOCTOR**—if you think you have lesions—as above—that indicate vitamin deficiency.

WHEN YOUR STOMACH IS UPSET

Don't punish your upset stomach by taking overdoses of antacids or drastic purges. Be kind to your stomach...take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

Pepto-Bismol is neither an antacid nor a laxative. It helps soothe irritated intestinal walls as well as calm the upset stomach...and it aids in retarding intestinal fermentation, gas formation, and simple diarrhea. Keep pleasant-tasting PEPTO-BISMOL on hand... always. *Get a bottle at your druggist today.* If you don't get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Pepto-Bismol

A NORWICH PRODUCT (Norwich)

NEW WRITERS NEEDED

New writers needed to re-write ideas in newspapers, magazines and books. Splendid opportunity to "break into" fascinating writing field. May bring you up to $5.00 per hour spare time. **FREE DETAILS**

Experience unnecessary. Write today for details. NO OBLIGATION. Postcard will do. **FREE**

COMFORT WRITER'S SERVICE
200-T56 South Seventh (2) St. Louis, Mo.

SUFFERERS FROM **PSORIASIS**
(SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

MAKE THE ONE **SPOT TEST**

Use **DERMOIL**

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis with **Dermoil** with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent **FREE.** Write for it.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining **Dermoil.** Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. **Dermoil** is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. **Send 10c** (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. **Write today for your test bottle. Caution. Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 847, Northwestern Station, Dept. 2120, Detroit 4, Mich.**

wanted to talk business with me about." She smiled. "Did you ask Carol about Roddy Wisser too?"

He gritted his teeth and stared at her. Suddenly he took her wrist and pulled her to her feet.

"We'll start with that crook," he said "and find out what's on *his* mind."

"Oh, you *did* know he was a crook," she murmured. Docilely she followed him out, saw his suddenly blank gaze, offered the use of her car.

Except for asking directions, he drove in silence. Just driving through the magnificent night with him made her feel more alive. She let him drive on to the edge of Elton.

"How'd you know where to find me?" she asked. "Did the hotel send you over?" *Had* that horrible Carol told him everything, joking about it?

"I checked with Eve," he said. "She said you'd changed over."

His voice was toneless, uninterested in such details. "Where *is* this dive?" he asked impatiently.

"Ted, don't start a fight," she said, suddenly nervous. "It'll only make things worse."

"Couldn't be *much* worse."

RODDY WISSER'S PLACE, the neon lights said. They parked and went in. For a moment they stood still, looking about. Then Roddy spotted them. Smiling, nodding as if he'd known all along she'd be in after all, he sauntered toward them.

"Feminine curiosity," Gail said. "This is—er—Mr. Ted, friend of mine."

"Howdy." Roddy waited. Ted grunted something but made no move toward shaking hands. Gail gestured him out of earshot; he moved off several steps. Only then did Roddy go on. "Thought you might drop by," he drawled. "Nothin' so interestin' as a good business deal, is there?"

"What kind?" Suddenly she was back again in the dark fury of realizing there *were* people who thought she was a pro or cheat.

"Anybody's got a system," Roddy said, "why, it's their trade secret. I wouldn't try to crack it, especially if it's a perfect one. But I sure could use a partner."

"Partner?"

"And a good big cut, too. The minute I got the tip-off from Carol——"

Gail's hand slapped his mouth. Not Gail. Gail had nothing to do with it. Her hand acted without her will. The impact of his damp lips, his teeth, was as much of a shock to her as it was to him. And the next shock was even greater, the sound of Ted's fist cracking against bone, the immediate sight of Roddy staggering, off balance, of Ted waiting, then of the two men closing.

Less than a moment later, the brawl was over. Roddy was stretched on the bare floor. Ted was shoving her out the front door, half pushing her into the car. But to his repeated, "What did he say? I couldn't catch a word," she just shook her head.

She could hear his labored breathing over the rush of the wind as he drove on toward Reno. She felt sick, small.

"I haven't any pride," she said to herself. "If he asked me to go back, I'd——" It wasn't permissible to formulate such thoughts into words. "That turn, to the right," she said. "Going to beat up people again?"

"Don't know what I'm going to do." He glanced down at her. "We're just going straight down the line; that's all I know now."

Inside the Club Mesquite, the manager was nowhere around. After a half minute wait, Ted took her arm and started into the gaming room.

"Ted, please, if I'm not welcome, I——"

"You're going to play."

"But, Ted, they——"

"I'm in charge now. You're going to play."

She slid into a chair at the poker table. He took out four twenties and gave them to her. A tremor went through her. Ted, giving her money, as if they were still a team. Ted, behind her, ready. "We," he had said. "We're going straight down the line."

The manager appeared at the edge of the room. He looked about hastily. His eyes finally found her. He came up as quickly as his dignity would permit.

"You're going to watch Mrs. Varley play," Ted ordered, his voice resonant so that people around the room looked over, "and then apologize publicly. Or she'll sue for defamation."

From across the table, the dealer was sliding the cards out to the players in simple "draw." Ted moved so that he could not see what she held.

Then, she held her cards just far enough away from her to see what they were. She looked at them just once and laid them face down on the table. Across from her, somebody opened, then somebody raised. She raised. The player to her left raised, two players dropped, the first raiser said "up thirty."

"Up another thirty," Gail said.

"Before the draw?" the man muttered "God, woman!" In a louder voice he said, "Fifty more." From other parts of the room people drifted over to watch. "Another fifty," Gail said patiently.

The manager drew closer to Ted. Ted ignored him and continued to look pointedly at the ceiling. The draw began.

"One, please," said Gail.

Moments later, three hands fanned out on the table as the last bets were called. A king-high spade flush from the pat hand. A full house, queens up, from the next. Then, in complete silence, Gail quietly raked in the pot of six hundred dollars. The four eights in front of her screamed their eloquence.

She glanced up at Ted. She rose. Ted piloted the manager toward her.

"Mrs. Varley," that gentleman fairly exploded, "I regret any—er—inconvenience in this club. *Never* have I seen such luck. *Never* has there *been* such luck. Whenever you wish to play here, please, it will be an honor to have you."

"Thanks," she said coldly, "I'm through with gambling."

Ted nodded curtly, steered her quickly out of the room. In the car again he said, "That'll do it. This'll be all over this degenerate place by morning. Whoever started all these rumors'll be eating dirt. Who *did* start them anyway?" he went on. "Got any idea?" She didn't answer.

He turned to her then. "What's wrong with you, Gail?" he said sharply.

"Me? Nothing." She glanced up at him. Her eyes were wide. "I'm so glad my lucky streak still streaked, that's all. A lucky streak is a wonderful thing."

They drove on in silence.

"Is there a seat on the plane back tonight?" she asked.

"No."

"Got a room anywhere?"

"I'll get one." There was a silence "Who's this man from Chicago?"

"Just a man I met." She waited. "Why was Carol upset about that too?"

Ted took a turn now on two wheels, let the wheel spin back and shot the car forward faster than ever. In the darkness Gail grinned as if life were a very acceptable proposition at unexpected times.

"We just laugh a lot when we're together," she added innocently, "just do crazy things." The car shot ahead, and she knew he knew what she was quoting.

She said matter-of-factly, "There isn't an available room in Nevada. Shall I see if I can fix something with the cowboys?"

"You needn't bother," he said. "I'll find something." His voice was constrained. He stopped the car in front of her cottage.

"Of course, there's a big sofa in the living room," she said with an innocent air. "It might start gossip and scandal, but I'm sort of used to that."

"Gail, what's come over you anyway?"

"Me?"

"You've changed. You're—oh, never mind." He looked stiff and disapproving, and she felt just fine. "If you'll lend me your car, I'll find something in Reno."

She said, "Have it your way." Then she smiled. "Let me lend you a blanket in case you finally sleep in the car. It gets lots colder." She came back a moment later and dumped a pink blanket into the car.

"Good night," she said. "And thanks for coming out to get me out of messes."

"That's not *really*——"

"Well, even if it *was* mostly the old school tie and things, thanks anyway." She waved and went inside.

The only thing that sustained Ted during the wretched night that followed was the sense of a job well done. She could kid him all she wanted about old school ties, but a man couldn't let his name be blackened without putting up a fight. It was her name too—until she remarried. It was irritating of her to be so insouciant about this mess she'd got into. "Insouciant"—that was a hell of a tony word, but it seemed to fit. She *had* changed somehow, and it was the right word for the way she was right now.

God, how wrong a man could be! How he'd worried about hurting her too much. Sure, she'd been miserable that first night. Probably longer. But she was obviously all right now, full of plans and independence. No alimony; nuts to the house; thanks; no expense money—she was through. Clearly she was through.

"I'm glad," he thought. "I'd hate to have her wrecked over it."

But she needn't seem quite so—insouciant was the only word that came, and he got angry with his own mind for being so one-track.

He was angrier still when he drove back to the Sierra Ranch, parked the car outside the cottage where she was undoubtedly sleeping insouciantly, jackknifed his long body onto the front seat and dragged the blanket she had handed out over himself.

Gail was not sleeping, insouciantly or any other way.

She was too wide awake for sleep. She tried all over again to deny that this trip had any personal significance beyond Ted's name-foible, and after she'd denied it a dozen times, she still felt there was something over and beyond the reasons he gave himself and her. She wondered if Carol knew he'd suddenly caught a plane for Reno.

After an hour, she undressed, turned out the light and went to bed. She tried to drift into sleep. But the knowledge that he had come out, that he looked tense and older and harried—set her mind whirling anew.

She heard the car drive up. She got up, then, tiptoed to the window. The top was up, so she could not see him. But the pink blanket told her he was there.

Then, strangely enough, in less than five minutes she was sleeping as a child sleeps, secure and trusting.

The knocking on the front door reminded her of her own pounding on Carol's door that awful morning. She slipped into her dressing gown; went to open the door.

A BARRIER STOOD BETWEEN US

Misunderstanding and coldness loomed like a wall between us. I *should* have realized why, because I knew about feminine hygiene and the difference it can make. But I'd been trusting to *now-and-then care.*

My doctor set me straight. He said never to risk marriage happiness by being careless about feminine hygiene, even once. And he advised me to use "Lysol" brand disinfectant for *douching*—always.

BUT I BROKE IT DOWN

Nothing between us *now,* but love and happiness. I've learned my lesson. No more carelessness about feminine hygiene. I always use "Lysol" for douching and is it *dependable!* Far more so than salt, soda, or other homemade solutions. "Lysol" is a proved germ-killer that cleanses thoroughly, yet gently. So easy and economical to use, too!

Check these facts with your Doctor

Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of *every* woman. So, douche *thoroughly* with *correct* "Lysol" solution . . . always. **Powerful cleanser**—"Lysol's" great spreading power means it reaches deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. **Proved germ-killer**—uniform strength, made under continued laboratory control . . . far more dependable than homemade solutions. **Non-caustic**—"Lysol" douching solution is *non-irritating,* not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow easy directions. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use; *deodorizes.* **More women** use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene than any other method. *(For* **FREE** *feminine hygiene booklet, write Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.)*

Copyright, 1946, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" Brand Disinfectant always!

"LYSOL" is the registered trade-mark of Lehn & Fink Products Corporation and any use thereof in connection with products not made by it constitutes an infringement thereof.

"Good morning," she said pleasantly. "Was it too awful?"

He stared at her. His eyes looked away. He looked miserable, tousled, bearded. Maybe it hurts, she thought suddenly, to be reminded of things, even if you're in love with somebody else.

"I'm all right. May I wash up and phone the airport?"

"Please do," she said almost formally. He was already at the phone. While he waited for his number, he avoided looking at her. He glanced around the room. "Nice place," he said.

"Prettier with *lots* of flowers," she said. There was only one vase of flowers there now. They were roses.

He turned to the phone, his back to her and them. She waited through the discussion about cancellations on the morning planes. There would be an eight-hour wait.

When he'd hung up, she motioned him to her bedroom. "It's still in a mess," she said, "but things like that don't bother me any more. The bathroom's on the right."

It was pleasant to wait for him. She sat in the big chair near the window. It was a gorgeous day. Would he dash right off and spend the eight hours he had to wait going to movies and waiting at airports? Suddenly she wanted to hold on to those eight hours as if they were the last she'd ever have. But she was determined not to move first. Her bedroom door opened.

"Heavens, you always *did* look attractive after a shave," she said airily. "I'll treat you to breakfast."

He grinned.

"I'll be dressed in a jiffy," she said.

But when they actually faced each other over a small table in the dining room, constraint hit them both. Only when their coffee came did Gail meet his eyes. The waiter made that inevitable.

"Four-of-a-kind, Mrs. Varley," he said enviously as he set the silver pot down before her. "I've *never* held fours."

"You hear about that already, Henry?" She flashed triumph to Ted. His whole manner showed he shared it.

"And about the beating up Roddy got," Henry went on. "Imagine!" He poured the coffee. "Yes, ma'am, everybody's heard about it. Jim Wycke—he was the dealer last night—he said he bet you went in with the whole set, even though you drew one."

"I'll never tell," she said. She heard Ted's, "I knew the grapevine would work overtime," and said, "You were grand to do all this. I'm sort of touched."

Constraint suddenly threatened once again. They both sipped their coffee, both reached for cigarettes.

"How's the new business connection working out?" she asked in her most guileless tone.

"Fine." The word was very crisp.

"Uh-oh." Her face was a model of interested sympathy. "It'll go better soon," she said heartily. "You'd be a success in *any* job."

She could tell he felt fidgety and angry at himself for being so. How well she knew him! How ridiculous that all that should be wasted. . .

"What's this one of yours?" he asked. "Or is it a secret?"

"My job? Heavens, no." Briefly she told him about it. He listened intently.

"Not Brining at all," he said. "I took it for granted you'd go back to the old stand."

"That'd be safer," she said. "But who wants to play safe all the time?"

"You *have* changed," he said thoughtfully.

"How?"

"I'm not sure how, but you've changed all right."

"I *got* changed." She grinned like an impertinent boy. "The hard way."

He made a gesture, turned his head. He was annoyed. She was glad of it. She chattered on now about Eve's success in renting the house, finding a bachelor-girl apartment for her.

"How can we kill another seven hours in this place?" he said suddenly.

"We?"

"Unless it would bore you."

She laughed. "I'll be delighted. Let's drive to town and get you some swimming trunks. Unless you stuck a pair in, just in case?"

He reached for the check she was about to sign. That last crack had infuriated him, she knew, but she felt no remorse for it. This *was* fun.

The hours flew. If Ted wasn't finding it as much fun as she was, she told herself a dozen times, then he'd learned guile from Carol. Because he gave every evidence of being delighted doing just what he was doing. They swam in the pool, romped on the beach; they went riding across the prairies; they lunched outdoors on the terrace. By the time they had to start for the airport he had a faint sunburn, he looked refreshed, and if she were pressed for an opinion, she'd even have to say he looked happy.

At three-thirty, quite simply, she said, "I'll drive you to the airport, Ted; don't bother with a taxi." He accepted with equal openness, and when they left, he slipped under the wheel as though everything between them were normal and ordinary.

At the airport, he left her to pick up his tickets. When he came back, he said, "You're just as beautiful as ever, you know. I thought I oughtn't to say it, but I can't see why not now."

Her heart did crazy things, but this time not with anguish or fear, but with joy, with hope as the overlay.

"And after everything's over," he went on, "I hope we can all three stay friends. It'd be a pity not to go on being civilized about it."

The overlay hardened to a copper-plated something. But she gave him her widest smile. "Wouldn't it?"

And the next day when the local florist delivered a great box, she knew the flowers would be roses before she lifted the lid. She drew the small card out of its envelope: "To being civilized—Ted."

Embarrassment, chagrin, the sense of having been trapped by hope in the secret chambers of her mind—these were the companions Gail lived with for the rest of her stay in Reno. It was a revolting intimacy. If he asked me to go back . . . She had admitted that in a flash of intuition which saw the whole truth except the most vital facet of it. He had never had any intention of asking her to go back. And the only thing that was different after his visit was that now she had to cringe before the image of herself flirting with him, being carefree and provocative.

"*You* be civilized," she told him savagely in her mind. "But don't ask me to be anything so arty. I *hate* being civilized."

Back in New York, Ted was being civilized indeed. He was trying to understand Carol's reaction to his recital of his success in "unsmearing things." He'd expected her to be as pleased as he was. She wasn't.

Come to think of it, she hadn't been any too pleased over his hurried phone call two nights ago to tell her he was flying West and had only a few minutes to make the plane for Reno.

"Out to *Reno?* To see *Gail?*"

"I'm even more upset about this mess than you, darling," he'd said, "so I—look, if I don't rush I won't scrape onto that plane at all. Wish me luck, sweet."

But now after he'd told her the whole satisfying story, she still seemed oddly remote.

"*You* said it ought to be smacked down," he reminded her. "It's smacked all right. That guy's secretary told me today there'd be a retraction in the column tomorrow."

"That's fine."

"Look, Carol, *you* were all steamed up about it too."

"I hardly expected you to turn into Young Lochinvar or Sir Galahad and go leaping *out* there."

There was a sudden rasp in her voice. He'd never heard her speak before except in the sweet light way he adored. Tired from two nights of sketchy sleep, he suddenly felt angry. After all he might never have even seen the column if she hadn't told him about it. And when she'd just returned from Reno, she'd been the one, tactfully and even sadly, to warn him that Gail was getting talked about. Now she was putting a fine crimp in his sense of a job well done.

He remembered that there'd been a crimp in his whole trip back. There'd been something disturbing in seeing Gail again. Through most of the flight home he kept going over the things she'd said, the way she'd been. Then he quit it as a bad job. He'd feel fine again as soon as he was with Carol, seeing her pride in his being a brisk fixer.

Now it wasn't working that way at all. He looked at Carol, trying to understand why she was being illogical over his taking the one logical way to kill the thing at its roots.

"You can't put out that much fire by blowing away a little smoke," she said.

"A little smoke? You mean the old proverb stuff?" His voice was sharp.

"Oh, Ted, grow up," she said crossly. "There must have been *something*—I mean, after all, people don't win *all* the time from *every*body——"

"Carol!"

She looked at him, startled. He'd confided once that he had a temper. Now it was blazing.

"You can't possibly mean you suspect her yourself?" he said. "Did you *ever* talk that way to anybody out there?"

She knew she'd gone too far. She shook her head in denial and then smiled contritely.

"I'm a silly chump to be miffed, darling," she said sweetly. "I guess—oh, if you love somebody just awfully, I guess you *do* get jealous without making sense. Of *course* I never said anything out there. Why I hardly *saw* Gail."

It was over as quickly as it had begun. He said he'd also been pretty chumpy to be so jumpy, and they both laughed at the accidental rhyme. But when he'd finally kissed her good night and gone back to the club, he felt more tired than ever before in all his life.

He slept heavily like a man escaping all thought. When he woke in the morning, the first thing that hit into his head was the question he'd put to her. "Did you *ever* talk that way to anybody out there?"

She'd denied it. He felt still more tired.

Back in Nevada, Gail was counting off hours as well as days. She permitted herself one exception to her resolution to do no more gambling—just to test out the size of the cure in Reno's mind. She went to the Club Nevada, was received as if she were Visiting Royalty, and stayed just long enough to win a little and be flattered a lot.

"You've become a real celebrity, Mrs.

Manhattans you'll treasure

Made with Three Feathers – *the finest-tasting Three Feathers in 63 years* – a Manhattan may well be termed a liquid gem. Smoother, lighter, richer than ever – *Three Feathers* makes a Manhattan you'll truly treasure.

THREE FEATHERS

Reserve

First Among Fine Whiskies

Blended Whiskey 86 proof. 65% American grain neutral spirits. Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York

Pictured: North Star "Nocturne" in Rose Dust, $8.95...at fine stores everywhere

Setting and accessories by Lord & Taylor

Nothing's too good for Mother—on her birthday, Mother's Day or *any* day! And nothing's nicer for Mother's beauty sleep than a fleece-soft Nocturne, North Star's airy wisp of a blanket. Nocturne is made of fine-fibered virgin wool, woven to give warmth without weight. You'll treasure light-as-a-sheet Nocturnes, too, for their lovely soft colors and for their versatility ... they're on the bed in varying numbers according to the temperature—not only in summer, but the whole year 'round.

FREE BOOKLET: "*Decorate Your Dream Room*"... *full of exciting, inexpensive ideas on bedroom color, furnishings, arrangement. Write North Star Woolen Mill Co., 288 So. 2nd Street, Minneapolis 1, Minn.*

North Star
Beautywrap
Blankets

100% VIRGIN WOOL BLANKETS

Your favorite June bride will bless you for this luxury gift—a pair of heirloom quality North Stars. And year by year her smoothly double-napped North Stars will outwear any number of ordinary blankets.

A pocket edition of your own loved North Stars is baby's best friend—her snuggle-soft, fine-fleece North Star Baby Blanket. It's the perfect, always welcome gift for a mother-to-be or for baby's first birthday.

Varley," the manager said, and his expansive smile hung garlands around her. But having once proved that she'd regained the franchise, she kept to her word that she was "through with gambling." Eve sent her the quick retraction in the New York paper, and June Florey mailed the elaborate corrective she'd run. Altogether, Gail felt paid off in full. As for Ted, she never let herself think of him. When he came unbidden into her thoughts, she shoved him right out.

And finally, her own turn in the courtroom arrived . . . In a few minutes, it was over. I'm not even feeling anything, she thought. I'm just dead.

Now for the life of a single woman again, her talents concentrated on *her* career instead of a husband's, her life centered in work instead of a man. So be it. On impulse she wired Pat:

TAKING NIGHT PLANE. REPORTING OFFICE MONDAY. WILL GIVE IT MY BEST. GAIL.

There was a scheduled stop at Chicago next morning. As she stepped down to solid ground, she heard a shouted, "Gail." A banner of pleasure streamed suddenly through her at the unexpected sight of Pat's cheerful face.

At the passenger gates he took both her hands. His whole manner was triumph itself. "We pulled it off, Lucky," he chortled.

"Pulled what off?"

"Your company's first big deal. I tried to phone you last night, but you'd left. It's big news."

"Pat, I'm *so* glad."

"A quarter-million profit," he went on. "Can you do fractions?"

"Twenty-five thou——" she gasped. "For me?" He nodded. "And I said I was through gambling."

"This isn't gambling—it's business." They were still standing by the gates. Now she started toward the waiting room. He caught quickly at her arm.

"Whoa, Lucky," he said confidently. "You're not going on till tomorrow." He laughed. "I've got you a ticket on the ten-o'clock."

"You haven't!"

"Sure, you've got to meet the members of the home office." He began to steer her toward the exit. "And wait'll you see the grand publicity story about you in the paper."

"About *me*?" she laughed. "Oh, no!"

"It's all about how I signed you into my new company," he said. "'From Bridge to Big Business,' it's called. I got a friend of mine to do it—Imogene Blose. It's a honey, and a swell shove for your new career. Let's go."

There was no arguing with him. Later she was glad he'd forced the change of plan. At the office, she found it intoxicating to be welcomed by "your new firm," to hear that the New York branch was expecting her on Monday. During luncheon she made a magnificent anecdote of "my experience with scandal in the gambling world of Reno." As she told it, complete in all details, she realized how engaging a yarn it could be made when all inner emotion was omitted in the telling.

That night at his big Lake Forest house, he and his mother were hosts at an impromtu party for her. Imogene Blose's feature story must have been read by all the guests. People called her nothing but "Lucky," and bright gags and compliments flew all evening.

When she arrived at La Guardia early next afternoon she found an excited Eve waiting with the news that she was famous. Imogene Blose's yarn had appeared that morning in the sister tabloid in New York "Every newspaper in town wants an interview," Eve told her. "It's the darndest thing I've ever heard of."

In a few days Gail agreed, doubled and redoubled. *This* much publicity Pat hadn't foreseen. *This* much made her fret a bit. Indeed she even telephoned to tell him just what he'd started by giving the story to Imogene. He only laughed at her attack of nerves.

"We're living in a funny time," he said. "Fanfare drums up business even in the highest-class places."

"You're the boss," she said, a little dubiously. "One magazine wants to send up a camerman and a writer. Shall I?"

"Sure, give it a play right through, Gail. Even tell them about the rough doings in Reno—it makes wonderful color stuff." He paused. "I'd just say 'a friend of mine' though, about the fight and all that."

"All right," she said.

She heard him chuckle. "In a couple of weeks you'll be a national legend."

He turned out to be a pretty fair prophet. And in spite of herself she had to admit that this new turn life had taken was gay and stimulating. But once when she was alone with Eve, she turned to her with too casual a face. "Are they married yet?"

"No."

In her new job, she settled down to the hardest work she'd ever done. To Charles Schuyler, the middle-aged vice-president in charge of the New York branch and her immediate boss, she turned a determined down-to-earth face.

"All this glamour is fun, but I want a chance to do something solid."

"You'll have lots of chance, Mrs. Varley."

"You're a valuable addition," Pat told her one night. "I knew you would be. Schuyler says you brought in Seth Briggs' account practically unaided."

"Oh, Pat, I didn't. Mr. Schuyler tied it up. I just got talking first, that's all."

He let it stand, and she knew enough not to argue further. He came to New York on business, and she knew he'd want her to dine with him, go dancing.

"He *is* a darling," she thought to herself one night. "I wonder if I could be——"

She broke the thought off, uncompleted. No, she couldn't be. She might wonder what falling in love a second time was like; she might be through at last with Ted. But it would be a long time before she could fall in love with anybody else. Down in the secret places where she really lived, she knew she wasn't the quick-rebound type at all.

She no longer wept at night. True. She never again asked Eve, "Are they married yet?" But never was she able to pass the Society page of her morning newspaper without a quick scanning of the headlines about weddings. And she knew that when it was at last there for her to read, something would hit her hard.

She saw Ted once.

She and Pat had gone into a bar for a drink. Ted was there, at a table, and alone. Never had she known him to drink by himself. His appearance struck up a clanging in her. If he'd looked thinner before, he looked ill now. If he'd looked older before, he looked . . .

"First time I've ever known griping to bring results."

"Gail, hello." He was coming toward them. She made the introductions, and the two men shook hands. "I hear you're going great guns," Ted said to her.

"She's unbelievable," Pat said.

"And you, Ted," she said. "How're things with you?"

"Fine." He didn't snap it at her crisply as he had in Reno. His voice sounded tired. She wondered whether to go on to a table, whether to suggest a drink all together, or what.

"I'll be running on," Ted said. "I had some time to kill, and I killed it."

Leaving them behind, he pondered the phrase he'd used. He'd been killing time for longer than the space of one drink, if he wanted to face facts. Or marking time. That was more accurate—he'd been marking time. And Carol had been too. All along they'd planned to get married the moment his own divorce came through, but they still weren't man and wife. Ever since that first quick quarrel they'd had, something or other was always going askew between them. Perhaps he'd better talk it out with her this evening. Was he imagining it or had some of the urgency evaporated from their plans to marry?

New Sparkle For
SMOKE SMUDGED TEETH

Teeth smudged by tobacco smoke need the longer polishing and cleaning action of Iodent No. 2. Here's why! Iodent contains millions of tiny particles scientifically treated to retard disintegration . . . to *last* longer . . . *clean* longer. This compact texture does not foam up and disperse like many ordinary dentifrices. As long as you brush your teeth Iodent continues to clean and polish.

So get Iodent No. 2 today! You'll see the natural sparkle return to your teeth quickly. It's *safe* . . . made by a Dentist. Tooth Paste or Powder.

IODENT

Millions with teeth easy to bryten—especially children —prefer Iodent No. 1

Are you
PALE? WEAK?
from loss of
BLOOD-IRON?

Here's One Of The Best
Home Ways To Build Up Red Blood!

You girls who suffer from simple anemia or who lose so much during monthly periods that you are pale, feel tired, weak, "dragged out"—this may be due to low blood-iron—

So start today—try Lydia E. Pinkham's TABLETS—one of the greatest blood-iron tonics you can buy to help build up red blood to give more strength and energy—in such cases.

Pinkham's Tablets help build up the RED QUALITY of the blood (very important) by reinforcing the haemoglobin of red blood cells.

Just try Pinkham's Tablets for 30 days—then see if you, too, don't remarkably benefit. All drugstores.

Lydia E. Pinkham's TABLETS

He wondered if Pat was more to Gail than just an employer. They'd looked pretty set up as they'd come in laughing together. She really was knocking out a great reputation for herself. When he'd run into Jim Brining a few days ago, it'd been easy to see Jim was a touch sore that she'd gone in with another outfit. A funny pride had whirled around in his own head at Jim's praise of her talents.

"Gail's a good soldier," Ted had said. It was an unexpected thing to hear himself saying, and later he'd wondered about it.

"So all right, I admire her," he suddenly admitted. Then he wondered what the hell he was being so defiant about. A man had a right to admire his ex-wife, didn't he?

IT WAS the first really warm weather of the spring. Charles Schuyler opened the windows of the car. "It'll be dull for you," he said apologetically. Mrs. Jaynes is a pretty ancient dowager, and he's even stodgier."

"I can stand dowagers, easy." They were approaching the formidable old mansion in Westbury, Long Island. Gail glanced up at the gimcracky old splendor of the house. "They'll offer us sherry instead of cocktails before dinner," she said. "I'm going to like the old dears."

Actually she did. And the old couple of nearly eighty liked her. By the time dinner was over, she was on easy though properly respectful terms with these two important clients. With the coffee, Mrs. Jaynes suggested a couple of rubbers of bridge.

"That is," she said to Gail, "if you play bridge?"

Over Mrs. Jaynes's head, Schuyler shot her an amused glance. "Obviously," it said, "she doesn't read magazines and newspapers."

It was the first time since Reno that Gail had done any card playing at all. Now she sat down with a sense of easy pleasure.

She fanned her first hand out. Even before she sorted it, a smile widened her lips. Boy, is *this* a terrible hand! she thought happily.

Nobody at the table could possibly understand the radiant look on her face during the three rubbers that were all the Jayneses could manage. Hand after hand was a dreary assortment of nothing, yet she seemed to find the game enchanting. At the end, Mrs. Jaynes said, "You haven't held a thing all evening, and you've actually seemed to be enjoying yourself anyway."

Gail was adding up the final score. "Forty-two down, that's ten fifty," she said, almost as if she were gloating over it. Eagerly she opened her purse and shoved eleven dollars across to the bejewelled old hand.

Mrs. Jaynes wagged a finger archly at her. "There's an old saying, my dear, I wonder if you've ever heard it—unlucky at cards, lucky at love?"

"Yes," Gail said softly. "Yes, I've heard it."

Back at her apartment, she bade Charles Schuyler a quick good night, rushed inside expecting heaven knew what. It was still early, hardly past eleven. She felt as if she were on strings that were about to be pulled. The sense of waiting grew.

In the bedroom, the phone rang. She dashed toward it.

"Oh, Pat." Her voice couldn't cloak her disappointment. "A drink *now*? Where are you?"

"The airport. I flew in tonight instead of tomorrow."

"Well of course, Pat."

Half an hour later he was there. She'd had time to scold herself for being childish as well as superstitious. She fixed drinks for them both; in an oddly adventurous mood, she noted that this was the first time any man had been up there with her so late at night.

"Gail, I meant to wait till summer," he suddenly said. "I knew in Reno you'd need time. But I'm mad about you."

"Pat, not now."

"I've got to tell you. I want you to marry me, I want——"

"But I—oh, Pat, I'm not in love with *anybody*."

"I know. I swore I'd wait a decent interval. But you *do* like me. I feel that. I couldn't be that wrong."

"No, of course you couldn't. I do awfully."

"I'll wait. I've waited so long."

The next moment she was in his arms. He didn't try to kiss her. It was surprisingly sweet to be held close again by a man who was in love with her. She hadn't realized how tall he was, almost as tall as Ted.

Instant confusion struck her at the unwelcomed comparison. In the confusion she sought desperately for something to say.

"I lost at cards tonight," she said against his chest, "so maybe there *is* something to it." It sounded flirtatious, she knew, but it had just said itself right out her head.

For answer he leaned down and kissed her. She didn't struggle away from it. But instead of response within her, there was only a sort of wistfulness.

"I'd hate to play games with you, Pat," she said then. "You've become terribly important to me. But I—love is —I mean——"

"I'll skip it for a good long time now," he said gently. "This much just had to be said, I suppose. But we'll go on as if I'd stayed off that plane tonight. Okay?"

"It's a deal."

And when she was alone again, she told herself she was proud that a man as attractive and as fine as Pat Manoble wanted to marry her. Perhaps in a while she would want to marry him.

Next morning she was at her office earlier than usual. She attacked the mail, read over the letters she'd dictated the day before. The inter-office buzzer sounded. She lifted the switch.

"A Mr. Ted to see you, Mrs. Varley," the voice said. "He hasn't an appointment."

She forced her voice to behave. "Ask him to wait, please," she said, and flipped the switch down.

She reached automatically into the lower drawer of her desk where she kept her bag. She did a complete and deliberate job of checking up on hair, make-up—and self-control. Then she threw the switch up again.

"Show Mr. Ted in, please," she said. Her voice was confident and cordial.

"Good morning, Mrs. Varley," Ted said in a tone of pleasant formality as the receptionist held the door open for him. "It's very good of you to grant me an interview."

"Not at all." She made her voice as formal as his, but at once she saw that he looked better, more alert than he'd seemed that time in the bar.

"I quit my new job yesterday," he went on briskly.

"Oh, good." She smiled at him. He was still standing and she motioned him to a chair. "I thought that wasn't *like* you."

"And I have a proposition to make to you." He still sounded like a businessman on an official mission, and she took her cue from him. The thudding inside her

was her own business, her own heartache.

"I'm going to start a firm of my own," he went on, "though it will be affiliated with Braiken, Darrow on certain foreign market deals. I've had some good talks with Braiken." He smiled modestly. "They asked me to go back there, but instead we worked out this new setup which should be fine all round."

"It sounds fine," she said. "I'm sure you'll make a go of it."

"The point is, though"—he hesitated and for a fraction of time his eyes flickered and she knew he was nervous—"I said I had a proposition to make to you."

"Yes?"

"I'd like you to go in with me," he went on rapidly. "On a partnership basis. It's no sudden notion. I've thought about it a great deal."

He wants me back, her mind clamored. The words drummed through her with such vigor that she lost his next sentences.

". . . and in a new firm," he was going on, "it's vital to maintain that balance of abilities. I'd supply the more technical skill and knowledge of finance, the longer experience, and you'd supply the—well, the flair, the bold touch that's such a valuable catalytic."

She smiled. She couldn't help it. How nearly he was using the very phrases Pat had used! Her ego expanded. It was hard not to feel a moment of triumph.

"You seem to know all about *my* qualifications," she said in a judicious tone. "Suppose you tell me about yours. That's fair, isn't it?"

His eyes darkened and when he spoke, his voice had gone gruff.

"Fair enough," he said slowly. He looked off into the air above her head as if he were remembering backwards a long way. "I *had* a good partnership once. For five years. But after a while I got restless and bored. I didn't realize it was just a temporary phase that happens in all mar—partnerships."

He's proposing to me, something whispered inside her. He's through with her. He *really* wants me back. She said nothing.

"Then about that time," he labored on, "I ran into—er—well, another proposition. So I——" He looked to her now as if asking for help.

"So?"

"So I took the five years and chucked them in—like losing tricks at a bridge game." He stood up. All at once he looked like a man filled with a wretched distaste for himself. "And it was quite a while before I discovered that what I'd chucked was just everything that really mattered to me in this world. I think men lose all their basic values sometimes and thresh around and get vulnerable. Maybe not all men, but me with my hotheaded way of going at things. It wasn't anybody else's fault. Just mine."

"Perhaps this is just another example," she said in an unruffled voice, "of your hotheaded way of going at things."

"No." He kept the word very quiet. He didn't turn around. "Gail, someday I'll go into things as deeply as you want. Right now, it's pretty ghastly to talk about the mess I made. I didn't even discover it in one clean flash—just went around feeling spikey for weeks. But when I did come to my senses, I damn near went bats wanting you again. I—God, I fell in love with you ten times harder than I'd ever been. So now I'm asking——"

He broke off. He looked at her. He looked away.

"Better go on, Ted." So she had prompted him that night when he couldn't bring himself to tell her the news that he'd fallen in love with somebody else. Now the wheel had come full

"SOAPING" dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!

Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. 2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film! 3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! 4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant! 5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic! 6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! 10¢ or larger sizes.

Reveals the Hidden Beauty of your Hair!

Mows and Trims Lawns

In One Simple Easy Operation

8¼ Lbs.

Save Time and Labor with a

MONTAMOWER

New model. New type metal handle has special device to adjust cutting height. Drive shaft now mounted on free rolling, factory lubricated, and sealed ball bearings. No tired backs or aching arms. 8¼ lbs. of live precision made mechanism that first gathers, then cuts smoothly a clean 18" swath through grass, dandelions, spike grass and weeds. No noise or clatter. As modern and efficient as your electric razor. Cuts right up to walls, fences, trees or posts; leaves no fringes to be trimmed by hand. Cutters are self-sharpening. Built to last many years. Many thousands in use. Sold direct from factory. Costs little. Write at once for guarantee information and literature.

MONTAMOWER DISTRIBUTING CO.
1001 Keeler Bldg. GRAND RAPIDS 2, MICHIGAN

STUDY AT HOME
With a Chartered Educational Institution

Courses in Arts; Sciences; Philosophy; Education; Public Health; Medical Jurisprudence; Psychology; Sociology; Physics; Chemistry; Geology; Pol. Science; Theology; Law; Business Training; Accounting; Math.; Statistics; Agriculture. ENGINEERING: Electrical, Civil, Mechanical, Drafting, Architectural, Steam, Aeronautical, Radio, Structural, Industrial, Refrigeration, Air Conditioning, Petroleum, Mining, Marine, Chemical.
McKinley-Roosevelt Incorporated. 4618-ZC Sheridan Road, Chicago 40, Ill.

Now Hear Better

Beltone Mono-Pac is such a sensational advance that already tens of thousands of hard-of-hearing people have been delighted with how splendidly they hear with this tiny but powerful device. No clumsy, separate battery pack or wire!

Send Post Card Today for
FREE BOOKLET
with valuable information for hearing problems.

BELTONE HEARING AID CO., Dept. CP-5
1450 W. 19th Street • Chicago 8, Illinois

Crawford
WATCHES
COMPLETELY DEPENDABLE
CRAWFORD WATCHES
Crawford Watches for men and women combine the accuracy of fine watch-making with the beauty of rich jewelry. Ask for Crawford fob and wrist watches at your favorite shop.
BEAUTY • ACCURACY
Crawford
WATCH COMPANY NEW YORK, N. Y.
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS

DOES ALL 3

- Bleaches Down FRECKLES . . .
- Lightens Tan . . .
- Aids FLAKING OFF Of Dried Outer Skin

Othine is a delicately scented, medicated cream . . . used for nearly 40 years for its **bleaching** qualities. Now also widely in demand for **waking up the sleeping beauty of the underskin.** It hastens the natural flaking off of the dried surface skin. Apply nightly. Use only as directed. At your drug counter.

OTHINE *Face Bleach*

CAT'S PAW
Finest Rubber Heels & Soles!

circle. It had taken a long time and all the expanse of hell to be hearing these words from him. But there was a joy in this listening that outdid any joy she'd ever known.

"So I'm asking you to try to get over everything," he said quickly, "and marry me again."

If ever her painfully reborn ability to take the bold chance was put to the test, this was the time. She could say yes, and all the awful months since last May would be on their way to oblivion. For a few weeks, perhaps longer, he'd be gorgeously aware of her and she of him. If she did go into his new firm with him, he'd get used to having her around all day long as well as at home. Soon she'd be predictable even in office hours. The graying down process would begin all over again.

"It's no go, Ted."

The words were said before she had decided to say them. She saw his eyes, and a warm rush of sympathy stirred through her. She knew what pain was; she recognized its dark face when she saw it. But she knew also that if she'd ever gambled on anything before, she had to chance this now.

"I—well it does something to any woman, I guess, to hear things like that," she said, her voice gentle, "but it's too late."

"Gail."

"I've learned things about things," she went on. "I couldn't see it straight after you smashed everything, not for a long time after. But finally I knew it wasn't *all* your fault."

"I never blamed you. That much I can be proud of."

"But I'd let *you* down too. A woman has to choose between a career and marriage. Maybe some women do. But I gave up my job for love and marriage—and lost both. Because what I *really* gave up was developing as the human being you'd fallen in love with."

"Maybe so," he said. "But let's skip all that."

She got up then and went to sit in another chair, away from her desk. She saw his face—he was unhappy, but he was agreeing with her diagnosis of herself.

In a flash, her mood shifted. Resentment filled her. How blindly male he was—coming in out of the blue after he'd had her on the wrack for endless months and saying, "Excuse it please," and would she just forgive him and marry him again now that he had found he needed her.

"You *really* didn't think all you had to do was whistle," she said hotly, "and have me come trotting back? I got all this new clarity in a horrible session that lasted a lifetime. But I did get it. I have a pretty good life established now, and nobody's going to make me risk having it snatched out from under me again in case he gets bored or restless."

"You hate me, Gail, don't you? God knows you should hate me. I just hoped that——"

"I'll *never* give up having a job of my own to do—unless I *do* marry somebody and have another chance at—at having a baby."

He stood perfectly still for a moment. Then he was gone.

And Gail went back to her desk. She sat down, carefully, as an old woman would, and put her head down on her folded arms. Oh, Ted. Oh, darling, her heart cried out.

She forced herself to think away from him. She pinned her thoughts to the turmoil she'd been in last night after Pat had left. She'd lain awake a long time wondering whether it would be possible, now that Pat had said he was in love with her, to go on in his office. She wondered whether it wouldn't be wiser to go back to Brining after all, rather than go on in the ambiguous situation of working for a man who couldn't ever again be impersonal about her. She should have told Pat at once she'd *never* marry him. She'd tell him that the next time she saw him. It would hurt him. Why was there so much hurt in love? Would Ted go out and fall in love with somebody new now? Or go back to Carol?

"Oh, Ted. Oh, darling." Unsummoned, the words spoke themselves aloud.

She didn't know that the door had soundlessly opened and closed again and that Ted was there, just inside it. She didn't suspect that he was watching this lonely scene, hearing these whispered words.

But the next moment she was in his arms. was feeling his fierce kisses on her mouth, was returning them.

"You don't hate me," he said then, exulting. "You do love me anyway. And, God, I love you so."

At last she moved away from him. He began to talk as if he'd never have a chance again to say a word.

"I meant it about being partners. I *do* want you in my firm with me. Did you think it was just a gag?" She shook her head. She listened to his rapid arguing, and all the time she was carrying on a private argument with herself. "You mustn't make any mistakes," she counseled herself again. "Wives in the same office—that's no good ever. That's *not* the same as an independent job all your own." Finally she managed to look directly at him.

"Your *business* offer," she said coolly, "I really have to turn down. I'd rather keep on with my *own* job. Maybe not here. Maybe—yes, I think I'll go back to Brining's if they'll have me."

"They'll have you all right," he said positively.

"Your other offer," she went on, "I'll have to consider for a while."

He nodded. "No snap judgments?" His eyes were happy.

"No."

"You wouldn't consider considering it at dinner tonight, would you?" he said. "Just for a start?"

"I might."

He came toward her, but she waved him off.

"And what," she said severely, "about that—that proposition you ran into?"

Then he grinned. He reached into his pocket and pulled out his wallet. He opened it and handed it to her. She looked down casually, then up at him, startled. In the wallet was the flattering picture of her that had run in a magazine.

"Ever since I got back from that trip West," he said, "all sorts of things began snarling both of us up." He was so embarrassed that she felt sorry for him. "Then she saw this picture in my wallet. She broke the engagement."

He looked at Gail hopefully.

"And was she," she asked as offensively as possible, "in the *habit* of looking in your wallet?"

The most amiable of smiles lighted his face. "No," he said, "but we'd played gin rummy that night—and her luck was as hot as a two-dollar pistol."

THE END

Some wives are sure that every attractive single woman is a determined husband snatcher. Claire Wallis goes into the subject next month in Cosmopolitan's novelette, "Extra Woman"

Hire a Veteran

Cosmopolitan's Citations

(*Continued from page 71*)

hard to teach an old reviewer new adjectives. It's the most lovely picture, sensitive, humorous and poignant. I doubt that it would have been made a few years back. Even ten years ago, I believe the box-office gamble on it would have been regarded as too great.

But today I'm sure it will be an outstanding success, both financially and critically. Movies have grown up, and so have their audiences. Pictures are still mostly action—and that's the way they should be. But once in a while we need a film concerned with reaction, with the things of the spirit, and that's what "The Green Years" is. It's the touching story of a boy's search for truth and manhood.

It has been adapted with the most devoted fidelity from Dr. A. J. Cronin's wise and tolerant novel of the same name. It concerns itself with small, orphaned Robert Shannon from the day he arrives, an unwelcome little lad, fresh from Ireland and Catholicism, into the home of his penny-pinching, violently Protestant Scottish relative. Grandfather Leckie's meanness dominates everyone in the house, his kindhearted, overworked wife, her father, dashing, boozing Great-grandpa Gow and sharp-tongued Great-grandma Leckie. Robert, who soon wins them all except Mr. Leckie, turns into a brilliant boy with a great future as a scientist before him—if only he can get the price of tuition at the university. But he can't get that from the miserly Grandfather Leckie.

Your heart will be wrung by the manner in which it works out—not glamorously, not dashingly, but truthfully. The production has been handled with the same refinement accorded its story. Victor Saville has directed the cast into performances, each as individualized as a set of cameos. Not since "The Song of Bernadette," have I seen a movie where I considered every rôle so flawlessly portrayed. You'll fall completely in love with Dean Stockwell as the very young Robert Shannon. Later, when Tom Drake replaces him, as an eighteen-year-old, you'll cheer Tom's work. Charles Coburn has a field day as Alexander Gow, the raffish great-grandfather. Selena Royal will bring your tears as grandma; Gladys Cooper gives a searching, accurate portrayal as the old Mrs. Leckie, and Hume Cronyn, always a fine actor, is positively sinister as the money-adoring Mr. Leckie. Moreover, there is Beverly Tyler as Alison, the girl Robert loves. What an exquisite discovery this teen-ager is! She has great beauty and charm, plus a delicate singing voice, and she carries off her debut rôle with a most provocative tenderness. I prophesy a great future for her.

The picture has one fault. It is much too long, and I hope by the time you see it, it will have been cut considerably. But even if it hasn't, I know you will still find it as haunting as church bells rung at twilight or the distant, lonely sound of train whistles at midnight. I give it to you as the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best picture of the month of May, 1946. It is, in fact, one of the best pictures of this or any other year.

Vincent Price has been eight years coming into his own in Hollywood, but he comes into it like a silky lion, in "Dragonwyck." Of course, he's got one of those fat rôles in this dramatization of Anya Seton's tense novel, of the sort that all actors crave. To begin with, it's a costume rôle, which permits much color in clothes, make-up and eccentric

THE MOST FAMOUS BOTTLE IN THE WORLD
AS PORTRAYED BY THE FAMOUS ETCHER OF DOGS
MORGAN DENNIS
KENNEL CLUB OF
AKC
BEST IN SHOW
HAIG & HAIG
The Oldest Name in Scotch
IT HAD TO BE BETTER TO ENJOY SUCH UNIVERSAL PREFERENCE FOR 319 YEARS
HAIG & HAIG
FIVE STAR
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Do You Need More Money?

If the family budget won't stretch to cover all your expenses—if you have been obliged to forego some of the things you want and need—if some unforeseen emergency makes extra money imperative—there's no reason to be discouraged.

Many men and women have been able to earn extra money when they needed it by serving as local subscription representatives for Cosmopolitan and other leading magazines.

We have shown many of them how to earn from $10 to $15 a week in their spare time. Others have been able to earn up to $50 a week by devoting all their time to subscription work. Mail the coupon for complete details.

COSMOPOLITAN, Dept. 546
57th St. at 8th Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me complete details of your money-making subscription plan.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State.....

hair styles. Secondly, it's the kind of character that is by turns aristocratic and egocentric and eventually goes completely maaaad before your eyes, and finally, it has most of the footage of the picture. An actor can't ask for more than that, but here Price has a lot more—such performers as Gene Tierney, Glenn Langan, Walter Huston, Anne Revere and Henry Morgan surrounding him, plus the astute direction of Joseph Mankiewicz. In effect, brother, that's throwing the book at him, and Mr. Price catches it very flamboyantly indeed.

You know by now that who-dun-its are my particular dish, but "Dragonwyck" is much more than a routine mystery. It's a piece of Americana—somewhat exaggerated, I've no doubt—but at least it has a real historical background in the rent rebellions that went on in our country early in the nineteenth century. Price is Nicholas Van Ryn, an indulged landowner who marries a beautiful but spiritual and spirited country girl, installs her on his feudal estate and attempts to enslave her in the same manner he means to enslave his tenant farmers. That both his wife and his tenants revolt enrages him—and from then on, nasty work is afoot.

It's all exciting, and I'm confident you'll enjoy it. And I don't mean to minimize the work of the rest of the cast when I praise Vincent so highly. All the performances are excellent, but Price has the richest lines and he gives them his all. In fact, he loved the part so that he willingly sacrificed thirty-five of his normal two hundred pounds in order to look right for it. Went on a raw oyster diet to do it. Maybe that's what gives him the out-of-this-world look he has in "Dragonwyck." But whatever it is, I give him the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best starring performance of May, 1946, and I assure you that I couldn't award it to a more intelligent or charming gentleman.

IT ISN'T often that I go for a frankly "experimental" picture. I have a lot of resistance to the "arty" things. But this month I saw a film that is experimental, arty, even pretentious, and yet it is so fresh in its setting, so packed with moments of real terror that it's worth our consideration. It is "Specter of the Rose," written, directed and produced by that daring ex-newspaperman, Ben Hecht.

It takes its title from the ballet which Nijinski made famous, and I fancy Ben got much of his inspiration for the picture from Nijinski's personal history. For here you have the similar story of a dancer who is at once a genius and a madman. Andre Sanine, the boy in the story, is so adored by the little ballerina in his company that she marries him, even though she knows he has murdered his first wife and may well murder her.

The boy is actually just as infatuated with the girl but whenever he hears "The Specter of the Rose" music, he becomes haunted, not by his murdered wife, but by his own evil self, and the conflict then comes between the tenderness of love and the lust for killing. George Antheil's music composed for these scenes is no small factor in their frightening power.

I don't mean to imply by this that the film is any such gem as "The Green Years." I'll even go on record as saying that I don't believe it will be a widely popular picture. But although it is off the beaten path, it's off in the right direction. It invades the world of dance, a small world, but nevertheless a perfectly genuine one, and it's packed with the most sincere devotees. In this exposition of it, producer Hecht didn't ride herd enough on writer Hecht, who got away with a lot of fancy words and eccentric characters who do nothing but impede the plot. Director Hecht went wild with "touches" in scenes that nearly swamp such ordinarily fine actors as Judith Anderson and Michael Chekhov, who play the leads—she, as a once-great, now old and crippled ballerina; Chekhov as a penniless impressario who has organized the small touring dance company.

But producer Hecht really did a job when it came to casting. For his dreaming, romantic, demented boy, he discovered one Ivan Kirov. This young man's story is fascinating. A superb dancer with a fine physique and an interesting if not conventionally handsome face, only four years ago, as Johnny Kaye, he was a swimming champion. American-born, but half-Russian, half-Texan by ancestry, it wasn't until he got out of college that he even saw a ballet, and then it was only because of his interest in music. When he decided to study dancing, he was told he should have started at the age of ten, not twenty-two. He started lessons, however, practiced twelve hours a day, and at the end of two years was giving recitals. Hecht, looking for a lead for his picture, sent for him.

"Can you act?" Hecht asked.

"Why do you think I came to see you?" retorted Kirov, promptly walking out and terminating the interview.

Ben is such a one for talking back to big shots himself that this attitude of the boy's promptly won the rôle for him.

The rest of the company is very good, both the aforementioned Miss Anderson and Mr. Chekhov, plus Lionel Stander in the rôle of a rejected suitor and Viola Essen as the love-lost girl. But it is the characterization of Sanine that commands your interest every moment, particularly in the scenes where, aided by trick photography, he dances as his dual self, at once sane and completely cracked. And so to Ivan Kirov, a "different" actor in a "different" picture, I award the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best supporting rôle for the month of May.

"MISS KLOTCH," remarks John Wayne to Don DeFore, "is no beetle."

Miss Klotch, for your information, is Claudette Colbert running around under the title of Kit Madden in "Without Reservations" and pretending to be a very serious-minded author.

In fact, until she has encountered fliers Wayne and DeFore on a train headed for Hollywood, she has never thought of men other than as subjects for sociological research. Hollywood has bought the rights to Claudette's book, and now she keeps noticing Mr. Wayne, not at all intelligently but with a dizzy warm feeling. Unfortunately, Wayne and his buddy DeFore are intent upon another traveler, named Connie, who is, they claim, what Miss Klotch is not, a beetle of the most curved proportions.

Claudette, not wanting to be recognized as the celebrity she is, has given the fliers the phony name of Klotch, but the more she is in Wayne's company, the more she decides that he, and not Cary Grant, must play the lead in her movie. She starts talking about her book, only to discover that John has read it and thinks its hero is a dope. His attitude, together with the lack of reservations for Claudette out of Chicago, plus Connie, the beetle, start things. I doubt that you will be too surprised by the fact that they all live wackily ever after.

"Without Reservations" couldn't be thinner and not evaporate, but I include it among my Cosmopolitan Citations not so much because it really is full of chuckles as because its director, Mervyn

LeRoy, does deserve praise for the manner in which he has presented it.

Mervyn is one of Hollywood's most distinguished producer-directors and like his stellar, Miss Colbert, can move from drama to comedy with the cleverest facility. His touch is no more authoritative on serious productions like "Random Harvest" or "Madame Curie" than it is on the giddiness involved here. Maybe it is because Mervyn has not forgotten his own vaudeville days or the fact that he came into movies as a gag man. Personally, I shall always consider "I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," one of his most memorable contributions to the screen. That was made years ago, but it was such a telling survey of chain-gang conditions in the South that it led to much needed reforms. (Of course, I suppose there are some people not interested in the higher things, particularly those in the male section of the audience, who will insist that Mervyn's greatest gift to movies was his discovery of Lana Turner.)

Because in "Without Reservations" Mervyn has extracted every laugh in its script, has got from his three stars their finest farce performances, found for us Anne Triola who, as Connie, makes her first movie and shows a comic gift and other qualifications that stack up very nicely, I give him the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best direction of the month of May, 1946.

P. S. In this movie there's a bit as a radio columnist portrayed by one Louella Parsons. Words fail me when it comes to evaluating Miss Parsons' contribution to the art of acting.

P. P. S. Perhaps it's just as well that they do. But between us, she will never win a Cosmopolitan Award, not even a booby prize.

Food from Under the Sea

(*Continued from page* 35)

worth a day, and the crop was perennial, unaffected by seasons."

Dry farming is an old story in the West, but here is a type of "wet farming" unknown to us. It isn't unknown, however, to the people of other countries. Both the Japanese and the Chinese have long used sea vegetation as food.

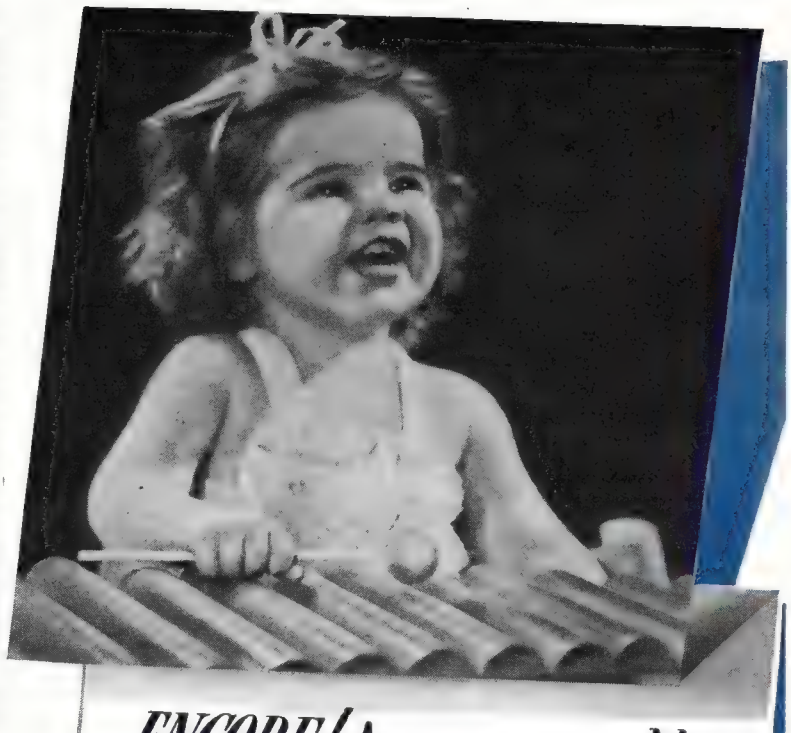
Our troops in the Pacific often asked, "How come these rice-fed runts are so tough?"

The answer is they do not live on rice alone and, thanks largely to fish and seaweeds, many of them are actually better nourished than some of our boys who outweigh them by many pounds.

A recent magazine article entitled, "Are We Starving To Death?" asserts, on the highest authority, that Americans are anything but well fed; that they are, on the contrary, being starved into chronic bad health. Our resistance to disease is being lowered and our lives are being shortened as a direct consequence of eating foods deficient in what they should contain and used to contain before our soils were robbed of their mineral content. This condition, nationwide and steadily growing worse, constitutes a menace that must be checked, or it will destroy us. Nutritional authorities refer to it as "hidden hunger."

Good virgin soils hold an abundance of the minerals essential to plant, animal and human health, but those elements can be, and usually are, used up much more rapidly than nature or the farmer can put them back. They are "mined out" by over-cropping, carried away by erosion, washed out by rains.

Research by the Federal government, and state soil scientists prompts the au-



ENCORE! As many as you like on "The Tape that Remembers"

Put your own little sweetheart into this picture. Music was never as nice! You'll recall it time and time again as years pass.

You can even do better than that. Today you can snap a switch and record that tune — then hear it again and again over a lifetime. Besides, you can take down your own good times — or even broadcasts from the air.

With Lear SOUND ON TAPE, such recordings can be minutes or over an hour long. They can be heard again immediately — not even the lapse of rewinding a wire.

And if there's anything you don't want to keep, off it goes just by recording something else on the tape.

SOUND ON TAPE is only one of the advanced features you find on Lear Radios. They'll have television, FM, automatic record-changing, short wave and an entirely new remote tuning control.

Watch for Lear Radios at your dealer's. When you see them you'll say, "That's for me."

LEAR, Incorporated, Home Radio Sales and Merchandising Division, 110 Ionia Avenue, N. W., Grand Rapids 2, Michigan.

LEAR RADIO

It's the darndest feeling

I don't know just how to explain it, Boss, but having *worms* makes a guy feel blue and see red. He's so run-down he's ready for almost any disease.

But, Boss, we can massacre the menaces with a dose of Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules. Easy to give, they kill worms . . . and, incidentally, Sergeant's Puppy Capsules do a thorough worm clean-out for puppies, too.

Sergeant's worm medicines, and other Sergeant's products, are at your nearest drug or pet store. Stop in today.

Learn how to detect worms in your dog. The new Sergeant's Dog Book outlines the symptoms for 3 different kinds of worms. Get it FREE *at your drug or pet store. Or write Sergeant's, Richmond 20, Va.*

Sergeant's
WORM MEDICINES

No more worms for me - *Caesar*

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

PIMPLES • BLACKHEADS

TRY THIS PROMPT RELIEF FOR EXTERNALLY CAUSED BLEMISHES

Cuticura contains valuable, scientific *medical ingredients to promptly* relieve, help nature heal. *Satisfaction guaranteed.* At druggists! Buy today!

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

thor to write, "An enemy has come among us unawares. It stalks us invisibly, strikes silently, and is almost as hard to believe in as germs were when Pasteur revolutionized medicine by revealing their rôle in disease."

To this enemy is attributed the dismaying increase in so-called "deficiency diseases," the list of which is longer than a hypochondriac's drug bill. It includes heart diseases, goiter, thyroid troubles, tooth decay, to mention only a few.

The painful consequences of soil deficiencies have long concerned nutritionists: the more intelligent farmers also realize that it means bankruptcy. Both are trying to meet the situation.

I ONCE did an article for Cosmopolitan in which I recited my own experience and that of others in revitalizing soils by applying directly to them not only calcium and phosphorus but also the rare "trace elements" usually ignored.

By that method poor land has been built up, grain, fruit and vegetable crops have been increased and their food value improved. The test tubes proved that minerals fed into the soil showed up in the plants.

The southlands, once fabulously productive, had become so poor that share croppers moved off. Even the livestock couldn't make a decent living. When the soil was restored to mineral balance through direct treatment, skimpy pastures grew lush, cattle fattened and a profitable industry was established.

A great deal has been done to satisfy that "hidden hunger" by rebuilding sick soils, and more can be done. Nevertheless most Americans are still underfed in the medical sense of the term. It comes as a shock, therefore, when biologists assert that millions of acres with heavy crops rich in minerals are unused. They refer to marine plants growing on submerged lands along our coastlines.

Doctor Josephine Tilden, of the University of Minnesota, has identified approximately two thousand five hundred species of marine algae. More than four hundred are edible; all are said to be from ten to twenty times richer in minerals than land-grown food plants. It is estimated that oil extracted from some of them contains a thousand times more vitamin A and B than cod-liver oil.

The wealth of foodstuffs in the ocean prompts biologists to predict that "mariculture" may become as important as agriculture and that it can quickly meet the menace of nutritional deficiencies.

Harvesting sea crops shouldn't be difficult. Many varieties of algae grow thickly, and some attain enormous size.

Why are these salt-water greens better than the ones we have? Because, in laymen's language, they grow in a sort of potlikker, rich in soluble materials that have been washed out of the land. Actually there is a startling chemical similarity between sea water and human blood. Each has almost the same amount of sodium and calcium; blood is richer in potassium, poorer in magnesium.

Dr. Tilden believes that the sea can be made to produce as much food as the land.

Limited amounts of dehydrated sea vegetables in tablet or powdered form are available as food supplements, but no real attempt has been made to market them in a form suitable for cooking. That may be due in part to the fact that American housewives usually shop only for victuals that look pretty or taste good. However, if it paid those submarine farmers of Cedros Island to cultivate their fields year after year, wouldn't it pay us to see what it is all about?

The Department of Agriculture, constantly vexed by problems of decreased production, fertilizer costs, insect control, plant and animal diseases, could lead the way, if urged to do so. It wouldn't cost much to explore the possibilities of mariculture. It should lead to more jobs and literally give us a new lease on life.

Over-cropping, due to the needs of war, has so seriously impoverished our farms that it will take years to restore them to what they were prior to Pearl Harbor. That's pretty bad, for they were wearing out fast enough before that. Marine-farming calls for no soil correctives, no fertilizer; it involves no control of insects or plant diseases. That's something to make a farmer sit up and look startled.

Something is going to be done about harvesting marine algae, if not by government then by private enterprise. One of these days farm hands may really wear lead in their shoes instead of merely moving as if their feet were weighted down. At quitting time they'll close a valve, inflate their overalls and float up to supper. No sunstroke, no prickly heat; no crop damage from drought or flood.

What about the food value of the animals raised on depleted farm lands? Bear in mind that plants are the only organisms that can manufacture food. Animals merely consume food and transform it. Like human beings, they suffer from deficiency diseases. Ground kelp, mixed with fish meal, is a valuable addition to animal and poultry feeds. Some is being marketed.

Certain people, thoroughly sold on the possibilities of salt-water farming, are studying how to get into the business with or without government guidance. There is a project on foot to farm the Sargasso Sea, and whether it is impractical or worth while you can be the judge.

The Sargasso Sea comprises a considerable part of the Atlantic Ocean between the Azores and the West Indies. Old time mariners referred to it as "The Doldrums," or the "Horse Latitudes." Sailing ships were frequently becalmed there. The water is warm, undisturbed by currents; seaweeds of many varieties accumulate in masses miles in extent. Some are highly prized in the Orient; all are believed suitable for stock feed.

"It's a cinch to harvest those floating fields," the enthusiasts declare. "We propose to buy some of the Navy's surplus landing craft—L.C.T's would be ideal—and fit them out with loading, grinding and drying equipment. There's plenty of stuff to work on, twenty-four hours a day. It can be loaded, processed and prepared for shipment in one operation.

"Off the Australian coast and in certain Northern waters are other enormous accumulations of this sea-tang, as it's called. The enterprise is a gold mine! Think of it! No land to buy; no taxes to pay! No plowing, no planting, no fertilizer bills! Boy, is that farming!"

IT IS believed that production costs should be low enough so that farmers can feed as much of the product as their stock will take care of, thereby assuring better meat, milk, butter and cheese; finer poultry and more eggs. With an abundance of mineral-rich, palatable farm feeds cattle would be healthier, breed better and fatten more quickly; hogs would escape cholera, and pork would bring top prices; chickens would be immune to the diseases that plague poultrymen. Soil-building would proceed at a rapid pace through the application of highly mineralized manures.

That is the picture sketched by enthusiasts. It may be overdrawn; it seems high time, nevertheless, to determine just what Davy Jones has to offer us in the way of food and to sink our teeth into it while we still have teeth.

Dear Mr. President

(*Continued from page 34*)

To the president of America
Mr. Trueman
Dear Sir
I can't find a home or a room, they have sold our home from over our heads, we are homeless. Do you think you could help me by your influence to get a home in Australia, or if I made the trip could I get a little home over there? . . . I have tried until I am sick and tired looking for shelter, I applied to Hammerrill Pensioners Home but have heard nothing. There is no hope it seems.
Yours faithfully,
Mrs. W.————
I am sure God will bless you if you will use your influence and help us get a home. My daughter Ida and her little son Fred are with me. I would pay rent out of pension. Please, Sir.

Maybe it is fortunate for the President's spirit that he can't read all his mail. A letter like this one isn't filed and forgotten with a sigh. It is referred to the State Department which acknowledges it and sends a copy to our legation in Australia. There a member of the Foreign Service will bring the plea to the attention of the local authorities. It is quite possible that a home may soon be found for the unhappy woman. Her case emphasizes a point unless a letter is obviously of the crackpot variety—and there are many of these, too, of course—it receives a serious reply and whatever action circumstances permit.

The second note, chosen at random, came from another woman—one living in a Scandinavian village, half a world away from the first. She wrote in her own language on a scrap of yellow paper:

Dear Mr. President Truman,
I have heard that America sends shoes over here, but I have not seen them and I need a pair so badly. Please, Mr. Truman. My size is 39.
Yours humbly

Perhaps it is amusing to think of someone sending the size of her foot to the President of the United States. But when you consider the desperate need behind the note, it is no longer funny; it's pathetic—and typical of hundreds of letters that tell the President the sizes of coats, dresses, suits and whatnot. Put together, they present a distressing picture of international want and poverty.

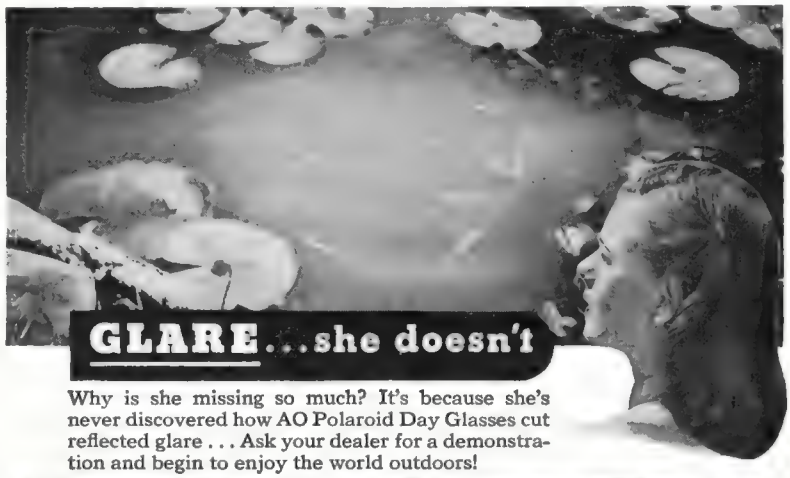
This particular note will be turned over to UNRRA. In time a copy of it will reach the Chief of UNRRA's Mission in the country where the letter originated. When the woman gets her shoes, another voice will be lifted in praise of the United States. For there is this significant thing about the President's mail: it offers countless opportunities to make friends for America overseas.

The next letter, pecked out on a broken typewriter, came from the Abbess of a convent in Riccione, Italy. She wrote:

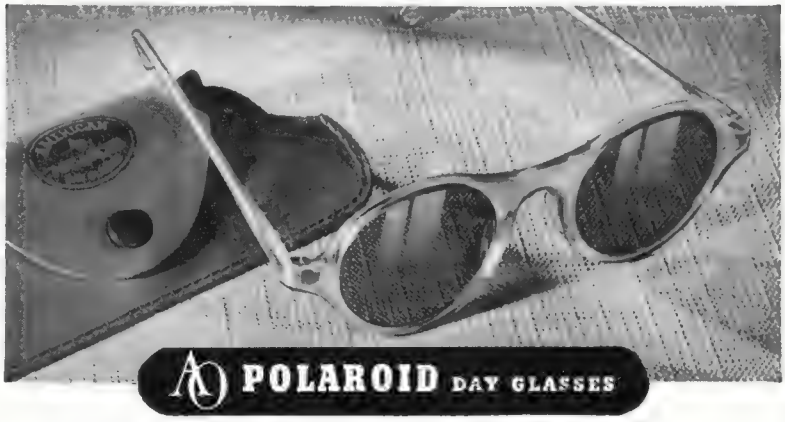
Dear Sir,
The war has destroyed our Convent for little children and orphans. If you wish to help us in our effort of reconstruction in your name or in memory of a dear one departed, we should be honored either to name the Convent for you or to incise the list of benefactors on a tablet.
The little ones are already praying for you.
With thanks for your co-operation we pray the Almighty to bless you.

So they come, one importunity after another. Sometimes the writers seek nothing more than good counsel. Their requests may seem on the foolish side, but you can't help realizing that, foolish or not, they rise out of problems that are real and important to those who

AO Polaroid* Day Glasses filter blinding, reflected glare . . . enable him to see details clearly, without strain. These *scientific* glasses also absorb ultraviolet (sunburn) rays, admitting only useful light.



Why is she missing so much? It's because she's never discovered how AO Polaroid Day Glasses cut reflected glare . . . Ask your dealer for a demonstration and begin to enjoy the world outdoors!



Only AO Polaroid Sun Glasses
FILTER REFLECTED GLARE
AO Polaroid Day Glasses . . . $1.95

American Optical
COMPANY
World's Largest Makers of Ophthalmic Materials

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Polaroid Corp.

face them. There is, for example, the letter from a Chinese boy in Hong Kong, written in English:

> Dear Mr. Truman,
> As you are the only famous man who seems to care for world peace, I hope that you will grant me the honour of asking for your advice. I know what is war and I determine to be the man who stops those coming wars. I hope you will tell me what I shall do to fulfill my will. Shall I be a scientist?
> I dare not tell my aim to anybody, not even my mother, because I fear that they will discourage me and say impossible. God alone knows whether I will succeed or not but I will do my best no matter how hard my future life may be. I think that only you can give me hope, advice, and encouragement as you are an highly educated person. . . . I lost my father when I was ten and that is why I have to ask from other educated persons some advice. I am a Chinese youth 17 years of age. . .

There is another type of letter, unconsciously humorous, which seeks nothing but offers gratuitous advice on some aspect of conducting the government. Many of these are received. They are written in earnest, and the impulses that prompt them are sincere. As an example, consider this one from a gentleman in Anadarko, Oklahoma:

> Dear Mr. President,
> I know you and all the members of the White house is able to cary out all business and take care of America. And the world too. And you don't need anv advice. But sometimes we forget. . . Why I am riting is this. *Women should not get too far in the government.* They don't mean to do any harm, but they will do harm. Look at Eve, Adam's wife. Look at Job's wife. Look at Sampson's wife. They don't mean harm but they will do harm. . . We all love our women. We would not do without them. We got to have them. We must do everything we can for them, treat them rite. *But don't let them get too far in the government.* Please read this to Senators, Congressmen, and all.
> A real friend to America

Curiously, a vast number of these letters which offer advice urge the President to read them to senators, congressmen, justices of the Supreme Court, and so on. You begin to wonder if there is some common mania which prompts people to visualize the President of the United States reading their letters to a joint session of the Senate and House.

"But the great bulk of the mail," says Eben Ayres of the White House staff, "is serious and merits earnest consideration. Much of it comes from Americans who want the President to do something on a specific occasion—to deliver an address at a national convention or to send a message commemorating an anniversary of some sort. Then, too, there is the pressure mail, not only from individuals but from organizations whose thousands of members write almost identical letters urging the President to support this or that measure, or to veto this or that bill. Every controversial issue brings its own flood of correspondence, pro and con. It's a healthy thing. This, after all, is America taking an active part in government and in world affairs."

The greatest deluge of White House mail in recent years occurred during the San Francisco meeting of UNO. Every day some eight thousand people wrote the President their views on the chances for world peace: they pleaded with him to exert every effort to make UNO strong and effective. And pressure mail continues to arrive by the thousand, passionately in favor of or opposed to price controls, compulsory military training, labor policies, the keeping of occupation armies overseas, the British loan, and every other issue that faces the country.

It is not always American. Pressure mail may come from any nation, on any subject. Thus the general secretary of an organization of seventeen thousand women in Sydney, Australia, writes:

> At a meeting of the Executive of this Association I was instructed to forward to you the following resolution: "That in order to stimulate mutual understanding, and foster the growth of real peace among the nations of the world, it is essential that the establishment should no longer be postponed of an agreed common language to constitute an essential part of the curriculum of all primary and secondary schools of each nation . . ."

Soon after the receipt of such a resolution the White House is apt to be overwhelmed with thousands of letters from members of that same organization, all adding their voices to that of their general secretary, all saying substantially the same thing. Routed to the State Department for reply—since they concern State Department functions—they are generally acknowledged by a form card. It would be too prodigious a job to answer in any other way.

Miss Doris Kaplan, chief of the section which replies to mail for the State Department's Division of Public Liaison, says her staff answers from one thousand to three thousand letters a week for the White House. And the vast majority can *not* be answered by form cards; these require painstaking personal notes. To illustrate the hopelessness of finding a form letter that can be applied to most of the mail, she pulled a few communications out of a basket.

The top one came from a stamp collector in Finland. He has heard, he writes, that President Truman, like the late President Roosevelt, is interested in stamps. Has Mr. Truman a good Finnish collection? If not, the writer sends an envelope full of Finnish stamps, with the hope that the President may wish to swap a few American stamps for them.

Following this bit of fluff came a letter that would necessitate a sober reply and a discussion of national policy. It was sent by the minister of a church in Wells, Minnesota, and it says:

> I am writing to ask you to use all your influence to modify the Potsdam Declaration so that relief can be permitted in Germany and Japan as well as in the United Nations. By sending clothing, food and medical supplies to these nations we would do a great deal to create good will, which is basic to lasting peace.

Obviously no form letter could satisfy two such widely divergent interests. In replying to the clergyman's letter the State Department encloses copies of whatever statements the President may have made in reference to our treatment of Germans and Japs. Here is a citizen concerned about grave matters; he deserves a full report and he gets it.

Another type of letter of which the following is a fair sample was written by a boy in Shanghai:

> Your Excellency,
> I beg you to read this letter, for you are the last hope of a family who, after having suffered so much from Hitlerism (on account of being Jews) has come to Shanghai, a city in a land in which no life is possible for a poor refugee; and poor refugees we are, because we have lost everything we have had in Germany.
> Since there is no chance for us here to earn our living and life is terrible . . . I appeal to you, Sir, to help us come to the U. S. to lead there a life suitable for a human being, in a free state and amongst people I like and who don't hate me. Sir, I promise you that being once in the United States I, my mother, and my father will do everything not to be a burden to the nation and the state. I am 19 years old, a skilled electro-motor mechanist and rewinder, and having received my training in one of the biggest firms in this line I certainly won't be a burden for the States. My father being a bookkeeper and correspondent in English, French, Roumanian and German, has worked before the outbreak of the Pacific war for an American firm . . . but is now not able to get a position.
> So please, Your Excellency, help a family whose greatest desire is to come to the U. S. Help us to leave a country we are not wanted in and to come to a country which always has been the land of our dreams, to live there a free life amongst free people . . .

This yearning to come to America is one of the most frequently expressed aspirations in all letters from abroad.

In fact, one letter from Shanghai, sent by a committee, spoke for thousands of refugees who begged that the President might in some way help them to secure passports to any other spot on earth—just so that they might tear themselves out of the misery of Shanghai.

These are sad letters to contemplate and sad to answer. The State Department must explain the limitations of our immigration laws and the President's inability to do anything about the issuance of passports by other nations. It doesn't matter how often such things are made clear, however; always more letters come—always, in sheer desperation, somebody will make one last effort, praying that perhaps conditions have changed. To write an answer is a painful task.

It is much easier to draft a reply to the Frenchwoman in Nice who resents the extortionate prices Americans are forced to pay in Europe. "May I suggest an efficient remedy?" she says. "It is for Americans to abstain from visiting Europe for a period of years, in order to teach Europe a lesson she badly needs." Or to the man in Ontario, Canada, who inquires: "Now that the Japs have been conquered, I would like to know if anything new has been found about the mystery of Amelia Earhart."

But again and again, as you go through the President's mail, you come upon letters written in anguish. Here is one from a prisoner at the Presidio de San Lucas in Costa Rica who pleads with the President to bring about prison reforms in his country. And here is one from an Italian woman, the mother of six children, whose husband was condemned to long penal servitude by an Allied Military Court; she begs for mercy and compassion on her husband's behalf.

You read such letters slowly, visualizing the distressed men and women who labored in the writing of them. Why do they all turn to the President of the United States? The reason can't lie wholly in the personalities of Harry Truman or Franklin Delano Roosevelt or Herbert Hoover, for all presidents have received this kind of mail. It must be the office itself that attracts the helpless of all nations—an office that seems to symbolize for them release from every form of spiritual and physical agony.

Perhaps no better tribute could be paid to the Presidency than this evidence of the faith with which people in all lands look to the White House for help. Their letters are, in a sense, a gauge of the prestige the President enjoys among simple people throughout the world. In him—and in what he represents—they place their ultimate hope.

Hire a Veteran

The Wisdom of Eve

(*Continued from page 75*)

evening performance was over she was still there. This time, when I got rid of the crowd, I spoke to her, I asked her if there was anything I could do for her, and she said no. I said I had noticed her at the matinee and that my husband had seen her before. She said she stood there every night. I couldn't believe my ears. I said, 'Well, what do you want?' She said, 'Nothing.' I said, 'There must be something,' and finally she said that she knew if she stood there long enough, eventually I would speak to her. I asked if that was all she wanted and she said, 'Yes.' That she had first seen me in San Francisco when I toured in 'Have a Heart.' (That was my husband's first play in which Margola had appeared.) That she had followed me to Los Angeles and had eventually come on to New York."

"Just to stand at your stage door?" I asked, amazed.

"She went to the play," Margola added, "as often as she could afford to."

"What devotion," I said.

"That," said Margola sadly, "is what I assumed. I was most impressed. I thought: This is my most ardent fan. She follows me clear across the Great Divide. She sees my plays constantly when she obviously has very little money. She stands night after night at my stage door just to see me come out and finally to have me speak to her. I was moved."

I could imagine that Margola was speaking the truth. Her voice sounded husky. "So what went on?" I urged.

"Well," Margola answered, "I felt that I had to do something to repay this child for her admiration. She's only twenty-two. I thought: I'll give her an evening that she'll always remember. So I invited her to come home with me. She acted as if she were in a seventh heaven. She had a slight accent which she told me was Norwegian. She said that her people had come over here six or seven years before, and had finally left her with an aunt and gone back to Norway on a trip. Of course, because of the war, they hadn't been able to return, and she hadn't heard from them in months. In the meantime, she had married a young American flier and had been living in San Francisco because he had gone to the Pacific from there. I asked her how she got along and she said that at first she had had her husband's allotment, but then he had been killed over Bougainville and since then she had lived very meagerly on his insurance."

"How sad," I exclaimed.

"Exactly what I thought," Margola said. "She told me that seeing me act and watching my plays had been her only happiness since she had had the wire about her husband. It seemed to me that I must do something for her. I found out that she could type and do shorthand. She'd worked as a secretary in San Francisco. It suddenly came to me that this girl might make just the secretary for me; you know I am hard to please, but here was someone who adored me: who would be loyal; who was quiet and at the same time well-bred. She spoke English beautifully and seemed intelligent. So I asked her if she'd like to work for me. You've never seen such a response. She burst into tears and kissed my hand. I generally hate that sort of thing because I know it's insincere, but this time I was sure it was genuine. She was so naïve, so unsubtle."

"The way you read that line suggests she wasn't."

"Don't jump cues," Margola snapped. And for my impatience, I had to wait

The Case of the Cocktail Lover!

It's easy to solve your cocktail problem—
simply buy Heublein's Club Cocktails by the case!

These wonderful cocktails are made from the world's best liquors—correctly mixed and intermellowed for maximum flavor by long union in the bottle. They're at your favorite liquor store, completely ready to add ice and serve.

It's just a case of knowing how!

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.

HEUBLEIN'S *Club* COCKTAILS

The Five Popular Varieties
Manhattan, *65 proof*
Dry Martini, *71 proof*
Old Fashioned, *80 proof*
Side Car, *60 proof*
Daiquiri, *70 proof*

GOOD-BYE TO
discomfort of
- SICK HEADACHE
- ACID INDIGESTION
- CONSTIPATION

due to ordinary sluggishness

Be Bright! Feel Right! *TAKE* ENO

Don't feel upset, "jittery" next day, because you ate, drank, smoked too much the night before!—Simply take sparkling Eno at bedtime and you'll *quickly* neutralize excess stomach acid. . . . *When you wake*—take Eno as a *speedy, gentle laxative.* Caution: use only as directed. Buy at druggist today!

EFFECTIVE DOUBLE ACTION
1. ANTACID—relieves sour stomach, gas and heartburn promptly.
2. LAXATIVE—relieves temporary sluggishness quickly. When needed, take before breakfast.

TASTES GOOD!

Cool off Feet
with an
ICE-MINT treat

Every day, people who suffer from tired, burning feet are enjoying quick, thrilling comfort by using Ice-Mint. Under the touch of this frosty-white medicinal cream, you actually feel tired muscles relax, as your feet respond almost instantly to its refreshing coolness.

Grand, too, to help soften corns and callouses. Get foot-happy today the Ice-Mint way. At drug and department stores. Or, send for FREE sample. Write Ice-Mint, Suite 25, P. O. Box 155, Buffalo, N. Y.

until she had drawn three or four puffs on her cigarette.

"Well, I gave the wretched girl clothes to wear, I gave her twenty-five dollars a week. All she had to do was tend to my correspondence, send out pictures and so forth. Some letters she was to answer without bothering me, but anything that she felt needed my particular attention she was to show to me. At first she was ideal. Then after a month or so she began to annoy me."

"How?" I couldn't help asking.

"By staring at me. She stared at me all the time. I would turn around suddenly and catch her eyes on me. It gave me the creeps. Finally, I couldn't stand it any longer. I suddenly realized that she was studying me, imitating my gestures, my ways of speech, almost doing the same things. It was like having a living shadow. At last I told Clement that he should use the girl at the office; that she could attend to my mail there instead of at home. I wanted to get her out of the house, and at the same time I didn't want to fire her. I still felt sorry for her. Besides, her work was very satisfactory.

"Clement was delighted with her," Margola continued, a little thin-lipped. "His own secretary had just left to be married, and this girl fitted right in to her place. She began to read plays for us and made some quite intelligent observations. Then one day we had a rehearsal — it was when we were putting Miss Caswell into the sister part — and I had a toothache and didn't go. My understudy hadn't been called. She was out, and the stage manager wasn't able to get in touch with her. Eve had gone to the rehearsal with Clement to take his notes, and when there wasn't anybody to do my part, she volunteered. Clement told the stage manager to give her the script so that she could read it, and to his amazement she said, 'Oh, I don't need that.' Well, my dear"—Margola leaned closer to me as the car spun around a corner—"would you believe it, she knew every line of my part? Not only every line but every *inflection*, every *gesture*. Clement was there to watch Miss Caswell, and he said he forgot all about her, he was so fascinated by Eve's unexpected performance."

"Was she really good?" I asked.

"Good!" Margola raised a painted eyebrow. "Good! She was marvelous. Clement even hinted she was slightly better than I am. He didn't dare say so, of course, but he teased me that she was. He said if he'd closed his eyes, he wouldn't have known the difference."

"What about the Norwegian accent?"

"Apparently," Margola shrugged, "that just went. I understand why, now."

"I don't," I said.

"You will," Margola stated bluntly. "Anyway, Clement was so amazed at the girl's exhibition that he took her out to tea afterwards. She confessed to him that she had always wanted to be an actress and asked him to help her. Asked *him*—not me! Don't you think that was hatefully deceitful?"

I admitted that it was, but I thought privately the girl had been rather smart. Great actresses are not noted for encouraging brilliant ingénues.

"She told him that she had only stood around my stage door because she wanted to meet *him*, that she considered him the most brilliant director and producer in New York. He didn't tell me that. I found it out later. But Clem was very flattered. After all, he's only a man, and I get more than my share of attention. He's always introduced as Miss Cranston's husband; it probably irritates him more than he admits. But here was somebody looking up at him with saucer eyes, telling him he was wonderful, and he fell for it. He told me she was the most talented young girl he had seen in years, that we must help her. I said nothing. I knew I had to handle this very carefully. I asked Eve why she hadn't told *me* she wanted to be an actress and asked *me* to help her. She had the nerve"—Margola paused for effect—"to tell me she knew I wouldn't like the competition."

I laughed out loud. It was so ridiculous. Even the best actors in her supporting casts have a tendency to melt into the scenery when Margola gets into her stride. "She doesn't lack ego," I chuckled.

"Ego!" Margola spat out the word. "Wait till I tell you about the letter . . . It arrived several days after this rehearsal. Eve came to my dressing room before the performance with four or five letters. This particular one was among them. She told me that she thought I ought to give them my personal attention. I put them into my purse, took them home and forgot about them.

"Several days later, Eve asked me if I had read them, and I said that I hadn't. She particularly urged me to do so. I promised to, but I still put it off. I hate reading mail. In a few days, she was nagging me again to know if I had read the letters. I still hadn't. That night Alice told me that Miss Harrington had come to my dressing room while I was on the stage and had gone all through my pockets and my purse looking for something. I didn't like that, and after the show I called Eve down for it. She said she was looking for those letters, that there was one that, on second thought, she felt I ought not to see. I said that as she had given me the letter in the first place, it was a little absurd to decide now that I shouldn't see it. But whether I read the letters or not, she was never again to go through things.

"She burst into tears and cried that she only wanted to spare me pain. I had been so kind to her, she didn't want my feelings hurt. She had only given me the letter because when she had first read it she had been so thrilled that she wanted me to see it; thinking it over she realized that it might hurt me.

"I remarked that after the things critics had written about me, nothing in any letter could possibly faze me.

"I realize now that this entire performance was to get me to read that letter without any more delay, and I am sorry to say it worked. That night when I got home it was the first thing I did. It was very easy to pick out the one she was referring to. It went something like this.

"Dear Miss Cranston,

"Today I was buying a ticket to see a performance of your play. The door to the theater was open, and as I could hear voices and no one was watching the door, I wandered inside to see what was going on. It seemed to be a rehearsal. A young girl was playing the part that I recognized, when I saw the actual performance, as your rôle. I presume she was your understudy. I know that stars of your caliber are always jealous of the ability of young people, but my dear Miss Cranston, I put you above such petty feelings. I am sure that loving the theater as you do, you will wish to enrich it. In your company, hidden backstage, is the most brilliant young performer I have ever seen. I was spellbound. She brought all your ability plus youth to the part. I waited outside for this young girl and asked her name. It was Harrington. Do help her to get the break she so richly deserves.

"It was signed: 'One of your devoted followers.' "

"Of course she wrote it herself," I gasped.

"I think so," Margola said. "I was positive, but it was typewritten, so I could not easily prove it. The next day I merely said to Eve that it was quite a coincidence that the theater door was ajar when she happened to be rehearsing my part. We never mentioned it again."

I resisted comment. I could sense Margola was working up to a big scene.

"Not long after this the John Bishop auditions came up."

I nodded. John Bishop is one of Broadway's better producers. Every season he holds auditions where talented unknowns can come and do a scene of their own choosing on the stage of his theater. The judges are other producers, talent scouts from film companies and agents. Mr. Bishop's official reason for this competition is his altruistic desire to give embryonic Thespians a chance to be seen; the winner often steps right into a Broadway show.

"Well, darling," Margola went on, "Eve was crazy to participate in Johnny's auditions. She went to Clem and pleaded with him to give her an introduction to Johnny. He said it wasn't necessary, that she merely had to fill in the application blank in Johnny's office, and when her turn came she would be called. She found that to be true, and from then on she was no use as a secretary at all; she was in a complete dither about what scene to do and wanted Clement to advise her and coach her. I told her to do a scene from 'A Kiss for Cinderella' as I felt she was rather the pathetic, wistful type, but Clem picked out a bit of Ibsen—Hilda in 'The Master Builder'—because it would suit her Scandinavian accent.

"She naturally took Clement's advice—not mine. She studied the scene, and when she had memorized it, Clement heard her go through it. He came home enthralled. Again, he thought she was marvelous. He insisted that I come down to the theater and give her some suggestions. By this time I was so curious to see this future Jeanne Eagels that I consented. One day before the matinee, I went to the theater early, and she did the scene for me."

"Was she really terrific?" I asked.

"I was impressed," Margola admitted reluctantly. "She was talented. There was no question about that. She had a marvelous voice, and she read the lines with great sincerity, though this didn't disguise the fact that she was utterly inexperienced and awkward. I suppose that didn't show up when she was copying me in my part because she had me for a model. I did what I could to help her to hide these defects and showed her a few other little tricks, and she picked them up quickly enough. I wasn't so excited as Clement, but I could see that there was something to his statements.

"The auditions took place in a few days. She got down to the finals, and then, on the big day, won them. Everybody was terribly excited about her. Movie scouts knocked themselves out to make tests of her, agents wanted to put her on their files. You've never seen such excitement. She thought she was made. She was a star overnight, so now the story could come out."

"What story?"

"Her story. Her true story. Pathetic, wistful, naïve Eve Harrington gave out an interview to the newspapers on how she had fooled the finest actress in the theater for several months!"

"Fooled you? How?"

"In every way. Her entire story was a piece of fiction. She'd never been any closer to San Francisco than Milwaukee, where she was born. She was Norwegian

"Insignia Jr."...$12.50
"Insignia Sr."...$12.50
SWANK
WALLETS
Impressive originals...each with 10 kt. gold corners and signet. Exquisitely fashioned by Swank. Suitable for initialing. Genuine Morocco in black or brown.

DJER-KISS PERFUME—
$3.50, $2, $1 plus tax

Ineffably lovely...young as spring itself, the lasting fragrance of Djer-Kiss bespeaks romance! You'll adore it!

Cologne, $1
Eau de Toilette, $1
plus tax
•
At all cosmetic counters

dear, dear DJER·KISS
The World's Most Romantic Scent
BY Kerkoff

KERKOFF, LTD., N. Y. C.

See the MARX BROS. *in David Loew's* "A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA", United Artists *laugh panic.*

GROUCHO—HARPO—CHICO and ZIPPO

$2.50
(with initials or signature $3.50)

"Three on a light" is lucky when you use a ZIPPO. Lucky, because ZIPPO always lights at the zip of the wheel, anywhere, any time. Lucky, because the inimitable features and precision quality of a ZIPPO guarantees it for a lifetime of faithful service—*no one ever paid a cent to repair a ZIPPO.*

Have you seen the new post-war ZIPPO? Slimmer case, more rounded corners and edges, but no sacrifice in fuel capacity. Silver-like case has a million dollar appearance—but the old price of $2.50 prevails. Others to $175.

Order from your dealer.

ZIPPO MFG. CO., Dept. CO, Bradford, Pa.

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

by descent, but had picked up her accent from a waitress in her father's restaurant. Her parents were safely in Wisconsin."

"Why did she want an accent?"

"Glamour, my dear. So many foreign actresses are successful here. She thought an accent would make her."

"But the parents being trapped by the war in Norway. What was the point of that?" I asked.

"Sympathy. The husband was a plea in the same direction."

"You mean she wasn't a widow?"

"She'd never been married."

"My God!" I said.

"The entire plot was a masterpiece of detail," Margola went on, enjoying my amazement. "In Milwaukee she had been a secretary with stage ambitions. She saved enough money to come to New York and live for six months. Once here, she laid a careful campaign to get ahead in the theater. She made up her mind to become acquainted with Clem and me. I think her ideas went even further. I believe she planned to break up our marriage. Being married to a big producer-director would just suit Eve. She once made a remark to me that every important actress in the theater had a successful man behind her. That part hadn't jelled, but the rest had worked pretty well. As Clem's secretary she had met most of the big agents, playwrights and important actors. Now on top of these contacts, she had received a chance to show her ability and had come off the winner.

"It looked very amusing in print that Director Clement Howell had had a genius right in his own office and that it had remained for another producer to discover her. Poor Clem took a lot of kidding on that score. That interview was the loudest crowing I ever read. The funniest part was how I had fallen for that stuff about her being my great fan. It made her out an even greater actress—that she had played a rôle in real life so convincingly that we had both been taken completely for a ride. I could have strangled her. Naturally she didn't wait to be fired. She resigned as Clem's secretary. She told him she couldn't be tied down to an office any longer. She began to dress in clothes and costumes that would be noticed.

She began to wear make-up in quantity because the report on most of her screen tests was 'no sex appeal.'"

"Why is she still standing at your stage door?" I asked. "I don't understand."

"That's where we had the last laugh," said Margola brightly. "The one thing happened that she hadn't bargained for. You know what Broadway is like. One day you're the toast of the town, and the next you're forgotten. She was too inexperienced to have learned that real and lasting success is only built on a long-term foundation. She thought she was all set, and it went to her head. She took a few screen tests but didn't photograph well enough to be sensational, and Hollywood doesn't bother to experiment with lights and make-up unless you have a real hit behind you. She was an odd type—certainly not the conventional ingénue—and no part turned up for her. Pretty soon the agents and producers just forgot all about her. She couldn't even get in to see John Bishop himself, and she was his official protégé. That's when she came crying back to Clem and me. She says that she will stand at my stage door every night until I forgive her. That she was a silly fool when she gave out that interview. That she really did adore me, and at first her only thought had been to get to know me. That she will be everlastingly grateful if we will only help her to get

Hire a Veteran

a part. But I don't fall into the same trap twice," said Margola determinedly. "So far as I am concerned she can stand at the stage entrance until she turns into a statue. I shan't lift a finger to help her."

"It's rather a pity," I said, "since you say she really is so talented."

"So what?" Margola stubbed out her cigarette in the limousine's ash tray. "Lots of girls are talented and never get a chance to show it. She had a chance, and she muffed it by her own conceit. She'll never get another opportunity."

"Probably not." I sighed and stared through the car window at the reflected stars, twinkling like footlights in Little Neck Bay. "No," I thought to myself, "the little girl with the red coat will probably spend the rest of her life in obscurity."

But I was wrong. So was Margola. Eve Harrington had that rare second chance. I curse the day that she got it. For Margola was right. Eve was a bitch. I know, for it was through me that opportunity knocked twice on her door.

Several weeks after Margola told me this story, Lloyd finished his new play and a prominent manager made immediate plans to produce it. It was a strange play, different from anything Lloyd had written before and very hard to cast. There was one part which presented insurmountable difficulties. It required a young emotional actress of great strength and power. At the same time, it was not large enough for a star, having only three scenes. Lloyd and the manager tried actress after actress, and no one was right. He wanted a certain timid quality that was apparently unobtainable from the synthetic blondes of Broadway. I knew where he could find it. I knew the perfect girl was standing at Margola's stage door. I had never forgotten the shy expression in Eve Harrington's wide eyes. Finally, when in desperation the manager was about to call the production off, I suggested her to Lloyd.

"Go around there," I suggested. "She always wears a red coat. You can't miss her. If you wash the make-up off her face, you'll have exactly the right type. Furthermore, I hear she can really act."

Lloyd thought I was kidding, but finally he did as I told him. She read the part the next day, and they gave it to her. The search was over. All through rehearsals, Lloyd and the director carefully coached Eve to hide her awkwardness. Lloyd began taking her out to lunch to talk about the part. On the opening night, Eve walked off with the show. It was a hit, and I had to admit it was partly her performance.

Her notices were amazing. The movies got excited about her all over again. This time, with her success behind her, her tests were a different story. What had once struck Hollywood as "no sex appeal," now was called "a rare quality . . ." So Eve is on the train with her contract in her pocket.

I am going on a trip also. I am heading for Reno to get a divorce. For in spite of her success, Eve had found the time to get engaged to a famous playwright. She is going to marry my husband, Lloyd Richards.

A beautiful wife can be a handicap to an important politician, especially when she has her own ideas about government. Mignon McLaughlin's two-part story, "The Governor's Lady" begins in next month's Cosmopolitan

100 Proof
LIQUEUR

A New HIGH in HIGHBALLS

Topping any you've ever tasted is the Southern Comfort Highball —a jigger of Southern Comfort, ice, and sparkling water. But . . . *Only Two, Remember . . . No Gentleman Will Ask for Three!* Equally delicious are the other recipes in the booklet on each bottle of The Grand Old Drink of the South.

SOUTHERN COMFORT IMPROVED OLD FASHIONED

Pony of Bourbon or Rye. Pony of Southern Comfort. Dash of bitters. 2 cubes ice. Dash of syphon. Garnish with cherry, twist of lemon peel, slice of orange. *No sugar.*

There's Only One

SOUTHERN COMFORT

NO SUGAR IS NEEDED WITH

America's Most Versatile Drink

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

The Big Money (*Continued from page 78*)

They were doing all right, but they were not in the "Big Money" earned by such writers as Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, John Marquand, Edna Ferber, W. Somerset Maugham and many others whose names, earned by hard work and talent, are household words not only in America but in most of the countries of the world. These names, a trade-mark and a guarantee, put their owners in the "Big Money." Out of one book, many of them earn more than two or three years' salary of the highest paid writer in Hollywood; in addition they have recognition and complete freedom in their work, which is perhaps the greatest reward. The really "Big Money" has come to them out of magazine sales, out of book royalties, out of sales of books at high prices to Hollywood, out of plays and adaptations, out of reprints and translations in countries all over the world. The real "Big Money" writers are not working for a weekly salary. Behind them is a great investment from which the income increases yearly. Their achievement is like an investment in government bonds paying a high rate of interest. Indeed their investment is better than some government bonds, for the storyteller's talent —and the demand for it—survives wars, inflation and every form of disaster. It is nearly as necessary to people as food.

I have seen many young writers make a brilliant start and then, lured by what appears to be a tremendous weekly salary, disappear from public view save in the tiny closed circle of Hollywood. If they had resisted temptation, most of them today would be earning many times what they are earning in Hollywood. A few have tried to escape and make fresh starts but rarely have they succeeded.

It is not the fault of any individual in Hollywood that writing for pictures becomes a kind of treadmill and that, except in the case of a half-dozen top Hollywood writers, the pictures nearly always turn out to be not the product of one writer but of a dozen or more writers, directors, producers, gatekeepers and wardrobe women. It is the fault of a system which—with the immense cost of picture production and the necessity for appeal to an enormous, sentimental and not always discriminating audience—makes it almost impossible to take chances on individuality. Every story must be reduced to the lowest common denominator.

To the new writers, being born out of this war, I would give one bit of advice. "Stick to your guns. Write what *you* want to write. Keep your own individuality."

It may at first seem a slow process—much slower than rushing off at the first opportunity to accept a big salary offered by Hollywood. But in the end, if you really have talent, and if you use that talent intelligently, you will *really* arrive in the "Big Money," and you will be rewarded in security, in recognition, in freedom and in a thousand other ways.

The Victims (*Continued from page 46*)

small eyes would sweep from side to side and encompass all the reflections and all the faces in it. Both his stubby hands were on the underbelly of the brandy inhaler.

He was dressed in a dark, loosely fitted suit, a white shirt and red cravat that was tied neatly and smoothly placed. Because he was, at the moment alone, I surmised he was a stranger in town, perhaps a businessman cautiously inspecting the night life of the gilded gods. I never bother to make small talk with strangers, and I never would have conversed with the portly stranger had he not addressed me first.

"May I buy you a drink, sir?"

I gave him a hard glance. "Why?"

He smiled broadly. "Fellowship. Good fellowship. Nothing more."

"I'm busy."

He chuckled. "Time is money."

"You can put it that way," I said as I started to leave.

"Just a moment, sir. Perhaps I can buy a little of your time. No offense meant. I only mean to be fair, to be practical."

"You do?" I asked dubiously.

"If you will favor me with your company, I shall gladly recompense you—for any loss of valuable time."

"You will?"

"Shall we say one hundred dollars an hour?"

"Just to sit at the bar and talk to you?"

"Yes."

"What about?"

"Shall we say—people, New York—the interesting people and their interesting professions."

"Why don't you buy a book? It's——"

"Cheaper? I know. I'd rather talk to you. I'm certain you could tell me things I would be unable to discover in books."

I hesitated and met his pleasant smile. He took advantage of the silence to reach for his billfold. Deftly he removed two fifty-dollar bills, folded them, and placed them gently in my coat pocket. Then he turned to the bartender, ordered another brandy for himself, and a Scotch and water for me.

"Thanks for the drink," I said.

"You're quite welcome, Mr. Moseley."

Surprised that he knew my name, I asked, "Where did we meet before?"

"We didn't, I'm sorry to say. I overheard you speaking to the young lady. As a matter of fact, I overheard most everything you said to her without trying."

"You've got big ears," I said without smiling.

He fingered his left ear. "True enough. How else would I have known that you were an interesting man? Let us say a man whose time is worth one hundred dollars an hour."

"What's your name?"

"Wingate. Otis Wingate."

"I've never heard of you."

"New York is such a large place," he said.

"You're a New Yorker?"

"Can you tell?"

"Why bother?"

"In your—shall we say game—it must be a valuable asset for a man to recognize accents."

"What game?"

"You are a detective, are you not?"

"You didn't miss a thing, did you?"

Wingate persisted in smiling. "I was bored, frankly, very bored. You're very clever. I believe it's worth one hundred dollars just to listen to you."

I slid off the stool. "That makes us even."

Wingate guffawed. "Please don't go, Mr. Moseley. You haven't had your drink."

I sat down again. "Look, what do you want?"

"First, I want you to relax."

The drinks came. I took mine in one quick gulp. Before I could say a word, he asked, "Another?"

"No."

"Later perhaps. Tell me, Mr. Moseley, how does a man become a private detective?"

It sounded like a very foolish question to me, and I fashioned a foolish reply. "You buy a pulp magazine, cut out a little coupon, and you get ten easy——"

"You're rich, very rich."

"Everybody pays me one hundred dollars an hour."

More guffawing. If all Broadway comedians had had my audiences they would have grown rich.

"Really, Mr. Moseley. I'm serious."

"About becoming a private detective?"

"No, not at all. I'm serious about learning something about private detectives. They—shall we say—fascinate me."

"That's nice. But it doesn't fascinate me."

"No?"

"No, not a bit."

"With you I imagine it is a very cut-and-dried affair. The entire business."

"Right."

"May I return to my original question?"

"You may."

"Then tell me, Mr. Moseley, just how did you become a private detective?"

"You didn't like the story about the coupon?"

"But I did," he insisted. "I did. However, I'd like to learn the real story."

"For what reasons?"

"Purely academic."

"You're not a highfalutin newspaperman, are you?"

"I'm sorry, but I'm not."

I said, "I used to be a newspaperman."

Wingate nodded several times. "Very understandable. You have a glibness I associate with the gentlemen of the press."

"I'm not a gentleman."

"I gathered that much, Mr. Moseley, from the way you spoke to the young lady and her gentleman friend."

"He's a Harvard man. He didn't deserve any better."

"Did the young lady?"

"Did the young lady what?"

"Deserve any better?"

"Let's skip the young lady," I said. "You want to know how I became a private detective?"

"I do."

"I lost my newspaper job. I couldn't get another. A private detective offered me a job. I needed a job. So I became a private detective. Is that clear?"

"Very clear, and very understandable."

"I'm glad. I'll take that other drink."

"Good," Wingate said. He ordered another Scotch and water. "Tell me, Mr. Moseley, you do prefer journalistic work?"

"I used to."

"But not any more?"

"No, I got out of the habit of living on forty bucks a week," I said frankly.

"Detective work must be lucrative."

I smiled. "You ought to know."

"Yes, I know. You have—shall we say—earned—six hundred dollars tonight."

"And the night isn't over."

"No, it isn't, Mr. Moseley."

He watched me carefully as I sipped my Scotch and water. "Tell me about your attitude toward your clients. Are you—shall——"

"I'm cold-blooded, impersonal. I don't give a damn about any of them," I said.

Wingate pursed his lips and nodded. "I see. And you make no exceptions?"

DO YOU KNOW FALL IN

Southern California?

All that's delightful in Southern California's summer lasts right on through September and October... bright, warm days... cool nights...with little or no rain.

That's why, especially in this unsettled year, the experienced traveler avoids the "peak" season and plans a vacation when transportation and accommodations are more readily available. Of course, *it is essential to have confirmed accommodations in advance*...and the later you can come the easier it will be to get reservations.

So try the fall. You'll find Pacific beaches ...gay foreign quarters...movie-land night spots as exciting as ever.

It's amazing how much you can do and see in a short time in Los Angeles County and the rest of Southern California. It's not far to brilliant mile-high mountain lakes, ridge-top highways, unforgettable panoramas, rich valleys, vineyards, orange groves or a picturesque Mexican quarter.

Sun-laze on clean, white sand, dive into curling Pacific breakers, ride a surfboard, aquaplane, sailboat or wave-shattering speedboat. Relax under sun or umbrella, watch fishing boats, warships, strange foreign freighters. Pelicans suggest pier fishing, surf-casting, ocean sport fishing.

Friendly, informal Southern California is a place to untangle your nerves, to watch championship golf or tennis, or play your own favorite sport...to do just what *you* want to do. Each day will see you browner, healthier...each morning feel more refreshed after a cool night under blankets.

Night offers excitement – gay restaurants, top swing bands, floor shows, dancing in night clubs with famous stars all about you, movie previews, premieres, transcontinental radio broadcasts, unique theaters, drive-in movies, mountaintop views of the lights of sixty cities at once.

ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, LTD.

This advertisement sponsored by the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors for the citizens of Beverly Hills, Glendale, Hollywood, Long Beach, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Pomona, Santa Monica and 182 other communities. *Copyright, 1946, by All-Year Club of Southern California, Ltd. — a non-profit community organization serving vacationists.*

Southern California

If you find you must wait for accommodations, just remember: nothing else can ever take the place of this vacation of a lifetime...it is worth waiting for.

Enjoy ham baked

Sophie Kerr's marvelous way*

Sophie Kerr has woven many tempting talks about food into her stories—see her new book, "Love Story Incidental." Miss Kerr's favorite way of baking ham is given below. Try it, as Miss Kerr suggests, with an accompanying glass of wine

Bring out the goodness ...with Wine

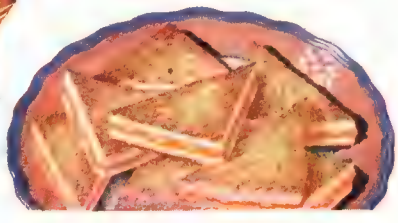
* Bake half a ham cut-side down in open pan in slow oven (275°), allowing 30 min. per lb. Remove skin, score fat in squares, spread with ½ cup brown sugar mixed with 1 tbsp. cornstarch; stick with whole cloves and, if desired, walnut halves. Place fat-side up in pan, pour 1 cup California Burgundy or Claret wine around ham and bake in hot oven (375°) about 30 min. until glazed, basting the ham frequently with wine in pan. Garnish with red cinnamon apples

HELP THE FAMILY and yourself to ham that's been wine-basted during the baking. And, for what food lovers call "taste harmony," serve with it a fine California wine. As you taste of ham and wine together, considerable pleasure will come your way.

In fact the fun starts before you begin to eat—starts with the blending of the wine bouquet and the aroma of the meat. It comes to fulfillment as you set to with knife and fork and wine glass—and discover the taste perfection of wine in company with food. That is wine's purpose. The red table wines flavormate hearty meats like beefsteak or roast. The white table wines are delicious with lighter main dishes such as chicken or fish. With the baked ham pictured here you'll enjoy either red wine like California Burgundy or Claret or white wine such as Sauterne or Rhine Wine.

Other tempting wine and food combinations are in our "Hostess Book of Wine Recipes." For a *free* copy, write Wine Advisory Board, 83 Second Street, San Francisco 5, California.

After a bridge game, nothing is nicer than toasted cheese sandwiches and glasses of zesty Sherry wine. Try it!



"No."

"Not even for pretty blond women?"

"What has she got to do with it?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. As I sum it up, you have no personal regard for any of your clients. As a matter of fact, you don't even regard them as your clients. They are—shall we say—merely people in distress."

I laughed. I laughed so loudly I was thinking of returning the one hundred dollars. "You're academic, all right. What's your angle, Wingate?"

"Angle?"

"You know what I mean."

He probably did know what I meant, but he preferred to pursue another point. "You don't allow for truth or falsehood, guilt or innocence, do you?"

"No."

"What counts with you, Mr. Moseley? Or is there anything that counts?"

"I'll give you one guess."

Wingate nodded. "Good enough. You're honest, but you're frank—or, I might say, brave."

"Bravado is a better word," I told him.

"I agree. It is much better," Wingate said, as he lifted his brandy inhaler.

For a moment we said nothing, and I sat there studying him and trying to figure out his game, his angle. The fact that he so readily gave me one hundred dollars perturbed me, and I was tired of trying to guess who he was and what he wanted.

"Who are you?" I demanded.

"I told you my name," he said calmly.

"That doesn't tell me anything. I never heard of you."

He grinned. "Oh, I'm not a celebrity."

This was enough for me. I had enough Scotch, enough inane, circuitous conversation for one evening. I got up and started to leave, but my steps were halting. I rather expected him to stop me, to make an effort to protest, or even to demand the return of his money. He did nothing of the sort. He allowed me to leave as if I had never spoken to him, as if I had never taken his one hundred dollars. As I reached the doorway, I turned and looked into the mirror, expecting to meet his eyes there. I didn't. Wingate was holding the inhaler with both hands and calmly observing the brandy he was drinking.

SLEEP was a good woman whom I couldn't buy. That was my error. I tried to buy sleep, and it was no use. Throughout the night I saw kaleidoscopic pictures starring Aline Penton and Otis Wingate, a series of fantasies with insane conclusions. The faces and figures flickered across my mind: Aline Penton followed by Otis Wingate followed by Aline Penton followed by . . .

I turned, tossed, and counted sheep, dollars and sins. But it was no use. The sandman couldn't contend with Aline Penton or Otis Wingate.

In the dark of night the answer came to me. It came slowly and penetrated deeply into my conscious mind. The answer? Aline Penton, Otis Wingate and I were characters in a caldron. The three of us were involved in something which hadn't as yet occurred. The subconscious sense of something brewing was keeping me awake.

Shortly before dawn I could no longer lie in bed. I dressed quickly and warmly and went into the streets. There was no direction to my walking. At each corner I made up my mind which way to turn, and it seemed as if I was purposely shifting my direction to throw off the spirits of Aline Penton and Otis Wingate. The city had a hollow distant sound to it and a bleakness to match my mind. I didn't return to my own room. Instead I took a room in another hotel on Eighth Avenue. As soon as I entered the room, I undressed and went to bed. I put my head on the cool pillow, and soon I was driving a model-T Ford down a country road in Ohio, reliving a day I had never wanted to end.

IT WAS past noon when I awoke. I took a cold shower, went downstairs for a shave, across the street for a cup of coffee, and then headed for the office. As I entered, Irene, my secretary, greeted me with a smile suspended on her chewing gum. Irene was a plump brunette, a divorcée supporting two young children and sustaining herself with true-romance magazines.

She grinned as if she was aware I had done something mischievous. "Good afternoon, Mr. Moseley."

"Hello, Irene," I said, throwing my topcoat and hat on a table. "Any messages?"

"From Mr. Hatcher?"

"From anybody."

"Nothing from Mr. Hatcher. But there was a man to see you—about an hour ago."

"Who?"

"He didn't say."

"He was big, fat and——"

"That's right."

"He didn't say what he wanted?"

"No."

I sat down and began to read the mail.

"He said he'd be back," Irene informed me.

"I'll wait for him."

"Mr. Moseley."

"Yes?"

"Can I go to lunch now. I didn't——"

"All right."

"Can I——"

"No, Irene."

"All right," she muttered. "I'll be right back."

"Don't rush. I'll be here."

She smiled and went out the door. Methodically I went through the mail with little interest, because I was unable to shake the image of Otis Wingate from my mind.

I pushed the mail aside and began to read the columns in a tabloid newspaper, one column in particular. I had known this columnist when he was a mere and commonplace reporter. His column was a goulash of garbled incidents and tales contributed by legions of press agents. I didn't like the column, and I didn't enjoy thinking that the columnist's salary now ran into five figures. In a way I was envious because I thought of how easily I could have done the job.

I was thinking about these things when Otis Wingate walked into the office. He entered casually, like a man who had an appointment and had arrived on the set hour.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Moseley."

I took my feet off the desk. "Sit down."

"Thank you," he said, pulling the gloves from his thick fingers. He sat there facing me, his cane resting between his legs.

"What do you want, Wingate?"

"You're busy?"

"I'm busy," I said curtly.

"Too busy to earn another hundred dollars."

"Just for conversation?"

"Precisely."

Nonchalantly he reached for his wallet and this time produced a crisp one-hundred-dollar bill. He carefully placed it on the desk before me. I had given him no assurance that I would accept his offer, yet he seemed fully confident of his actions. Not to disappoint him, and not unmindful of the size of the bill, I took the money.

"Are we alone?" he inquired casually.

"For a while," I said. "My secretary's out to lunch. She won't hurry back."

"Can I take you to lunch?"

"Let's talk here—for the time being."

"Fine, fine," he said, looking about the office. "Are all offices of private detectives similar to this?"

"I wouldn't know. This is the only one I've been in."

"Interesting, very interesting."

"What interests you today, Mr. Wingate."

He smiled and paused as if considering a confession or a revelation. "Today? Murder."

Time and again I have written the word; time and again I have heard it. But this was the first time I seemed to hear murder committed by pronouncement.

"Whose murder?" I asked.

He made a casual, assuring gesture with his left hand and smiled as if I had uttered a malapropism. "Again I speak academically."

"At fancy prices, too."

"It's just that I'm deeply interested in murder."

"As an academic subject."

"Precisely. Tell me, Mr. Moseley, have you ever killed a man?"

"Academically?"

His body rolled with laughter, as he shook his head from side to side.

"No," I said unequivocally.

"Oh," he muttered dejectedly, obviously disappointed.

"I'm sorry I can't pull any skeletons out of the closet for you."

"I imagine you are. I imagine, however, you have considered murder—seriously considered it."

"I have."

"Good."

"Where do you fit in?" I asked.

"Merely as a man interested in murder. Academically interested, shall we say."

"And where do I fit in—in this academic interest?"

"You might tell me some things about murder."

"For instance?"

"For instance, Mr. Moseley, is there such a thing as a perfect crime?"

"How perfect?"

"Perfect enough to avoid detection."

"There is."

"Good. I was hoping you would say that."

"Why?"

"Merely because it confirms my own—shall we say—suspicions."

I replaced my feet on the desk not to get more comfortable but as a gesture of ennui. I had to contort my mind and body in a manner fitting an academic and almost inane discussion of murder.

"Mr. Moseley, tell me—what does murder mean to you?"

What does murder mean to me? This was a new, strange question, and I had no witticism with which to reply. All I could say was that murder meant nothing to me.

"Objectively speaking," he elucidated.

"I'm thick. I don't get what you're driving at."

"Have you seen—have you ever witnessed a murder?"

I could answer that and I did. "Once. A gangland killing. I saw a man cut in two with a Tommy gun on Forty-third Street. In broad daylight. During Prohibition."

Wingate leaned forward, resting his chins on his walking stick. "And what were your reactions?"

I hesitated and met his stare, a hard, intent stare following the nervous movements of my mouth and eyes and hands.

"My reactions?" I asked reflectively. "I thought of names . . . first names,

"WINSTON"
17 jewels, sweep second hand. Case and bracelet 10K solid gold top, stainless steel back **$110.** Fed. tax inc.

...more than just an ornament for your wrist!

A watch, however beautiful, is of value only if it will keep accurate time! That's why every Pierce Watch is electronically pre-timed ... checked by scientific tests to assure split-second precision and enduring accuracy. Priced from $25 to $1000, Pierce Watches for both men and women are now available in limited quantities at leading jewelers. Write for booklet.

pierce
WATCHES OF TESTED ACCURACY

PIERCE WATCH CO., INC. 22 W. 48TH ST., NEW YORK 19
Makers of the Famous 4-in-1 Chronograph and Parashock

What marks a package *First Class Mail?* What sends it *Special* without fail?

Dennison
MAILING LABELS
At Stationery Departments Everywhere

LAW STUDY AT HOME for PERSONAL SUCCESS and LARGER EARNINGS. 37 years—over 108,000 students enrolled. LL.B. Degree. All texts furnished. Easy payments. Send for FREE BOOK.
AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW
Dept. 65-CC, 646 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

NEW *dry* SHAMPOO!

CLEANS HAIR IN 10 MINUTES
WITHOUT WATER

- No soap—no rinsing—no drying
- Removes oil, dirt, hair odors
- Retains wave; restores sheen
- Grand between water shampoos
- Ideal during colds or illness

MINIPOO
30 Shampoos with Mitten $1.00 plus tax

middle initials, and last names. Addresses, statements by eyewitnesses, and words to describe the story. That's what it was to me. A story. Nothing more."

"You had no revulsion at the thought of death, horrible death?"

"No."

"You thought only about the newspaper story you were going to write?"

"Yes."

"You have a wonderful, a really wonderful sense of detachment. I admire it."

"That's nice to know," I said sarcastically.

Wingate smirked at my cynicism. "You're remarkable."

"I'm not."

"I beg to differ; but you are. You are truly remarkable. An average man would immediately think of death and the everlasting, eternal consequences of death. You, however, prefer to regard the affair as something which is alive and important only in respect to newspapers, to their deadlines and editions. You have the power to take an objective and—shall we say—an almost inhuman view of the tragedy—if you wish to call it a tragedy."

"I don't wish," I said.

"Meaning some people are better off dead than alive?"

"Right."

Wingate nodded in agreement. He grinned and studied the setting of my office, as if it was responsible for my behavior, my attitude and my philosophy.

"Would you care to have dinner with me tonight, Mr. Moseley?

"Why?"

"I'd like to talk to you."

"About what?"

"Murder."

"We've talked about murder."

"We have—academically."

"You made it academic."

"Can I unmake it?"

"Go to hell."

"I am there already."

"Are you?"

"Yes, I am. You put me there," Wingate said, grinning so broadly it was difficult to tell whether or not he was joshing.

"I'll see you later," I said, wanting to get rid of him. I wanted to look at walls, at city streets, at anything and everything but Otis Wingate. When I looked at Otis Wingate, I thought I saw all the gateways of hell.

Wingate stood up. "At the Club Tiara?"

"All right," I said.

"At the bar?"

"All right. But at the same prices."

Wingate chuckled. "Of course. The same prices, if you prefer. I was thinking of raising the stakes. However, we'll talk about that later."

When Wingate was gone, I regarded the empty leather chair and the impression he had made in it. He was a man who sat heavily not only in a chair but also on my mind.

I walked to a window and looked out on the Avenue of the Americas. I saw the city alive with streets, buildings, vehicles, and people, and I then spotted Otis Wingate standing on a corner, looking all ways and pausing before he made his next step. As I watched his broad figure, the buildings, the vehicles, the streets and the people seemed to fade into a nothingness, and I could see only Otis Wingate.

For long minutes I paced the office floor and tried to imagine the route of Wingate's wanderings. Where had he come from? Where was he now going? On what dark corner did Wingate and murder meet?

Just before my secretary returned, I made up my mind that I would unravel the enigma of Otis Wingate that night. I made up my mind to ask him enough questions to satisfy my curiosity.

Irene entered, munching salted peanuts. "Want some?" she asked.

"No thanks. Irene, no one else was here to see me?" I asked, wondering about Aline Penton.

Irene said no.

"I'm going for a walk, Irene. I'll be back shortly. If—if a woman shows up, a pretty woman, hold her here."

Irene giggled.

"It's business," I explained before I decided she needed no explanation. Then I started downstairs. Looking down I saw Aline Penton in the doorway.

Reaching her, I said, "You're late."

"It's early. For me. Going some place?"

"Let's walk."

"Frank's outside. Waiting in a taxi."

"Let him wait."

"He might not like it."

"That's too bad—for him."

She smiled with a tight mouth, a mouth I wanted to kiss. Then she opened her purse and handed me an envelope.

"Your money," she said.

I tried to grin. "You mean the amusement tax you're paying me."

"Yes."

I took the envelope and placed it carelessly in my coat pocket. "Let's walk."

"Yes, let's," she said. "To the taxi."

I gave up when she said that. I had asked her twice, and I wasn't going to ask her any more. I didn't care how pretty and desirable she was.

Hudgens saw us and got out of the taxi. It was evident that he was perturbed, and probably annoyed with me.

"Hello, Hudgens," I greeted him.

He answered with a glare and assisted Aline into the taxi. After she had sat down, she blew me a kiss and smiled at me. I smiled back. Hudgens got in, the taxi started away, and I felt like the lonesomest man in Manhattan. But not for long, because soon I rationalized that Aline wanted to see me, wanted to be with me. This just wasn't the time or the place. As I walked uptown, I kept wondering when the time would come and where the place would be.

Answers to Microphotographic Food Quiz
(Questions on page 18)

1. Tea
2. Sugar
3. Rice
4. Coffee
5. Bread Crumbs

WINGATE sat at the bar sipping his usual brandy when I entered Club Tiara. He saw me approaching, and he ordered a Scotch for me. I perched myself on a stool and began to search faces.

"She's not here," Wingate said.

I played dumb. "Who's not here?"

"The young woman who was here last night."

"So what?"

"So don't think about her."

"What should I think about?"

All the little smiles faded from his face. "Murder," he said quietly.

The way he uttered the word nullified my intention of countering with a witticism. I told Wingate I was tired of talking academically about murder.

"The subject is not academic," he informed me bluntly.

"It isn't?"

"No, not in the least. I'm deadly serious, Mr. Moseley."

"Deadly serious about murder?"

"Precisely."

"Where do I fit in?" I asked.

"Fit in? Oh, in many places. The place I have for you is very suitable for your talents."

"You flatter me."

"My intention is to interest you in the matter."

"A little matter of murder."

"Yes."

"What does the murder mean to me?"

"It could mean ten thousand dollars."

I wanted to whistle, but my lips were dry, and my brain was on a distant avenue where dollar bills floated down like crisp autumn leaves.

I said, "It's too small an amount, even for a small matter of murder."

"Fifteen thousand is my limit."

"Not very high for a man who would go the limit in crime."

Wingate edged forward and turned his brandy inhaler. "It's no crime. Not in the usual sense of the word. This person is better off dead. Believe me."

I didn't believe him, and I raised the ante to twenty-five thousand.

He simply said, "Agreed."

"What did this person do to you?"

"Need we discuss that?"

"It would make it easier."

Wingate grinned broadly. "If it were any easier, Mr. Moseley, I would not have consulted you. Let us, if you please, exclude this *person* from our conversation. Let us rather regard him as an inanimate target."

"A clay pigeon," I added.

"If you prefer."

"You want to shoot the clay pigeon?"

"The method of the madness I leave to you, Mr. Moseley."

"Look, Wingate, I've got to ask you some questions about this—person. If you don't want to answer them, you don't have to."

"Go right ahead."

"This person, the victim, does he live in New York?"

Wingate nodded.

"Are you outwardly on friendly terms with him—or her?"

"Yes, I would say so."

"You could make an appointment with this person any time you wanted to?"

"I believe so."

I lighted a cigarette. "Let me ask you this Wingate. You just want this person dead?"

"Precisely. And the crime undetected."

"Naturally," I muttered uneasily.

"Have you a plan, Mr. Moseley?"

"Not yet, but I will have—as soon as you want it."

"The sooner the better."

"And the money?"

"The money, Mr. Moseley, is at my hotel apartment. Before we start out, I will show you the cash. And after we've completed our task, we will return there. And you shall have your money."

"That's fair enough."

Wingate removed his wallet, extracted a small card, on the back of which he wrote an address and telephone number.

"Call me, Mr. Moseley, as soon as you've devised a scheme. I warn you that it must meet wholeheartedly with my approval. Should I veto your plan, you would, of course, be free to think of another. I fully realize the difficulties."

"I'm glad you do."

"Well, I must be going," he said, standing up. "I'll await your call."

"I'll call you," I said assuredly.

IN A moment he was gone, and I sat there at the table studying the faces in the night club and wondering if the victim was among them. It was not a healthy thought, and I decided to get drunk, good and drunk. With my head

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED IN LINDEN
94.4 PROOF
& BOTTLED NEW JERSEY
100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
GORDON'S
REG U.S. PAT. OFFICE
ESTD 1769
4/5 QUART
94.4 PROOF
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE DISTILLERS COMPANY LIMITED
LINDEN NEW JERSEY
FOR
GORDONS DRY GIN COMPANY LIMITED
LINDEN NEW JERSEY
ACCORDING TO THE FORMULA OF
TANQUERAY GORDON & CO. LTD
LONDON ENGLAND
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL
There's no Gin like Gordon's
BECAUSE OF LIQUEUR QUALITY and HIGH PROOF 94.4
DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH . . .
Gordon's Gin

Temporarily, GORDON'S GIN is being shipped in the round Victory bottle . . . 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

Just for the Night
Everything s in the bag for the "short visit." A perfectly roomy carry-all for essentials...Comes zipper-fastened, water-proof, stitched-for-strength and crush-proof due to special Aero-Frame. 14, 16 or 18 inches. $3 to $10. At better stores everywhere.
Par-Pak
atlantic PRODUCTS
ATLANTIC PRODUCTS CORPORATION
TRENTON 5, N. J.

soaked in whisky, I felt I could fashion the murder more readily. I wanted to dive into the deep waters of hell and come up with a black pearl of crime.

I ordered double shots of Scotch until I thought I had enough. Then I quit. I got up, threw a few dollar bills on the table and started for the exit. Near the door, I felt someone tugging at my sleeve. Quickly I clenched my fists and turned about only to find myself looking into the face of Aline Penton.

"Hello," she breathed.

I smiled and winked at her And I came right to the point. "Come with me."

"I want to."

So we walked out together, and she told me she had ditched Frank Hudgens. She had told him she was going to the powder room. Hearing this I laughed, and then the word "powder" played on my mind. It turned to gunpowder, and I thought of explosions, blasts, shots.

Outside, Aline said, "Let's walk."

"I'm drunk, Aline. Can't walk straight."

"I didn't say anything about walking straight."

"I like you," I told her, smiling.

"I like you, Pete."

I grasped her hand. "I'd do anything for you, Aline. And that's what I've got on my mind."

"What?"

I hesitated. Realizing that it wouldn't be wise to inform her about Wingate and his victim, I skipped over to the fruits of the plan. "Let's go places, Aline."

"When?"

"In a day or so."

"Let's go now," she suggested, her eyes brighter than the lights of Manhattan.

"Can't," I explained. "I've got to do something first."

"What's more important than me?" she demanded.

"Nothing, baby. Nothing at all. It's just that we've got to wait—wait till I can cash the check."

"What check?"

"A big check. Twenty-five grand. We can go a long way on that."

"Make it soon, Pete. Make it soon," she said squeezing my hand.

I laughed with joy. "Soon as I can. You make me impatient. Let's get a taxi."

"Why?"

"I don't kiss girls in the street."

She smiled in agreement. At the corner I hailed a taxi and told the driver to go to Aline's hotel.

"Let's go to your place, Pete. Frank'll probably be looking for me at the hotel."

I didn't think about that. Instead I drew her to me and gave her the kiss I had wanted to give her the first moment I had seen her. It was a long deep kiss, and it was everything I expected it to be.

"Baby, I want more," I whispered in her ear. "But I'm just taking you home. Tonight I've got to work."

Then I looked into her eyes to estimate how disappointed she was. She was terribly disappointed and frankly annoyed.

"I'm doing this for us," I explained. "So that we can make it soon. I've got to work for that money. And we need that money, don't we, baby?"

"All right, Pete."

Then she came into my arms again. We were embracing when the taxi drew up in front of her hotel. I wanted to go upstairs with her, but then I thought better of it. I knew I had to be alone. With Aline, I couldn't think of murder.

"Good night, baby. Stay close to the phone. And keep your things packed. We're going places. Soon."

"Tomorrow?"

"Maybe. The sooner the better."

We kissed lightly, and then I walked her to the door. I watched her move across the lobby and decided that for

her I would gladly murder half of Manhattan.

In my room I paced the floor and tried to slip into a dark alley where murder lurks in the shadows. On the chiffonier I had two fifths of Scotch whisky and several packages of cigarettes. I chain-smoked the cigarettes and took a shot of whisky after each fifth crossing of the room.

The burly figure of Otis Wingate stood out in my mind, and I kept seeing him walking down an obscure street and trailing a patter of footsteps. Because I had no idea who the victim was, I couldn't form the face and figure in my imagination. And because I needed a face and figure, I took that of Hudgens.

Frank Hudgens was a stand-in and a very suitable one because I liked to think of him murdered. I shot Frank Hudgens through the heart in a taxicab. I stabbed him in a night-club men's room. I threw him off the Empire State building. I choked him to death in his hotel room. I ran his automobile over a cliff in New Jersey. I threw his body over the side of a ferry, heard it splash into the bay, and knew the Statue of Liberty was the only witness to the crime. I watched him take poison and rip his throat with his taut fingers. I bashed his head in with a heavy cane and watched the stain widen on the rug.

Meanwhile one fifth of Scotch was emptied, and I started on the other. I was drunk, sick, disgusted. None of the plans satisfied me. I poured another drink.

With the glass in hand, I walked to the window and looked out on the Manhattan scene. As my eyes swept across the streets and buildings, I wondered how many minds were at this moment contriving murder. I could feel murder hovering over the island. I gulped the straight Scotch so that I might feel it more strongly, and then I flopped on the bed. The room began to spin, and I felt myself falling, tumbling, twisting in the canyons of Manhattan.

I slid off the bed and knelt beside it like a little boy praying before he retired. But I wasn't praying. Murder was still on my mind. Then—when for a moment I seemed to relax—the whole thing seemed to unfold like a well-told tale. I played the idea over and again, and I liked it better each time. Satisfied that I had the answer, I went to the telephone.

I called Otis Wingate. The operator rang for long minutes before I heard him say, "Hello."

"Wingate?"

"Yes."

"This is Moseley. I've got it."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

I fumed. "Look, Wingate——"

"Don't shout, Mr. Moseley. Why don't you come over to my hotel?"

"Can't. I'm drunk. Drunk as hell."

"Where are you?"

"At my place."

"What's the address?"

I gave it to him.

"I'll be there. In half an hour."

"I'll save you a drink."

Wingate hung up. I did too. Then I poured another stiff drink. For a moment I stood in the middle of the room, then I staggered toward the bed before the room and everything in it was suddenly ripped like a page from a magazine . . .

I awoke listening to a persistent tapping. At first it sounded like nails being driven into a coffin, but then I knew it was someone at the door. With some effort, I got off the bed. I opened the door and smiled at Otis Wingate. "Come in."

He looked at me with displeasure and entered.

BURLINGTON'S NEW TWIN *Zephyrs*

FEATURING VISTA-DOME CARS

Between CHICAGO and ST. PAUL-MINNEAPOLIS

• When the Burlington introduced America's first VISTA-DOME car in July, 1945, this promise was made—"if the public likes the VISTA-DOME idea—the Burlington plans a fleet of these cars for the future."

It didn't take long to find out the public *did* like the idea of riding in a "penthouse on wheels." Not since the Burlington introduced America's first diesel-powered, streamlined train, back in 1934, have we seen such immediate and widespread enthusiasm.

And so—America will enjoy another "first" in modern transportation—two new diesel-powered, stainless steel Zephyrs, each of which will have five VISTA-DOME cars. These new trains are being built now. In design, construction and appointments, they will symbolize "the last word" in modernity. In terms of spaciousness, conveniences and luxurious comfort, they will surpass even the present Twin Zephyrs which they will replace in regular service between Chicago and St. Paul-Minneapolis.

So look forward to an utterly new travel thrill—to the day when you can enjoy a penthouse view as you glide along Burlington's scenic Mississippi River route "where Nature smiles 300 miles."

BURLINGTON LINES

Everywhere West

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY RAILROAD • COLORADO and SOUTHERN RAILWAY
FORT WORTH and DENVER CITY RAILWAY • THE WICHITA VALLEY RAILWAY
BURLINGTON-ROCK ISLAND RAILROAD

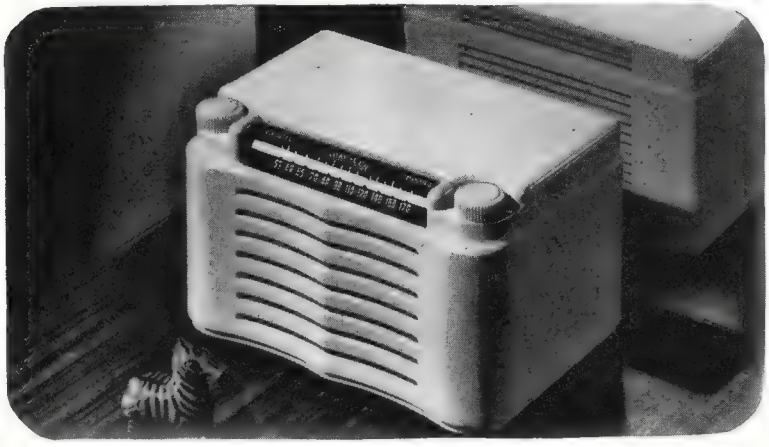
AN ESSENTIAL LINK IN TRANSCONTINENTAL TRANSPORTATION

Way of Zephyrs
Burlington Route

Hire a Veteran

TRAVEL WITH TRAV-LER

LISTEN . . . and be carried away!
For Trav-Ler has achieved an amazing tone realism that makes *listening like traveling.*
Music more resonant, more life-like than you've ever heard from a compact radio.
See and hear the new Trav-Ler Radios . . . now!

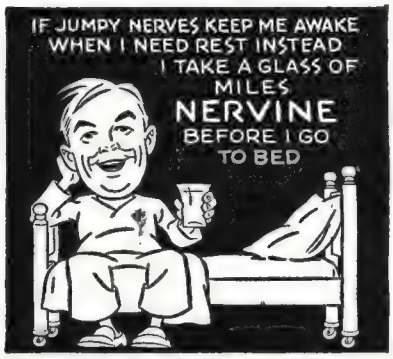


A great radio
. . . ANY WAY YOU LOOK AT IT!

Good looking from any view because its ultra modern plastic cabinet is completely enclosed—back styled same as front, no chassis visible. . . . AC-DC. Easy "finger-roll" tuning Ivory or Walnut. Model 5006. Ceiling price, inc. fed. tax, only **$25.95***

*Slightly higher west of Rockies

For name of nearest Trav-Ler dealer write Dept. H
TRAV-LER KARENOLA RADIO AND TELEVISION CORP. CHICAGO 6, ILL.



DON'T try to **force** sleep. This often makes your nerves even **more** tense. Instead, try

MILES NERVINE
(Effervescent Tablets or Liquid)

Miles Nervine is a scientific combination of mild but effective sedatives which relaxes nervous tension to permit refreshing sleep. Get it now to have it handy when you want it. Buy it at your drug store on our money-back guarantee. **Caution;** read directions and use only as directed. Handy-to-carry Effervescent Tablets. **35c and 75c;** Liquid, **25c and $1.00. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.**

Miles NERVINE

Walk A Lot?

Sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease on feet and in shoes. Makes such a difference in foot comfort. Relieves tired burning—helps keep perspiring feet dry, odorless—prevents discomfort of sweaty, clammy stockings. 25¢—35¢—50¢. At all druggists or send for FREE sample. Write Allen's Foot-Ease, Suite 75, P.O. Box 156, Buffalo, New York.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

A few drops of OIL!
PROTECT ALL MOVING PARTS
. . . For 50 years America's accepted household oil!
1 or 3 OZ. CANS
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
3 IN
3-IN-ONE OIL

3-IN-ONE Oil

"I was asleep," I apologized. "Passed out after I called you. I'm drunk."

"You shouldn't be so careless, Mr. Moseley."

"About drinking?"

"About talking on telephones. Frankly you perturb me, and I wonder just how much precaution you could exercise in the commission of a murder."

"You don't like it?"

Wingate smiled and removed his coat. "Relax, Mr. Moseley. I was merely making a comment. Now, tell me . . . what have you decided?"

"Have a drink."

"I drink nothing but brandy. Thank you."

Wingate filled a club chair near the window and rested his chins on his walking stick.

I took another drink to rouse myself, and then I stood before Wingate and studied his walking stick.

"That's going to be useful. The stick is."

"I'm glad," he muttered. Then obviously impatient, he asked, "What is your plan?"

"Is the victim a big man, Wingate?"

Quickly he said, "Not so big."

"It is a man?"

"You will find out."

"I'm bound to find out afterwards."

He grinned. "All right. Find out afterwards."

Seeing I would get nowhere, I proceeded to tell Wingate my plan for the murder.

"This is simple. Very simple if you can entice the victim to ride on the subway with you. Can you do that?"

"I believe so. When?"

"Tomorrow at five. During the rush hour. At Times Square."

I paused to study his reaction. He merely smiled and continued to eye me.

"Do you get the idea?"

"Continue."

"You stand at the right of the victim—close to the edge of the platform. Engrossing the victim in conversation, you slowly edge him . . . Then, with the cane, the walking stick, in your right hand—you hold it behind your back as if you're trying to unlimber a kink in your back. As you hear the train pulling into the station, you use the stick as a lever and push the victim—off the platform. The important thing is not to run immediately, but to move slowly away from the scene and get lost in the crowd."

Wingate said nothing. He looked beyond me, and I believe he tried to envision the scene.

"What do you think?" I prodded.

"Frankly, I'm not altogether satisfied. I had imagined you would choose a secluded or deserted place."

"Look, Wingate, you're thinking about places where people get murdered. If you find a man dead in a secluded or deserted place you think of murder. Nobody'll think of murder in a subway . . . during a rush hour. It'll look like an accident. Even if you become involved, which you won't, you can always say it was an accident. People do fall in front of subway trains. Happens all the time."

Wingate looked at the ceiling, he said, "You seem to be well satisfied."

I was irritated. I wanted more enthusiasm, "Don't you like it?"

"The more I think of it, Mr. Moseley, the more impressed I am with your mental faculties. Your plan is excellent. It becomes more engrossing the more I consider it. It is, as you say, unnatural to think of murder in a crowded subway station."

"Now you're talking," I said.

Slowly he arose, as if to leave.

"Want to rehearse now or tomorrow?" I asked.

"Rehearse?"

"I'll show you how to us the stick."

"It's unnecessary. You explained it very well. I will practice—by myself."

"Anything you say. Now—the money."

"Of course," he said, smiling. "Tomorrow at four-thirty you can come to my apartment. I will show you the money, and then together we will go to the subway station."

"And the victim?"

"The victim will meet us there."

"It's a big station."

"I'm familiar with the subway system. And so is the victim."

Suddenly his nonchalance annoyed me. "I'm glad. I wouldn't want the victim to get lost."

Wingate chuckled. "Get a good night's sleep, Mr. Moseley."

"See you at four-thirty. Sharp."

"Good night, Mr. Moseley."

I went to the door with him and shut it after he had left. Then, with a bottle of Scotch in my hand, I slumped into the club chair and nipped at the remainder of the whisky. In a short while everything melted into a haze. My head began to drop and the room began to slip from its foundation. For a few seconds I gazed at the bed, and it appeared like a distant snowfield. Gathering my strength, I got to my feet and stumbled toward the bed.

I fell against the side of it and almost ruined a knee. The pain gave me new strength which I used to climb into bed where I clutched at a pillow and tried to belly-whop down the snow fields.

I fell downhill into dreams, and subway trains ran riot through me. They burst through walls of tunnels and came up into the turbulent streets of Manhattan and ran over screaming faces and bodies. And then Otis Wingate appeared, bigger and fatter than usual. I watched him strut like Gulliver among the Lilliputians, and when a subway train roared into the station he waved his walking stick like a scythe and sent hundreds of men and women sprawling into the path of the train.

Over and over again it happened, and I stood by, with Aline Penton close to me, watching Otis Wingate sweep the denizens of the city into the path of the trains. I wanted to run away with Aline, but I knew I had to have the money. All my efforts to coax Wingate back to his hotel failed. He laughed and told me he wasn't through. There were more victims, thousands upon thousands of them . . .

The sunlight played on the bed and the snow fields melted. I awoke remembering the montage of dreams.

I looked at my watch. It was ten minutes past two. I lay there for twenty more minutes, and then I arose. I tore the clothes from my body and went to the bathroom. In the shower I allowed the cold water to stab me myriad times and let the sleep and delirium drain from my pores. Afterwards I dressed and went downstairs. At a bar I had some straight Scotch to pick me up, and then I ate some hamburgers and coffee in a small cafeteria. After the third cup of coffee, I left and took a taxi to the hotel where Otis Wingate was staying. It was a swanky place on Madison Avenue.

I went to the desk and a slight, young man in a blue suit informed me that Otis Wingate was in suite 501. I telephoned and Wingate asked me to come up.

As soon as I rapped on his door, he opened it. I walked in and watched him button his vest.

"It's rather tight," he said.

Looking around the palatial parlor, I said, "So was I."

He smiled. "Sleep well?"

"No, I didn't. Did you?"

"Yes, very comfortably."

Too tubby for your hubby? Better reduce the Ry-Krisp way!

Oh, happy day... when you get the Ry-Krisp plan, and find you can enjoy reducing! Just choose meals you *like* from long lists of low-calorie foods (in quantities given), have Ry-Krisp as bread, and watch fat disappear, as other normal overweights have done.

Ry-Krisp is a delicious bread! Crisp, golden-brown, wafer-thin. Has a hearty whole-rye flavor that makes all foods taste extra-good. Has vitamin B_1 and regulating minerals to help you gain sparkle. Only 23 calories per double-square wafer.

Ry-Krisp
GET-SLIM BANQUET:
Tomato juice, broiled veal chop, asparagus, paprika-buttered potato, Ry-Krisp, iced tea, fresh strawberries.

FREE! "DESIGN FOR REDUCING" GIVES REDUCING PLANS FOR MEN AND WOMEN. WRITE RY-KRISP, 10 CHECKERBOARD SQUARE, ST. LOUIS 2, MISSOURI.

Help Dry Skin Look Smoother

Take care of your sensitive skin by cleansing regularly with Avaderma Dry-Skin Soap, the special formula soap treated with milk solids and lanolin. So mild and soothing, so helpful when you want your skin to look softer, more attractive. AVADERMA, 663 Fifth Ave., New York 22.

Avaderma DRY-SKIN *Soap*

15¢ AT DRUG AND TOILETRY COUNTERS

WATCH CRYSTALS
YOU CAN'T BREAK
ANY SIZE—ANY SHAPE
ASK ANY JEWELER FOR A G-S FLEXO CRYSTAL 100% BREAKPROOF. CAN BE FITTED WHILE YOU WAIT. GUARANTEED.
GERMANOW-SIMON CO.
ROCHESTER 1, N.Y.

MEND AS YOU IRON
LINENS, SOX, HOSIERY
Press-On
Use the original, genuine hot iron Press-On Fabric Mender, Sox Mender, Hosiery Mender. 10¢ all notion counters. SEND 10¢ FOR MENDING BOOK & FREE SAMPLE.
PRESS-ON, 16 W. 61st St., New York 23

Behind Every Perfect Hair-do . . .

. . . is a Perfect Shampoo!

For a hair-do that's radiant, flattering and altogether lovely—and stays so—start right with a TRELLIS Lanolated Cream Shampoo (*soapless*, filmless, fast sudsing). It's so quick and easy . . . just a matter of minutes . . . and your hair falls so naturally into place. You'll get 20 to 40 truly wonderful shampoos out of the economical $1.00 jar.

ROYCEMORE TOILETRIES, INC., 180 North Wacker Drive, Chicago 6

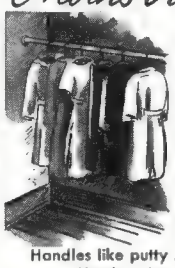
RELIEVES HOT TIRED, TENDER PERSPIRING FEET

TAKES "BITE" OUT OF TIGHT SHOES

For day-long relief, shake Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder on your feet and into shoes and stockings. So easy, convenient, economical. Makes a world of difference how new or tight shoes feel on your feet. Ever so soothing to tender, tired, burning, perspiring or odorous feet. Helps guard against Athlete's Foot by keeping the feet dry. Use Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder and see how much more comfortable your feet will be. It costs but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores, Toilet Goods Counters.

Dr. Scholl's
FOOT POWDER

Moths breed in cracks



of Closet Floors and Dresser Drawers

Lint from woolens gathering in the cracks is the ideal breeding place of moths!

Fill the cracks with Plastic Wood

Comes Ready to Use!

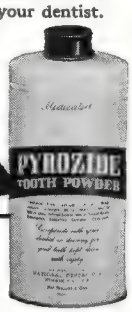
Handles like putty . . . Hardens into wood.
BUY IT IN TUBE OR CAN

PLASTIC WOOD

A CELLULOSE FIBRE FILLER

Do your gums Bleed?

. . PYORRHEA or TRENCH MOUTH may be indicated. Visit your dentist. Use PYROZIDE, a medicated dentifrice of quality. Recommended by dentists for almost half a century. At all drug counters.



PYROZIDE TOOTH POWDER Medicated

Send 10¢ for trial package

WEB DISTRIBUTING CO.
259 South St., Newark 5, N. J.

"Think you'll sleep well tonight?"

"I rather imagine so. I sleep——"

"Where's the money, Wingate?"

"Oh, yes, the money. Come here."

Wingate led me into his bedroom. From a trouser pocket, he removed a key ring and proceeded to open an expensive leather traveling bag. From it he handed me a thick envelope.

"Count it."

I did just that. There were twenty-five one-thousand-dollar bills, each as clean and as crisp as the others. I studied them closely to assure myself they were not counterfeit, and then I returned the envelope to him.

I watched him comb his gray hair and wondered who he was and who the victim was.

"Wingate, who are you?"

Unperturbed, he said, "A fat old man who's contributing twenty-five thousand dollars to your welfare."

I persisted. "What do you do?"

"Many things. Right now I am trying to comb my hair."

I couldn't sit there quietly because I felt the scene would dissolve into another wild dream. I had to talk, to hear the sound of my voice, and know this was a clear, bright afternoon in Manhattan.

"Did you practice?"

"Practice? Of course. It's quite simple. And very ingenious of you."

"You called—your friend?"

"Yes, it's all arranged."

"The victim didn't suspect anything?"

"Of course not. The victim is quite simple in some ways. I told the victim we were going to Coney Island." Then he smiled broadly. "As a matter of fact, I haven't been there since I was a boy. I enjoyed the amusement parks. It has changed though, I rather imagine."

"Yes," I muttered.

Wingate was fully dressed now, complete with chesterfield, Homburg and walking stick.

"Shall we go?" he asked.

"Nervous?"

"Are you, Mr. Moseley?"

"No . . . Let me see your stick."

He handed it to me. I felt its heaviness and was satisfied it would serve its nefarious purpose.

"Buy yourself another one tomorrow," I suggested.

Wingate smiled. "I wouldn't think of it. This stick has a sentimental value."

"All right," I said disgustedly. "Let's go."

THE subway sounded like a symphony orchestra tuning up with old, strident instruments. The air seemed to escape from a deflated balloon. It was stale and heavy, and I felt ill. The faces about us were tired, dreary faces, the kind I used to see lurking in hospital corridors and in dentists' offices. The people seemed in pain, and the subway noises seemed to drill their nerves.

I tugged at Wingate's sleeve. "Where is the victim going to meet you?"

Wingate looked about. "At the newspaper stand on the downtown BMT platform."

"Where do you want me to stay?"

"Stay close to me, Mr. Moseley."

"Why?"

He smiled. "To give me courage, of course. Should anything go wrong, I will of course expect you to straighten matters out. You are, I imagine, prepared for all eventualities."

"Sure."

"Shall we go?"

We moved through the crowds, dropped nickels into the turnstile and walked down the BMT platform. As we did so, I compared the scene with those which had appeared in my nightmares. By com-

parison it was peaceful, quiet, dreary.

I held my hands in my coat pockets because they were perspiring freely, and I dared not look into the faces of the men and women around us for fear of staring at the victim. Repeatedly I looked at Wingate, and in his face I saw no sign of consternation. He appeared like a man who was thinking only of the amusements at Coney Island.

Trains rumbled and echoed through the subway. I felt sick and cursed myself for not taking a few more drinks.

Wingate bought two evening newspapers and handed one to me. Then calmly he proceeded to study the headlines, and I believed he was actually interested in what he was reading. The headlines meant nothing to me, and I kept reading my wrist watch. It was five minutes before five o'clock.

Men and women came from all directions toward the newsstand, and I watched them and the bright garish covers of the displayed magazines. When I turned away, I lost Wingate. Frantically I looked about, fearful that perhaps he had run at the last minute. Then I saw his burly figure moving slowly toward the edge of the platform. Noises churned my brain, and I didn't know what was happening.

Quickly I edged past some faces and moved beside Wingate. I was about to open my mouth, to ask him a question, when I looked down the maw of hell.

I got one quick glimpse. Then I felt the weight of Manhattan fall on my back, and I was falling . . . falling . . . but not in any dream.

The screaming of high voices filled my ears as I fell off the platform. I told myself I had to fall easily and move swiftly ahead. I landed on my right side and half rolled and half crawled over the rail to the open space between the cold pillars that bounded my world. Desperately I hugged the dank cold concrete as the shrieking of air brakes and the screaming of voices filled my brain.

The long train that had wound out of hell burned my aching shoulder.

I got to my feet and for a moment stood in the opening and looked to the other side to see if a train was coming up the tracks. Several women on the other side saw me and shouted in high, crazy voices. I darted across the tracks and a man helped me to the platform.

I tried to run away, but he held on to me.

"Let go," I said in an uncertain voice.

With one great effort, I freed myself and tried to lose myself in the crowd. As I ran I felt the pain in my legs and back and heard a clamor of distraught voices.

I was like a man swimming in a maelstrom. I didn't want to go down. I didn't want to be caught, to be questioned. I had to get to Wingate's hotel. I had to kill him.

I rushed upstairs and out of the subway, brushing my clothes as I went. People stared apprehensively at me. They thought I was mad, and at the moment I was in agreement. I was mad. I was mad and alive. I was almost dead. I was almost the victim. And I didn't know why. I could only believe that I had been the victim of Wingate's madness.

The cold air of Manhattan struck me as I came out of the subway. Quickly I searched for a taxi. Seeing one pausing before a red traffic signal on Forty-second street, I ran for it. Automobile horns rose in fury. I rushed into the taxi and told the driver to speed to the hotel where Wingate was staying.

He didn't rush. The signal was still against us.

"What happened, bud?" the grimy-faced driver asked. (*Cont. on p. 213*)

Can he chew his way to healthier teeth and gums?

Yes indeed! That is if he's fed a food that he has to chew—a hard, crunchy food like Milk-Bone. Chewing Milk-Bone exercises a dog's teeth and gums, helps keep his mouth clean and healthy—while supplying him with essential food elements, minerals and vitamins. Start feeding your dog wholesome, nutritious Milk-Bone. It's made especially for dogs and is convenient to feed. Ask your dealer for Milk-Bone.

Milk-Bone Biscuit contains nutrients your dog needs: Vitamins A, B_1, B_2, D and E..Meat Meal..Fish Liver Oil..Whole Wheat Flour..Minerals..Milk

National Biscuit Co., Dept. N-5
444 W. 15th St., New York 11, N. Y. **FREE SAMPLE**

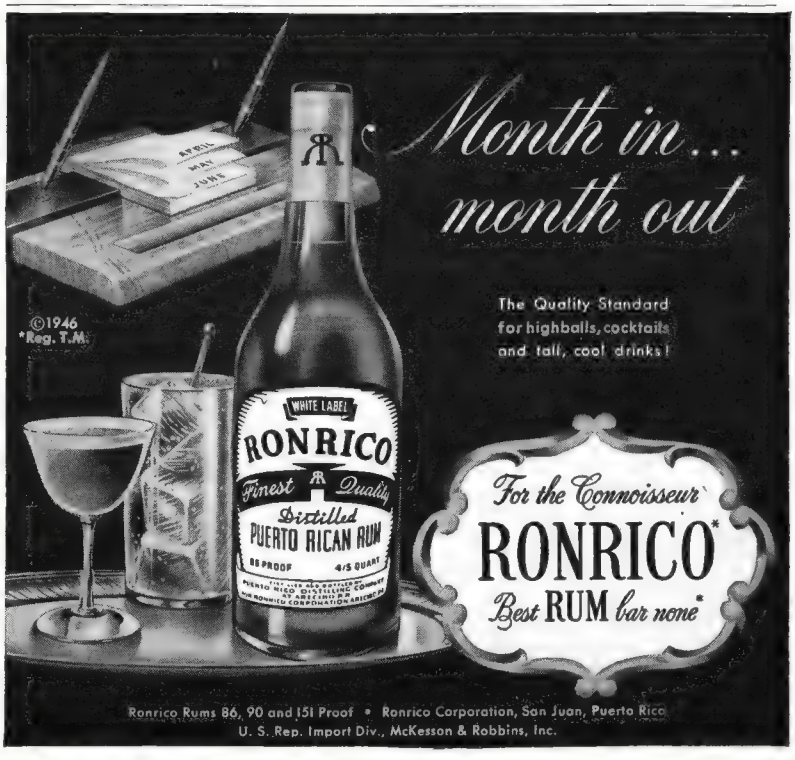
Send me FREE Milk-Bone Biscuit. Also Booklet: "How to Care for and Feed Your Dog." (Please print. Paste coupon on penny postcard if you wish.)

Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....

BAKED BY NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY


Month in... month out
The Quality Standard for highballs, cocktails and tall, cool drinks!
©1946 *Reg. T.M.
WHITE LABEL
RONRICO
Finest Quality
Distilled
PUERTO RICAN RUM
86 PROOF
4/5 QUART
For the Connoisseur
RONRICO*
Best RUM bar none*
Ronrico Rums 86, 90 and 151 Proof • Ronrico Corporation, San Juan, Puerto Rico
U. S. Rep. Import Div., McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATIONAL GUIDE

1886
1946

CAMPS AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

BOYS AND GIRLS

WALNUT MOUNTAIN CAMP
★★★ IN THE CATSKILLS

Children 5-13. Liberty, N.Y., 100 miles from New York City. High, healthful, happy living. 750 acres of improved camp land. Marvelous buildings, equipment and activity program. Swimming, archery, crafts, dramatics, dancing, picnic trips in stimulating mountain air. Rate $200.00 all-inclusive fee.

A Macfadden Foundation Enterprise

Write or Call 535 Fifth Ave., Room 803 New York City
Murray Hill 2-4221

APPLE HILL Boys & Girls 6-12
38 miles northwest of Boston

A charming pre-revolutionary farmstead is the setting for this progressive children's camp. Emphasis on participation, courtesy and sportsmanship; swimming in large private pool with wide sandy beach; crafts, games, music, dramatics, mountain camping, tutoring, riding. Fee $250. Write: Mr. and Mrs. Guy Murchie, Apple Hill, East Pepperell, Mass.

CEDAR RIDGE Boys—Girls Ages 6 to 14

North Shore of Long Island. 75 miles out of N. Y. C. Secluded camp area. Real houses, fire places, 2 beaches. All sports—Arts & Crafts—Music—Singing—Dancing.
W. T. Rydell, 7001 Ridge Blvd., Bklyn 9, N. Y. Sh 5-8056

CHAPPA CHALLA
Duxbury, Mass. A salt water sailing camp of 3 separate units. For girls. For younger boys. Day camp for boys and girls. Riding without extra charge, sailing and water sports emphasized. 40 miles from Boston and Providence.
Elizabeth Carleton, 1018 Bradshaw St., Medford 55, Mass.

SPRUCE HARBOR CAMPS
On Schroon Lake in Adirondacks. Separate camps, Boys & Girls 5-16. Fine food, cabins. All crafts, sports—land, water, aquaplaning. Riding for all. College counselors. *Booklet.* Geo. von Sebo, Dir., 2395 Palisade Ave., N.Y.C. KIngsbridge 3-2827

WIHAKOWI Northfield Vermont

Eastgate (girls 8-17); Westgate (boys 8-16). Land, water sports. Riding, arts, and arts & crafts, golf. Mature leaders, 100 acres, lake, playing fields. Modern cabins. Nurse. Accessible. 4 or 8 wks. Catalog. G. N. Anderson, Box C, 2916 Allendale Road, Baltimore 16, Maryland.

CAPE COD **MUSIC CENTER**

The ideal summer for older boys & girls (14-18) who love music. Outstanding instruction—beginners and advanced—in instrumental and vocal music, composition, appreciation, and Ballet, combined with Seashore Camp activities. Booklet. Mrs. C. C. Crocker, Dir., Box 18, East Brewster, Mass.

NEW ENGLAND MUSIC CAMP
Enjoy musical summer with famous artists in Maine woods. Private instruction; all camping activities. Fee $300. 21 practice cabins. Orchestra, Band, Chorus. Catalog. Paul E. Wiggin, 125 Hampden St., West Springfield, Mass.

BOYS

PASSUMPSIC ON LAKE FAIRLEE ELY, VERMONT
Constructively happy summer for boys 7-15. Riding, sailing, tennis, shop, music, riflery. Farm. Canoe and horseback trips. Superior staff. 3 age groups, 33rd year. *Catalog.*
Mr. and Mrs. David C. Starry
4620 Drummond Ave., Chevy Chase 15, Wash., D.C.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS
Selected boys, 7-16, 3 divisions. On private lake in mts. of Central Adirondack region. 60 miles north of Utica. Cabins. 20 crafts. Canoe and horse trips. 20 horses. Fee includes riding. Riflery. Booklet. William H. Abbott, Director, Box 63-C, University Station, Syracuse, N.Y.

NYACK JUNIOR SCHOOL
Summer Camp

Boys under 15. Combines play and study on beautiful estate overlooking Hudson River, 19 miles from N.Y.C. Swimming, sailing, riding, crafts, nature study. Catalog.
Headmaster, Box C, Nyack, N. Y.

CAMP PAGWA
By Planel By Canoel
Boys 12-18. July-Aug.

1700 miles by airlines; 400 miles by canoes through Northern Ontario's wilderness. Camp activities under University counsellors. Indian guides. Medical staff. Real fishing. No hay fever. $525 covers all expenses from NYC and return. Brochure on request.
Write John J. Gleason, Dir., 55 W. 95th St., N. Y. 25, N. Y.; or phone Rev. L. H. Walz, RI. 9-1700.

MAINE SUMMER CAMPS FOR CHILDREN

There are over 200 camps for boys and girls in our lake country, in the mountains, at the seashore. Climate is ideal for all-summer comfort. All outdoor sports, pure water, responsible management and trained supervisors. For Camp Guide write **Maine Publicity Bureau, Box C, St. John St., Portland.**

CASCADILLA SCHOOL
Summer Session July 8 to August 22.

Cool, pleasant place for summer study. Fall term opens September 18. Thorough and rapid progress to prepare for university work. Regents Examinations. Catalogue.
C. M. Doyle, Headmaster, Ithaca, New York

IN the beautiful woodlands of North Carolina Nature has prepared the ideal setting for Boys and Girls camps. Wholesome recreation: riding boating, swimming, tennis, archery, golf, hiking. Skilled tutors in domestic science, art, woodworking, first aid, woodcraft and handycrafts. Health supervision is emphasized. Mail coupon today.

Governors Hospitality Committee,
3424 Department of Conservation and
Development, Raleigh, North Carolina

Please send descriptive literature on North Carolina Summer Camps. *For Boys* ( ) *For Girls* ( )

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

BOYS

CHIMNEY ROCK CAMP FOR BOYS

In N. Carolina, near Asheville, heart of the Blue Ridge. Best leadership, program and equipment. Individual attention, Jr.—7-11. Sr.—12-18. All camp activities. Sailing. For 28 yrs., choice of discriminating parents. Free booklet.
R. B. Suggs, Jr., Dir., Box C., Chimney Rock, N. Carolina.

Camp Whooppee

This camp for boys 5-14 attracts discriminating parents. Camp and Junior Military Academy permit 12 months' enrolment. 200 acres. Counselors—leaders and comrades! Camp mother, nurse. Pool. Ponies. Crafts. Information: Major Roy DeBerry, Box CC, Bloomington Springs, Tenn.

LAKE GENEVA NAVAL CAMP

Conducted by Northwestern Mil. & Naval Academy. Boys 15-18 learn seamanship, boating, 75 miles from Chicago. Canoes, cutters, sailboats, motorboats. Junior Camp (boys 12-14) —sailing, swimming, sports. Catalog.
25 S. Shore Drive, Lake Geneva, Wis.

ASTHMA HAY FEVER RELIEF

CAMP HILARY
BETHLEHEM, N. H.

Ideal location, altitude 2200', in the heart of White Mountains for boys 8-16. Bethlehem noted for relief from asthma and hay fever. Specialized equipment, care and diet. Supervised sports and camp activities. Enrollment limited to 70.
Abraham Monsein, LL.B., Director
46 Claymoss Road Brighton, Mass.

BOYS

CAMP ST. JOHN'S ★★★

A sports and recreational camp for boys 9-18 with one hour daily military training. Large staff mature men, many from **St. John's Military Academy** faculty, others, leading university athletes. Superb equipment, modern sanitation, pure water, splendid meals, physician and trained nurses. Accredited academic work offered. Lake location. One term only, 8 weeks. *Catalog.*
★ ★ ★ C-25 De Koven Hall, Delafield, Wis.

CAMP FOR MUSICAL BOYS

Chautauqua Lake, N. Y., conducted by famous Columbus Boychoir School—"America's Singing Boys," Herbert Huffman, director. Voice training, all usual camp activities. All expense $220, July 8 to Aug. 16. Only 30 vacancies. Write for bulletin. Columbus Boychoir School, Columbus, O.

IDLEWILD Famous for Water Sports

A summer of fun and adventure for boys on Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H. Trips, riding, rifle, golf, tennis. Tutoring at no extra cost. Mature staff. Doctor, nurse. Cabins. Booklet.
Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Roys, 332 Otis St., W. Newton, Mass.

WENTWORTH
Summer Camp and School

A boy's real vacation. 8 weeks of fun. Swimming, Riding, Tennis, Hiking, Golf, Woodcraft, Recreation Room, Camping trips in beautiful Ozark Mountains, Marksmanship, Military training. Age group 10-14 and 14-20 years. Experienced leaders, small groups. Start June 17. Write for catalog.
Col. J. M. Sellers, 256 Main St., Lexington, Mo.

LEN-A-PE

Indian, cowboy, magician, nurse. Christian boys 4-16. On lake in POCONOS near N.Y.C., Phila. Excellent food and care. Riding, tennis, swimming, crafts. Adult camp nearby. Booklet. David C. Keiser, 7733 Mill Rd., PHILA. 17, Pa. Tel. Melrose 1682

VALLEY FORGE MILITARY ACADEMY

SUMMER CAMPS open July 6th, 1946
Unforgettable vacation fun & sports. CAVALRY Camp (boys 14-18) 75 horses. Motorized artillery. PIONEER Camp (boys 9-14) Expert wood craft instruction. 10-day hike. Request Camp Catalog. Box 14, WAYNE, PA.

PINECREST DUNES

A salt-water camp on the protected shore of Long Island Sound at Pecconic, L. I., 2 hours from N. Y. For boys 5-18. Riding, music, sailing, swimming in Sound and freshwater lake. Christian services. Mature staff. All-inclusive fee. Catalog. Phone Valley Stream 6922
C. Tom Ward, Director, 33 W. Dover St., Valley Stream, L. I.

CULVER NAVAL or CAVALRY, 14-18 Yrs
WOODCRAFT CAMP, 10-14 Yrs

A Boy's Ideal Vacation—All sports. Complete facilities. Each camp filled for 1946. Accepting applications now for 1947. Separate catalogs.
SUMMER SCHOOLS ON LAKE MAXINKUCKEE 53 Lake Shore Court Culver, Ind.

BOB-WHITE Health and Fun in The Country

Boys 3-15. Riding included in fee. Swimming, Tennis, Riflery, Archery, Crafts, Pack Trips. Mature Counselors. Three separate units. Nursery group. 32nd yr. At Ashland, Mass. Also Bob-O-Link for Girls 3-12.
Booklets. S. D. Hayes, Box 15, Framingham, Mass.

HOWE MILITARY CAMP

Spend the summer of your life at this modern, well-equipped camp, July 1 to Aug. 17. Every outdoor sport. 10 acres on lake. Studies, if desired. Special Junior program. Low rate. Catalog. Burrett B. Bouton, M.A., 10 Academy Place, Howe, Indiana.

SUSQUEHANNA

Boys 5-18. Mountain Camp on private lake, New Milford, Pa., 28th Year. 700 Acres. Daily riding, complete course in horsemanship. Fine lake swimming. All other sports. Our own dairy farm and gardens. 3 age groups. Skilled leader for each 4 boys. Personal development our aim. Booklet. Robert T. Smith, 208 W. 56 St., New York 19.

ADMIRAL BILLARD ACADEMY

Fully accredited Naval Prep School offers 8-week summer academic term. Separate intensive 4 weeks' naval training aboard famous schooner YANKEE. Also usual summer naval camp for boys ages 8-13. Write for catalogue.
Admiral Billard Academy, New London, Conn.

Camp SKYCREST
"The Camp of Tomorrow"

A vocational interest program for boys from 6 to 16. High in the Poconos. Moderate "all-inclusive" rate. Ultra-modern cabins. Experienced staff. Leaflet B. Frederick S. Brown, Ed.D., 1 Hillside Ave., Great Neck, N. Y.

For camps in other locations write this department

CAMPS AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

BOYS

C 35th SUMMER SESSION July and August
A pioneer in personal attention to the individual boy. Regular school faculty. Small classes, flexible programs, accelerated progress. Make-up work or regular semester advance courses. Preparation for fall college entrance. A. D. Sherrill, Headmaster, Cheshire, Conn.
HESHIRE ACADEMY

GIRLS

SAN LUIS—TRIANGLE L RANCHES
For girls 6-21. Thrilling summer on Colorado ranches in the high Rockies. Riding (form and trail), pack trips, exploring mountain trails, acquiring habits of helpfulness, resourcefulness. Swimming, tennis. Careful supervision. Training for older girls in camp leadership, child care, useful arts. Mrs. Robert M. Potter, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

QUANSET SAILING CAMPS 42nd Year
Learn sailing every day on Cape Cod's beautiful, safe Pleasant Bay. Riding, swimming, tennis, crafts, music, badminton, sailing trips. 3 age groups—carefully chosen girls—5 to 18 yrs. Booklet. Interview. Also Adult Sailing School—June and Sept.
Mr. & Mrs. F. C. Hammatt, So. Orleans, Mass.

Camp Naoma *The Exclusive Deluxe Camp*
For Girls—Four groups 6 to 19 incl.
Midgets, Middlers, Juniors, Seniors. Riding, all land and water sports, crafts, trips, Music, Rhythm Band, Trap, Skeet, Pistol and Rifery. Inclusive fee. Booklet on request.
Mr. & Mrs. Stanley G. Thurston
Owners & Directors, Winthrop, Maine

CAMP NORTH WOODS For Girls 7 to 17.
Eagle River, Wis., in Land O' Lakes; 1750 ft. above sea level; fine buildings; long established; trained leaders and counselors; land and water sports, riding, crafts, nature lore, true camp training; season 8 weeks. Write for booklet.
John A. Moors, co-director, winter address: 228 N. La Salle Street, Chicago 1, Ill.

COLLEGES & SCHOOLS

NEW ENGLAND—CO-ED

DEAN 80th year. Coed. Campus life; athletic fields, pool, sports. Friendly homelike atmosphere. Direct train service N.Y., Boston.
ACADEMY: Grades 9-12. College preparatory; general course. Music, dramatics, speech, radio technique, mech. drawing, drafting, crafts. Rate $800.
JUNIOR COLLEGE: Liberal arts and semi-professional courses. Home economics with practice home; medical assistant; fashion design; secretarial, mdse., music, speech. Distinctive residences. Placement Service. Rate $850.
Specify which catalog. A. B. Ewen, Dean, Franklin, Mass.

THE ARNOLD SCHOOL
Unique academic-vocational school for boys and girls 10 to 19. Summer session. Upper School—excellent preparation for college. Lower School—individual needs met. 165 acres. Catalog.
Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Arnold, East Pembroke, Mass.

VERMONT JUNIOR COLLEGE
Fully accredited liberal and practical arts, sciences. Journalism, pre-nursing, med. sec'l, business, lab. tech., home ec., art, dramatics, music. Winter sports. In heart of Vermont. Coed. As low as $825. Est. 1833. Catalog.
John C. Kingsley, D.Ed., Pres., Montpelier, Vt.

CUSHING Endowed. Moderate rates. Excellent equipment.
Small classes. High standards of preparation for college and life. Special opportunities in secretarial studies, science, music, art, dramatics, pre-nursing, journalism. Experienced faculty advisers. *Catalog.* Clarence C. Quimby, Headmaster, Box 35, Ashburnham, Mass.

PENNSYLVANIA—CO-ED

KEYSTONE COLLEGE
Two-year accredited. A.A. degree. Coed. Approved for veterans. Liberal arts, science, accounting, business admin., engineering, lab. tech., merchandising, secretarial, med. secretarial, pre-nursing. Moderate rates. Write for catalog. Mention special interests. Box CM, La Plume, Pa.

WILLIAMSPORT DICKINSON
Accredited Junior College and Preparatory School. Coed. Liberal Arts, Music, Art, Business, Secretarial, Medical Secretarial, Medical Tech., Consumer Education, Dramatics. Outstanding faculty. Sports. 99th yr.
John W. Long, Pres., Box C, Williamsport, Pa.

NEW YORK—GIRLS

THE KNOX SCHOOL
For Girls. On Otsego Lake, Cooperstown, N. Y.
College Preparatory Postgraduate Courses
Secretarial Courses, including Medical
Art, music, drama Riding, golf, winter sports
MRS. E. RUSSELL HOUGHTON, Box C.

Edgewood Park FOR YOUNG WOMEN
• Recognized by leading colleges and universities. Accredited college preparatory. Advanced courses in Cultural and Practical Arts, Fine Arts, Secretarial Sc., Real Estate, Medical Ass't, Home Ec., Dramatics, Costume Design, Interior Decoration, Merchandising, Kindergarten. All sports—riding. *Ask for Catalog.*
Box C, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS

NEW ENGLAND—BOYS

Atlantic Air Academy
Boys 12-18 prepared for college. A military school preparing for the air-minded age. Air corps uniforms. Air Navigation, meteorology. Athletics for all. Summer Session. *Catalog.*
F. G. Williams, Ph.D., Hdmr., Box 305, Rye Beach, N. H.

EASTERN MILITARY ACADEMY
30 miles from N.Y. City. 250 boys 8-18. All grades through high school. Experienced & accredited faculty. College entrance. Full military program. Large campus, & athletic fields. All sports. Summer camp. Address
Box C, Shippan Point, Stamford, Conn.

FAY SCHOOL
For younger boys, 8-14. A vigorous, healthy school-life, emphasizing self-government, character, strong scholarship, and genuine achievement. Country setting near Boston; all sports; well-equipped plant. 80th year. For catalogue:
Harrison L. Reinke, Box 135, Southboro, Mass.

LEICESTER ACADEMY AND JUNIOR COLLEGE
Announces reopening of 2-yr. college course in Business Administration for young men plus last year of H.S. Small, limited enrollment. Individual guidance, placement. Opportunity for veterans. Write, Registrar, 319 E. 50th St., Apt. 4E, N.Y.C. or visit school at Leicester, Mass., near Worcester.

Nichols JUNIOR College
Executive Courses in Business Administration leading to degree. Junior College exclusively for men. Personalized executive analysis plan. Modern dorms, all sports. For information and catalogue write: James L. Conrad, Pres., Nichols Junior College, Dudley, Mass.

Tilton SCHOOL
TILTON, N. H.
Accelerated three-semester program enables boys to get as much education as possible before induction. Fully accredited college preparatory. Math., languages, sciences. Also grades 7 and 8. All sports. Moderate rate. Direct R.R. to N.Y.C., Boston. Est. 1845. Catalog.
Dr. James C. Coons, Tilton, N. H.

EMERSON SCHOOL FOR BOYS
—AGED 8 TO 15—
Sound training for first or second year of leading preparatory schools. Classes average 9 boys. Homelike atmosphere. Healthful outdoor sports. 50 miles from Boston.
Edward E. Emerson, Headmaster, Box 872, Exeter, N. H.

NEW ENGLAND—GIRLS

Lasell JUNIOR COLLEGE
For young women. Ten miles from Boston's cultural advantages. Academic, Home Ec., Secretarial (general or medical), Merchandising, Fashion, Pre-nursing, Pre-medical technician and Pre-occupational therapy. Art, music, Dramatics. Winter sports, golf, riding, swimming. 35-acre campus. Delightful home life. Catalog.
GUY M. WINSLOW, President
109 Woodland Road Auburndale, Mass.

MACDUFFIE SCHOOL for Girls
Est. 1890. Outstanding record for college preparation. Accredited. Emphasis on HOW to study. Small classes. Natural, homelike atmosphere. Art, music, theatre. All sports. Moderate rate. Girls 12-18. Catalog.
Ralph C. Rutenber, Jr., Springfield 5, Mass.

Stoneleigh-Prospect Hill
Strong college preparatory and general courses. Art, music. All sports. 150 acres, beautiful modern building in heart of famous educational region. Private stables; professional instruction in riding, skiing, Mensendieck for posture.
Mrs. George Waldo Emerson, Box C, Greenfield, Mass.

MARY A. BURNHAM SCHOOL
Accredited college preparation and general course for girls. Exceptional work in music, art. Also post-graduate courses. Drama, secretarial. College town advantages. All sports. Riding. Mensendieck for posture. 68th yr.
Mrs. Geo. W. Emerson, Box 43-C, Northampton, Mass.

HOWARD SEMINARY For Girls
Accredited New England School. Courses: College Preparatory, secretarial, general, music, art, speech. Small classes. Moderate, all-inclusive fee. 72nd year. All sports, riding, swimming. Accessible; 26 miles from Boston. Catalog.
Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Sargent, Box 10, West Bridgewater, Mass.

OAK GROVE
A FRIENDS SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Emphasizes Preparation for College and Gracious, Purposeful Living. Music, Art, Expression. Upper and Lower Schools. Joyous Outdoor Recreation. Riding included. New Fireproof Buildings.
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Owen, Box 128, Vassalboro, Me.

Larson JUNIOR COLLEGE
Stimulating career courses for girls: Lab. Technician, Pre-Nursing, Med. Sec., Sec'l, Nutrition, Merchandising. Accredited. Liberal Arts, Library Sc., Music, Art. Degrees. Campus, dorms. Sports.
G. C. Larson, New Haven 14, Conn.

NEW YORK—BOYS

NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY
The School of Distinction
N. Y. M. A. graduates are destined for leadership. Capable officers in the armed forces during the war . . . enterprising leaders in the peace today . . . ready to lead again in future emergencies.
Reserve Officers Training Corps
For Catalog, address: 10 Academy Ave.
Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York

LA SALLE MILITARY ACADEMY
Accredited college preparation under Brothers of the Christian Schools. 8th Grade through High School. R.O.T.C. Two regulation rifle ranges. 26 acre playing field. 63rd year. 50 miles N.Y.C. Catalogue.
Brother Brendan, Headmaster, Box C, Oakdale, L. I., N. Y.

Preparing for WEST POINT
STANTON PREPARATORY ACADEMY
CORNWALL, N. Y.
Col. H. G. Stanton, Graduate, West Point, former Instructor and Asst. Prof., U.S.M.A., West Point, N.Y.

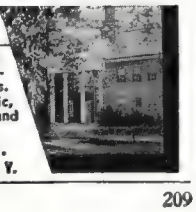
IRVING
Thorough preparation for all colleges. Grades 6 to 12. Certificate privileges. Regents accredited. Small classes, able faculty. All sports. 25 miles from New York City. 109th year. Write for catalog. C. Walter Olson, Headmaster, Box 856, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.

★ MANLIUS ★
Accredited college preparatory. 8th grade. Military training develops initiative, character, fitness. R.O.T.C. Skiing. Flight training available. Excellent background for government academies. All sports. Five athletic fields. Golf. 125-acre campus. Register early. Catalog.
Director of Admissions, Box 156, Manlius, N. Y.

MOHONK FOR THE YOUNGER BOY •
90 miles from New York. 7000 acres, private lake, altitude 1500 feet. Boys 7-14. Small classes. Special reading training. Accredited. Excellent food. Riding included in moderate fee. *Catalog.*
R. M. MERRITT, Box C, Lake Mohonk, New York

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL
MILITARY
College preparatory. Separate Junior School. Small classes. Supervised study. Gym. Pool. All sports. 45 min. to N.Y.C. Moderate rate. 104th yr. Non-sectarian. Catalogue.
William A. Ranney, Ossining-on-Hudson, N. Y.

PEEKSKILL MILITARY ACADEMY
Accredited preparation for all colleges including West Point and Annapolis. Business course optional. Study and development of individual capacities of the whole boy the primary objective. Small classes. Physical training for all. Horseback riding, swimming pool. Music, dramatics, social activities. Intra-mural and varsity teams. Senior and Junior School. 112 years old. 45 miles from New York.
Write for Catalog and Personal Guidance Chart. Telephone 381.
Col. Thomas K. Fisher, Headmaster, Box 105-C, Peekskill-on-Hudson, N. Y.



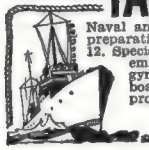
For schools in other locations write this department

Educational Trouble Shooters

Successful college preparation and general education. Our tests enable us to (1) discover causes of difficulties; (2) devise method of education to fit each case; (3) make up quickly lost time; (4) plan individualized programs. Not everyone needs Oxford, but he who needs us, needs us badly.

OXFORD ACADEMY, Box J-95, Pleasantville, N. J.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT ACADEMY



Naval and military training. Accredited preparation for all colleges. Grades 8 to 12. Special classes for government academies. Varied sports program. 2 gyms, 2 athletic fields, fleet of boats. Band. Also summer program. Catalog.
Registrar, Box F
Toms River, N. J.

CARTERET

All grades to college. Fully accredited. Scholarship, Character, Physical Development. Thorough drill in fundamentals. Superior college preparation. Large gymnasium, athletic field. Periodic aptitude tests. Elevation 650 ft. 20 miles to N. Y. Catalog "C."
Address; Major Philip L. Garland, Headmaster
CARTERET SCHOOL West Orange, N. J.

BLAIR

Excellent Reputation for College Preparation

Small Classes. Wide Choice of Sports and Student Activities. Golf Course. Swimming Pool. Careful Health Supervision. Country Location in New Jersey Hills, 65 Miles from N. Y. City.
CHARLES H. BREED, Headmaster, Box 10, Blairstown, N. J.

PENNINGTON

109th Year. Boys in classes of 10. Daily help of friendly Masters assures scholastic, social, athletic progress. Large endowment. Gym, pool, crafts. Near Princeton. Send for illustrated catalog. Francis Harvey Green, Litt.D., LL.D., THE PENNINGTON SCHOOL, Box 50, Pennington, N.J.

BEAVER COLLEGE

Degree courses for women. Liberal arts, music, speech, art, commerce, home economics, phys. ed., teaching, lab. tech., phys. therapy, religious education, social welfare. Extra-curricular, sports, social program. 93rd year. 37-acre campus near Phila. Catalog.
Raymon M. Kistler, D.D., President, Box C, Jenkintown, Pa.

HARCUM JUNIOR COLLEGE

FOR GIRLS

2-year college—Diploma. Academic, Fine Art, Merchandising, Dramatics, Music, Secretarial and Medical Secretarial, Sports. Vocational guidance. Placement.
Registrar, Harcum Junior College, Box C, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

PENN HALL JUNIOR COLLEGE

Credits transferable. Also accredited Preparatory. Music, Drama, Int. Dec., Costume Design, Secretarial, Merchandising, Home Ec. Connecting baths. All sports. Riding. Swim. Social life. *Mention interests.* Catalog: F. S. Magill, A.M., LL.D., Box M, CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

Seton Hill College

For women. B.A. in 14 depts.; B.S. in Home Economics; B.Mus. in 3 curricula. Fully accredited. Pre-professional training for Medicine, Law, and Social Service. Teacher education. Honors courses. All sports. Catholic management. Accredited by A.A.U., national membership in A.A.U.W. Catalog.
Registrar, Box C, Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa.

OGONTZ JUNIOR COLLEGE

Prepares young women to fill their proper places in life successfully. Transfer, terminal courses. Home economics (nutrition, child care), home nursing, secretarial, languages. Music, art. Military drill. 10 miles from Philadelphia. Box JC, Abby A. Sutherland, Ogontz School P.O., Pa.

LindenHall JUNIOR COLLEGE AND SCHOOL for GIRLS

Cultural and Vocational. Music, Home Economics, Secretarial Studies. Fine and Commercial Art. Dramatic Art. Preparatory and General Courses. Beautiful Campus. All Sports. Riding. Swimming Pool. Endowed. Moderate Tuition. *Catalogues.* Address: F. W. STENGEL, D.D., Box 15, LITITZ, Pa.

VALLEY FORGE MILITARY ACADEMY

AT THE NATION'S SHRINE

Valley Forge graduates are leaders in Peace as they were in War. College Prep & Jr. Coll. for young gentlemen 12-20. Parents appreciate small, personalized classes, our modern guidance & testing bureau, and reading clinic. Faculty of distinguished specialists. Special emphasis on body development by experts. All varsity sports, with swimming & polo. Intramural athletic program for every boy. 24 modern fireproof bldgs. Motorized Field Artillery, Cavalry (75 horses), Infantry, Band. Sr. R.O.T.C. Highest Govt. rating.

FOR CATALOG ADDRESS BOX E WAYNE, PA.

PERKIOMEN • BOYS REALLY LEARN TO STUDY

Thorough individualized teaching. Small classes. Grades 7-12. Remedial Reading Program. College & Service preparation. Mathematics, science, physical fitness stressed. Separate Junior School. Country location accessible to N. Y. & Phila.
A. E. Rogers, Hdmr., Box 556, Pennsburg, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA Military Preparatory

Accredited college prep. Also 7th and 8th grades. Small classes. Guidance program. Senior R.O.T.C. Highest War Dept. rating. Sports. 125th year. Catalog.
C. R. Moll, Headmaster
Dept. 256 Chester, Penna.

★ Carson Long ★

Boys' Military School. Educates the whole boy—physically, mentally, morally. How to learn, how to labor, how to live. Prepares for college or business. Character building supreme. Rates $550.00. Extras about $250.00.
Box A, Bloomfield, Pa.

MERCERSBURG

Accelerated program helps boys save a half year or more in preparing for college. Grades 8-12. Summer session. Special attention to younger boys. Beautiful 300-acre campus. Sports. Founded 1836. Write for catalog.
Charles S. Tippetts, Ph.D., Box C, Mercersburg, Penna.

SANFORD PREPARATORY

Co-educational, college preparatory school. Fully accredited. Interscholastic sports, as well as fine and practical arts, supplement the academic program. Country setting near Wilmington. Sunny Hills Lower School also. Booklets.
Ellen Q. Sawin, Phillip Q. Sawin, Box 205, Hockessin, Del.

Marjorie Webster JUNIOR COLLEGE

In Nation's Capital. 2-yr. Terminal and Transfer Liberal Arts and Career Courses for girls. Physical Education, Kindergarten, Dramatic Art, Radio, Music, Secretarial, Fine and Commercial Arts. Fireproof bldgs. 15-acre campus. All sports. Catalog.
Box C, Washington 12, D. C.

MARYLAND COLLEGE for WOMEN

Non-sectarian. Estab. 1853. Degrees of A.B. and B.S. in Liberal Arts, Home Economics, Merchandising, Music, Kindergarten Training, Secretarial. Also 2-year Certificate courses. Limited enrollment provides maximum Faculty assistance. Large campus. In beautiful, healthful Green Spring Valley 10 miles from Baltimore. Advantages also of Annapolis and Washington. All sports, Riding—own stable of fine horses with expert instructors and miles of cross country trails. Enrollment from 32 states, 3 foreign countries. Write for Catalog.
MARYLAND COLLEGE FOR WOMEN, BOX 5-C, LUTHERVILLE, MD.

BORDENTOWN MILITARY INSTITUTE

Fully accredited. Military and academic training combine to prepare useful self-disciplined citizens. College preparatory. R.O.T.C. Vigorous physical training. *Boys taught how to study.* Homelike atmosphere. 100 acre campus. Near Trenton. All sports. Lower School. Summer session. 61st year. Visitors welcome. Catalog.
Registrar Box 295, Bordentown, N. J.

PEDDIE

Maximum personality development assured by 81 years' experience in preparing boys for college and for life. Summer session. All sports for all. Playing fields, gymnasium, pool. 200 acres. Junior School. Easily accessible. Write for catalog.
Wilbour E. Saunders, Headmaster, Box 5-K, Hightstown, N. J.

COLLEGE OF SAINT ELIZABETH

A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Approved by the Association of American Universities. Liberal arts, business administration, home economics, premedical, teacher training, music. B.A. and B.S. degrees. All sports. Dean, Box D, Convent Station, New Jersey.

COLUMBIAN PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Formerly "Schad's" and "Puhl's"
SINCE 1909 PREPARING EXCLUSIVELY FOR
WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS
SUMMER COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS
WRITE: Registrar, Box C, 1443-5 Rhode Island Avenue N. W., Washington 5, D. C.

THE BULLIS SCHOOL

6 miles from the White House
Col. Wm. F. Bullis, U.S.N.A. '24, Pres.
At Silver Spring, Md. Box C.
Address: Registrar
ANNAPOLIS WEST POINT
"PREP. FOR SERVICE ACADEMIES"
Accredited. Outstanding success. Modern fireproof building. Rates moderate. Summer term—June 12. Write for catalog.

SULLIVAN SCHOOL

ANNAPOLIS • WEST POINT PREP
Approved for veterans under the G.I. Bill of Rights
Lieutenant G. J. Sullivan (Retired)
Box C, 2107 Wyoming Ave., Washington 8, D. C.

CHARLOTTE HALL MILITARY ACADEMY

Southern Maryland's preparatory school for men in the making. Fully accredited. Grades 7-12. 35 miles from Washington. All sports. Supervised study. 172nd year. Limited enrolment. Catalog.
Box C, Charlotte Hall, Md.

STRATFORD

In healthful Piedmont. Accredited Junior College and High School. Develops personality. Music, Dramatics, Art, Interior Decoration, Costume Design, Secretarial, Journalism, etc. Sports. For "Intimate Glimpses" and Catalog, address:
John C. Simpson, Pres., Box C, Danville, Va.

MARION COLLEGE

Accredited Junior College and 2 years H.S. for girls. Strong Christian influence. Liberal Arts, Pre-Library, Pre-technician, Pre-nursing, Pre-social work, education, business, merchandising, home economics, music, speech, dramatics. 73rd year. $550 to $595. Catalogue.
Rev. Henry E. Horn, Pres., Box 806, Marion, Va.

Bethel Woman's College

Standard Junior College. Liberal arts, piano, voice, violin, art, dramatics, home economics, commerce, teacher training, physical education. Swimming, riding, other sports. Moderate cost. Catalogue on request. Address: Powhatan W. James, President, Box 537C, Hopkinsville, Kentucky.

WARD-BELMONT

Junior College. Preparatory School, Conservatory of Music. Fully accredited. In well-known Univ. Center. Year around sports. Own gaited horses. Every girl club member. For view book, catalogue, Club Village folder, address:
Robert Calhoun Provine, Ph.D., Dept. C, Nashville 4, Tenn.

ANDERSON COLLEGE

For girls. Accredited Junior College and 2 years H. S. in famous Piedmont section. Terminal and transfer courses: Liberal Arts, Art, Music, Home Ec., Secretarial, Medical Secretarial, Speech, Dramatics, Radio. Happy social life. Sports. 32 acre campus, modern dorms. 84th. Catalog:
Annie D. Denmark, Pres., Box C, Anderson, S.C.

Sullins College

Bristol, Va. *Jr. College and High School.* Both accredited. 327 Acre Campus in beautiful Virginia Park. Swimming Pool, Boating, Riding, Music, Art, Radio, Dramatics, Home Ec., Secretarial, Physical Ed. *Camp Sequoya.* Which Catalog? Box C, Bristol, Va.

Fairfax Hall

JUNIOR COLLEGE • PREPARATORY

For girls. An old Virginia school noted for high scholastic standards. Healthful location in Shenandoah Valley, near Skyline Drive. Accredited 2 years college, 4 years high school. Liberal arts, secretarial, music. Early registration advised. Happy social life. Spacious grounds. Indoor and outdoor pools, stable, riding rings. Catalog. **Wm. B. Gates, M. A., Pres., Box C-5, Park Station, Waynesboro, Va.**

BLACKSTONE COLLEGE

Junior college for girls; two years high school. Emphasis on liberal arts; music, art, speech. Home economics, other useful arts. Indoor pool; riding, golf, other sports. Cultural advantages of Richmond. Fireproof buildings. Catalog: **John D. Riddick, President, Box 102, Blackstone, Virginia.**

MILLERSBURG MILITARY INSTITUTE

In the Heart of the Blue Grass. Fully Accredited. 53rd Yr. College Preparatory and Separate Junior School. Rates very moderate. For catalog address **Col. W. O. Nelson, Supt., Box 846, Millersburg, Ky.**

MARION INSTITUTE

MARION ALABAMA

Accredited four-year High School and Junior College. Special department for preparation for Annapolis and West Point. R.O.T.C. Military training. Sports. 104th year. Write for catalog.
Col. J. T. Murfee, President, Box C, Marion, Alabama.

KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE

A school with a winter home in Florida

Preparation for college under ideal climatic conditions all year. Oldest private Military School in America. For fully illustrated catalog, address **Col. C. B. Richmond, Pres., Box C, Lyndon, Ky.**

GORDON MILITARY COLLEGE

Accredited Preparatory School and Junior College, boasting a century of accomplishment. Outstanding equipment; 350 acres. Homelike atmosphere. Golf course. Athletic fields. $635 inclusive rate. Early enrolment advised. Catalog.
Col. J. E. Guillebeau, Box C, Barnesville, Ga.

GEORGIA MILITARY ACADEMY

8 mi. from Atlanta. Winter and Summer School. Prep School—Junior College—Separate Junior School—R.O.T.C.—Aviation. Moderate rates. Catalog.
Col. W. A. Brewster, Pres., College Park, Ga.

BATTLE GROUND ACADEMY

57th year

Fully accredited. In healthful bluegrass section. Emphasizing character building, scholarship and physical development with military training. Grades 7th—12th. Athletics. Moderate rate. For catalog and "Forward, March" address:
Glenn M. Eddington, Box 701, Franklin, Tennessee.

COLUMBIA Military Academy

12 buildings, 9 built by U.S. Government. Fully accredited. R.O.T.C. Special Department preparing for Gov't Academies. Jr. School. New $90,000 gym. Athletics: swimming, golf, horsemanship. Summer session. 50 piece band. For catalog, address: **Dept. C, Columbia, Tenn.**

AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY

Country location in Shenandoah Valley. Prepares for Universities, West Point, Annapolis. R.O.T.C. Gymnasium, pool, all sports. Fully accredited. 81st yr. Catalog: **Col. T. J. Roller or Major C. S. Roller, Jr., Fort Defiance, Va.** *Capacity enrollment last year.*

CARLISLE MILITARY SCHOOL

Develops manly men through cultivation of physical, mental, spiritual qualities. Small classes. Pre-aviation course. Boys from 20 states. All sports. Cadet band. Non-sectarian. Also 7th and 8th grades. Rate $650 Catalog.
COL. JAS. F. RISHER, HEADMASTER, Box C, BAMBERG, S. C.

HARGRAVE MILITARY ACADEMY

In the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mts. El. 800 ft. Preparation for Christian leadership. Excellent educational facilities at reasonable rate. Accredited. Competent instructors. All sports. Jr. School. *Catalog.*
Col. A. H. Camden, Pres., Box C, Chatham, Va.

GREENBRIER MILITARY SCHOOL

MILITARY SCHOOL. 135th year. Accredited. Lower School, High School, Junior College. Elevation 2300 feet. All sports. For Catalog, address: **COL. D. T. MOORE, REGISTRAR, BOX C, LEWISBURG, W. VA.**

TENNESSEE MILITARY INSTITUTE

TMI

Prepares for the better colleges and technical schools. High academic standards, developed through 72 years, encourage scholarship. R.O.T.C. Athletics. Grades 8-12. Restricted to 200. Write for catalog.
Col. C. R. Endsley, Supt., Box 313, Sweetwater, Tenn.

Southern Seminary

AND JUNIOR COLLEGE • *A SCHOOL OF CHARACTER*

For 79 yrs. one of America's famous schools for young women. **Accredited** Junior College & Preparatory School in Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. Home life that of fine old Southern family. **Cultural & Career Courses** combined to meet Today's needs:—Music, Art, Languages, Drama, Speech, Home Ec., Merchandising, Phys. Ed., Library Sc., Journalism, Kindergarten Tr. & Secretarial Courses. Social Training. All Sports. Own stable of fine horses. Indoor swimming pool. Every room filled each year. *For Catalog, write*
Robert Lee Durham, President, Box 915, Buena Vista, Virginia.

Brenau COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

In Blue Ridge Mts. Degree of A.B. & B.M. Also Junior Coll. diploma. **Liberal Arts and Modern Career Courses.** Phys. Ed., Recreational Dir., Home Sc., Nutrition, Secr'l, Art, Drama, Radio Broadcasting, Music. Separate Academy on college campus. Riding, Swimming, all sports. Mention your interests; Catalog, write
Brenau, Box 205-B, Gainesville, Georgia

GREENBRIER COLLEGE

For girls. Two years college preparatory and two years standard college work. Founded 1812. In the healthful Alleghenies. Art, Music, Dramatic Art, Secretarial. Exceptional social and recreational advantages.
Address: French W. Thompson, Pres., Dept. C-8, Lewisburg, W. Va.

WHITWORTH COLLEGE

Accredited Junior College; 2-year high school for girls. Liberal and Fine Arts. Journalism, Dramatic Art, Music. Sec'l, Home Ec., Color and Design, Phys. Ed. Aviation, Golf, Riding, Swimming. Educational tours, field trips included in rate. Catalogue. **Box 229-C, Brookhaven, Miss.**

AVERETT

ACCREDITED Junior College for girls, emphasizing liberal arts. Music, art, speech and dramatics, secretarial, med. sec'l, physical ed., home ec. Modern buildings. 87th yr. Endowed. *Catalog.*
Curtis Bishop, Litt.D., Box C, Danville, Va.

VIRGINIA INTERMONT

Endowed Junior College and two yrs. High School for girls. Accredited. Music, Art, Speech, Dramatics, Home Ec., Physical Education, Secretarial, Library Science. Riding, swimming. Founded 1884. Moderate rates. All sports. *Catalog.*
R. L. Brantley, Ph.D., Pres., Box 125, Bristol, Va.

BARRY COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Miami, Florida

Conducted by Sisters of St. Dominic, Adrian, Michigan

Degrees in Arts and Science; Music, Teacher Training, Home Economics, Business. Beautiful campus with outdoor swimming pool. All sports.

For information address the Dean.

FLORIDA MILITARY ACADEMY

One of the outstanding schools of the South. Fully accredited. R.O.T.C. Individual attention to every boy. Separate Junior Dept. Tennis, all sports, beach recreation center. Fine health record. All inclusive rate. Enrollment limited.
Col. Walter Mendels, President
Box 2 St. Petersburg, Florida.

ADVENTURE

Coeducational. Grades 3-12. Accredited. High academic standards. Small classes. Individual attention. General courses, music, art. Beautiful 25-acre campus. Mild climate. Year-round outdoor sports. Riding. Pool. Cultural advantages of Charleston. Summer camp, Lake Junaluska, N.C. Moderate rates. Catalog. **Harold M. Patrick, P.O. Box 882-E. Summerville, S.C.**

SHENANDOAH

Conservatory of Music (member of N.A.S.M.), B.M. and B.M.Ed. Degrees. Junior College (accredited)—liberal arts and commercial. One year course in Radio Broadcasting. Medical Secretarial. Coeducational. Very moderate rates. In Valley of Virginia. Summer term. For catalog and viewfolder, address: **L. C. Hill, Pres., Dayton, Virginia.**

RIVERSIDE MILITARY ACADEMY

6 MONTHS IN GEORGIA
3 MONTHS IN FLORIDA

FULLY ACCREDITED preparation for all colleges. Junior College department. Outstanding record. R.O.T.C. Separate school for younger boys.
RIVERSIDE combines the superior facilities of two complete school plants and the individual attention of faculty officers who live in same buildings and eat at same tables with cadets.
BOYS AND PARENTS appreciate: the varied activities and well rounded program, the small classes, the weekly reports, and the fine incentives of this distinguished school.
HEALTH, interest, and development assured by spending January, February and March at Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Florida. All-inclusive school bill $1294. For Catalog address:

GENERAL SANDY BEAVER, President
Riverside Military Academy, Box 12-C
Gainsville, Georgia

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT ACADEMY

Naval, military, aviation training in the Sunshine City. Accredited preparation for all colleges, gov't academies. Grades 7 to 12. Small classes. All sports, band. Fleet of boats, 70-ft. power yacht. 215 acres on Boca Ciega Bay. Catalog.
Registrar, Box F
St. Petersburg, Florida

ST. LEO PREP

Accredited college preparation. Boys 10-17. Small classes, individual attention. Outdoor sports in ideal climate. 360-acre campus, private lake. Gym, fireproof buildings. Est. 1889 by Benedictine Fathers. Near Tampa. Catalog.
Rev. Father Raphael, Headmaster, Box C, St. Leo, Fla.

FAIRMONT—CASEMENTS

For girls. Jr. College and Prep. courses (credits transferable). Liberal arts, fine arts, costume design, radio, int. dec., drama, sec'l, music, etc. Ocean front. Bathing, golf. Catalog (Specify Junior College or Prep. School).
Maud van Woy, Pres., Box M, Ormond Beach, Florida.

THE BOLLES SCHOOL

On St. Johns River

Accredited—Prepares for college and Government Academies. 6th—12th grades. Fireproof dormitory. Naval or military training. Summer term begins June 16. For catalog, address:
Colonel Roger C. Painter, Pres., Jacksonville, Florida

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

Fully accredited. Prepares for college or business. **Able faculty. Small** classes. **Supervised** study. **R.O.T.C. Fireproof** buildings. Inside **swimming pool.** All athletics. Lower School for **small boys** in new separate building. **Housemothers. Best health record.** Students from 27 states and other countries. Founded 1898. Catalogue.
Col. J. C. Wicker, President, Box C, Fork Union, Va.

SEWANEE MILITARY ACADEMY

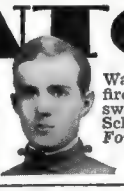
Thorough preparation for college. ROTC. Small classes—every boy taught how to study. Summer session of study and recreation. Private mountain domain in summer resort area. All sports. Gym, pool. Endowed. Moderate rate. 79th year. Catalog. **Gen. G. R. Allin, Supt., Box C, Sewanee, Tenn.**

Randolph-Macon ACADEMY

MILITARY. ACCREDITED. 58TH YEAR

At northern entrance to Skyline Drive. Prepares for college through intensive study methods. Fireproof buildings. Limited capacity. For catalog and folder, address:
Col. John C. Boggs, Principal, Box C, Front Royal, Va.

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY



One of America's most distinguished military schools, located in historic Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Highest War Dept. Rating. High elevation, excellent health record. For 85 years graduates have made excellent records at best colleges, Annapolis and West Point.

War Dept. R.O.T.C. Unit. Modern, fireproof buildings, two gymnasiums, swimming pool. Separate Junior School. Early enrollment advisable. *For illustrated catalogue, address*
Superintendent,
Box C-5, Staunton, Virginia.

SOUTH—BOYS

CASTLE HEIGHTS

Military. Separate Junior School in spacious mansion. Special instructors, house mothers. Endowed. For catalog, Address COL. H. C. ARMSTRONG Pres., Lebanon (near Nashville), Tenn.

BLUE RIDGE

Thorough preparation for leading universities and government academies. Individualized instruction. Fully accredited. Boys taught how to study. In picturesque, western North Carolina, 20 miles from Asheville. Excellent health record. 6 weeks summer term (semi-camp in nature). Boys 9 to 18. Address J. R. Sandifer, Box C, Hendersonville, N.C.

FISHBURNE MILITARY SCHOOL

IN HISTORIC SHENANDOAH VALLEY

Now in its 67th Year

For Catalogue, Address

COL. MORGAN H. HUDGINS, Box C-B, WAYNESBORO, VA.

WEST—GIRLS

Saint Mary-of-the-Woods

In the inspiring environment of this accredited standard college, girls acquire cultural knowledge and career skills. B.A. and B.S. degrees. Music, art, commerce, journalism, teacher training, speech and radio. Beautiful buildings, spacious campus. Tennis, riding, swimming. Early registration advised. Catalog. Box 58, Saint Mary-of-the-Woods, Ind.

Lindenwood

For Women. Confers A. B., B. S., B. M. Degrees

Accredited. Also 2-year Junior College. Modernized curriculum prepares for civic and social leadership. Secretarial Training. Special courses in Music and Art. Sports. Near St. Louis. Catalog. H. M. Gage, Pres., Box 348, St. Charles, Mo.

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE, NOTRE DAME

Fully accredited Liberal Arts college for women. Courses lead to degrees of B.A., B.S., Mus.B. Basic nursing. Graduate Dept. of Sacred Theology. Sisters of the Holy Cross. Catalogue. Saint Mary's College, Box C, Holy Cross, Ind. Railroad Station: South Bend, Ind.

WILLIAM WOODS COLLEGE

Accredited Junior College courses for young women (transfer, terminal, pre-professional). A. A. degree in Liberal and Fine Arts: Music, Home Ec., Medical and Dental Secretarial, Costume Design, Pre-Medical, etc. Sports. 100 acres, private lake. 56th year. Reasonable rate. Catalog.

H. L. SMITH, BOX B, FULTON, MISSOURI

Christian College

For girls. Accredited Junior College and Conservatory (A.A. degree). Terminal, transfer, pre-career courses. Music, Art, Drama, Sec'l, Nursing, Int. Decoration, Costume Design, Home Management. All sports, pool, riding. 95th yr. Catalog.

James C. Miller, Ph.D., President, Box B, Columbia, Mo.

Frances Shimer

Accredited. Prep School for girls, grade 10 and four-year Junior College, grades 11-14. Liberal and Fine Arts. Home Economics. Excellent riding facilities at new stables. Inclusive fee. 94th year. *Catalog.*

Albin C. Bro, President, Box 356, Mount Carroll, Ill.

KEMPER HALL

Kenosha, Wisconsin

76th yr. Boarding and day school for girls. Thorough college preparation and training for purposeful living. Study of the Fine Arts encouraged. Complete sports program. Junior School department. Beautiful lake shore campus. For catalog, address: Box C.

Leota School & Camp

FOR GIRLS 5 to 18.

Standard Courses. Friendly environment. Horseback riding included in rate of $75 a month. 100 miles from Chicago. *Summer Camp.* Chicago Office: Telephone Cen. 6646. Catalog: Box C, EVANSVILLE, WIS.

TEACHER TRAINING

National College of Education

Thorough Preparation for Teaching. Nursery School, Child Care Centers, Kindergarten, Elementary Grades. Teaching offers congenial, happy working conditions, security for now and postwar days, and adequate vacations. Fall and summer terms.

EDNA DEAN BAKER, Pres., Box 64-E, EVANSTON, ILL.

WEST—BOYS

ROOSEVELT MILITARY ACADEMY

"BUILDERS OF MEN"

Complete Military Staff of World War II Officers. Fully Accredited. High School; Junior School. Outstanding Guidance Dept. Small Classes Ages 10-19. All sports: Riding. Moderate rate. Catalog. ★

Col. Glen. G. Millikan, Box C, Aledo, Illinois ★

WENTWORTH

Military Academy

66th Yr. 4 Yr. High School. Separate 2 Yr. College. R.O.T.C. and C.C.A. Flying. All accredited. Heart of America. Large Gym. Indoor pool. All sports. Riding. Mid-winter Camp. Country Club. Summer School. Catalog. Col. J. M. Sellers, 256 Wash. Place, Lexington, Mo.

MORGAN PARK MILITARY ACADEMY

★ Accredited college prep, with constant attention to every boy. Boys taught how to study. Math., science stressed. Sports. Near Chicago. 74th yr. *Catalog.* Colonel Sandford Sellers, Jr., Box 256, Morgan Park, Ill.

CULVER MILITARY ACADEMY

(ON LAKE MAXINKUCKEE)

A distinguished preparatory school. ★

Write for catalog, 53 Pershing Court, Culver, Indiana. ★

HOWE MILITARY SCHOOL

Training young Americans for leadership. R.O.T.C. Accredited college prep, business courses. Jr. School. Small classes. Sports, hobbies. Balanced program. Episcopal. Established 1884. Summer camp. Catalog.

Burrett B. Bouton, M.A., Supt. 456 Academy Place, Howe, Ind.

WEST—COED

COE COLLEGE

One of the leading medium sized colleges of the country. A.B., B.M. degrees. Emphasis on liberal arts and music. Located in residence district of charming, small city. Dormitories, ample buildings and campus. Coed. Write Registrar, Box 356, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

WAYLAND ACADEMY

Prepares boys and girls for all colleges and universities. Small classes, supervised study. Religious, home atmosphere. Music, dramatics. Commercial department. Athletics. New gym, swimming pool. Dormitories. Baptist. 91st year. Weimer K. Hicks, President, Box 69, Beaver Dam, Wis.

SOUTHWEST—BOYS AND GIRLS

Radford School for Girls

Accredited college preparation for girls in ideal year 'round climate. Open air classes. Music, art, dramatics, secretaryship. Character and personality developed in friendly home life. Sports, riding. Limited enrolment. Endowed. Catalog. Lucinda de L. Templin, Ph.D., Principal, 4200 Austin Terrace, El Paso, Texas.

NEW MEXICO MILITARY INSTITUTE

High School and Junior College. Every Boy Rides. R.O.T.C.

Col. O. C. Pearson, Superintendent, Box E, Roswell, New Mexico

PEACOCK MILITARY ACADEMY

Woodlawn Lake, San Antonio, Texas

A Distinctive School Since 1894. All-round development. Fully accredited. Ages 12 to 18. Limited enrollment. Cavalry and Infantry. Address the Superintendent, 201 Peacock Ave.

PACIFIC COAST—BOYS

THE TAMALPAIS SCHOOL

Prepares boys—from 5th grade on—for Eastern and Western universities. Outdoor activities. 12 miles from San Francisco. Summer Session. Address: C. J. Keppel, Headmaster, The Tamalpais School, Box 30-E, San Rafael, California.

HILL MILITARY ACADEMY

An honor R.O.T.C. school, recognized by State and accredited Associations, maintaining exceptionally high Academic standards; ample facilities in the mild, invigorating climate of the great Northwest, near Portland, the famous Rose City and scenic Columbia River. Summer session in Barracks. Jos A. Hill, Pres., Dept. C, Rocky Butte, Portland, Ore.

PUGET SOUND NAVAL ACADEMY

Naval training in the Great Northwest's healthful climate, on the shores of Puget Sound in view of Seattle, Wash. Small classes with selected understanding faculty secures results. Summer session. Dr. Chester L. Ward, Supt., Bainbridge Island, Winslow, Wash.

BROWN MILITARY ACADEMY

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Highest Official War Department Rating

The beautiful grounds located in ideal climatic and scenic California give advantages of varied athletic activity and opportunities for many off-campus social and educational activities. Training under seasoned instructors. From Junior School to Junior College. Real fellowship while learning.

Brown School for Girls, a companion school, at Glendora, Calif.

Non-profit John Brown Schools are accredited and definitely evangelical. Their doors are open the year around to America's finest youth.

For Further Information Write

JOHN E. BROWN, LL.D., President

BROWN MILITARY ACADEMY, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

WEST—BOYS

COLLEGE OF ST. THOMAS

Varied curricula for men, conducted by diocesan priests. Liberal arts, journalism, pre-med., pre-law, chemistry, teaching, business administration. Boarding, day. Ideal location for winter sports. Established 1885. Catalog. Very Rev. Vincent J. Flynn, Pres., Box B, St. Paul I, Minn.

LAKE FOREST ACADEMY

Outstanding boys' preparatory school in Midwest. Graduates well-rounded boys trained in fundamentals and good study habits—ready for any college. Grades 9-12. Full facilities. Non-military. Hour from Chicago. Founded 1857. Booklet. E. F. Bowditch, Headmaster, 66 Reid Hall, Lake Forest, Ill.

WESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY

Thorough academic instruction prepares graduates for success in the more difficult colleges. Broad program develops initiative, leadership. Reserve Officers' Training Corps. Highest government rating. 68th year. Grades 8 to 12. Col. R. L. Jackson, Box C-5, Alton, Ill. (near St. Louis).

PILLSBURY MILITARY ACADEMY

Fully accredited preparatory school with enviable national reputation. Boys 12 to 19. Large endowment. Modern equipment. Reasonable rates. Small classes. Supervised study. All sports. Separate dormitory for younger boys. 70th year. Catalogue. G. R. Strayer, Box 256, Owatonna, Minn.

★ ST. JOHN'S ★

MILITARY ACADEMY

Accredited college preparation in the heart of Wisconsin's land o' lakes, within easy driving distance of Chicago. Balanced program. Excellent faculty. Riding, golf, rifle marksmanship, sailing. Winter sports. Flying. Summer session. 62nd year. Write for catalog.

256 De Koven Hall, Delafield, Wisconsin

WEST—BOYS

NARGA MILITARY SCHOOL

Individual College Preparation. Accredited all colleges. Teaches How to Study. Business. Character training. Ages 10 to 19. New gym and pool. 85 miles S. of Chicago. Endowed. Catalog:—Phone Cen. 6646 Chicago.

Col. L. C. Bittinger, Supt., BOX C, ONARGA, ILL.

ST. THOMAS MILITARY ACADEMY

Military training combined with superior college preparation in Catholic environment. Individual guidance. Pool, gym. Sports. Beautifully located in exclusive residential district of Twin Cities. Boarding, day. Established 1885. Catalog. Very Rev. Vincent J. Flynn, Pres., Box 5, St. Paul I, Minn.

NORTHWESTERN MILITARY AND NAVAL ACADEMY

On beautiful Lake Geneva, 75 miles from Chicago. College prep. Complete new science department. R.O.T.C. Grades 9-12. Sailboats, motorboats, cutters. Sports. Wooded campus. 58th year. Write for catalog.

25 Lake Shore Road, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin

MISSOURI MILITARY ACADEMY AND JUNIOR SCHOOL

MMA

56th year. Fully accredited. R.O.T.C. Individualized instruction teaches boy how to Study. Friendly teachers inspire boy to excel—complete guidance program prepares him for future. All sports. 5 athletic fields. 300 acre campus. Riding. Catalog.

Col. C. R. Stribling, 256 Main Street, Mexico, Mo.

Shattuck School

Founded 1860

America's oldest Church Military School. Develops *character for leadership.* Well balanced education, spiritual, mental, physical. Year 'round sports for every boy. Catalog and View Book

SUMMER SCHOOL—CAMP—Ages 10-18

The Registrar, 464 Shumway Hall, Faribault, Minn.

KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL

One of America's Most Distinguished Military Schools. High School and Junior College. 102nd Year. Write for Catalog and View Book.

Col. A. M. Hitch, 856 Third St., Boonville, Mo.

SPECIAL

STEWART HOME SCHOOL

For Retarded Children, 53rd year.

Private home and school on beautiful 500 acre estate in Blue Grass section. Cottage plan. Individual mental and manual training. For illustrated folder, address:

JOHN D. STEWART, Director, Box A, Frankfort, Ky.

The Training School at Vineland

For those over five whose minds have not developed normally. Between Philadelphia and Atlantic City. Child study laboratory. Schools, shops, farms, ample playgrounds. Open all year. E. R. Johnstone, Director Emeritus, C. E. Nash, Acting Director, Box 408, Vineland, N. J.

SPASTIC AND PARALYSIS CORRECTION

MILTON H. BERRY FOUNDATION SCHOOLS

Our 47th year. Teaching the paralyzed how to walk, talk and become physically independent. Twelve schools in the United States. Write National Medical Director—

DOCTOR GORDON, M.D., ENCINO, CALIFORNIA

Binghamton Training School

Nervous, retarded, and mentally deficient children.

Pre-school, school, and special training groups. Home-like, cottage plan. Individual attention. Scientific methods. Moderate rates. Established 1881. Dr. W. H. Boldt & A. A. Boldt, Directors, 110 Fairview Ave., Binghamton, N. Y.

STAMMER?

GET THIS FREE BOOK!

This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 45 years. Benjamin N. Bogue, Dept. 1786, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

MUSIC AND DRAMATIC ARTS

FEAGIN SCHOOL OF DRAMA & RADIO

STAGE—SCREEN—RADIO—TELEVISION

31st year. Speech for Business & Social Use. Personality & Poise. Public Speaking. (Day & Eve.) Public Appearances while in training. Separate High School & Children's Dept. Two Summer terms July 1, Aug. 5. Catalog C.

ROCKEFELLER CENTER, 630 5TH AVENUE, NEW YORK

BESSIE V. HICKS SCHOOL

DRAMATIC ARTS • RADIO • SCREEN • STAGE • ACTING

Voice, Diction, Direction, Production, Script-Writing. On-the-Air Broadcasting, Teacher Training. Recognized highest standard for 26 yrs. Approved under G. I. Bill of Rights. 1, 2, 3 yr. Courses. Write for Catalog C. 1714 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILA. 3, PA.

Juilliard School of Music

William Schuman, President

Training for professional musicians in all fields. Diplomas and the B.S. and M.S. Degrees.

Catalog on request.

Room 427, 120 Claremont Avenue, New York 27, N. Y.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ART

Practical courses in Commercial and Fine Art. Fashion Illustration. Dress Design. Faculty of International reputation. Summer term begins June 24.

FRANK H. YOUNG, Dept. 158, 25 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.

EMERSON COLLEGE

Theatre, speech, radio, combined with liberal arts in 4-year course. A.B., A.M. degrees. Professional 2-year courses in radio announcing, dramatics, script writing, and all theatre arts. 66th year. *Catalog:*

Boylston B. Green, Pres., 130 Beacon St., Boston 16, Mass.

RETAILING

CHAMBERLAIN SCHOOL

of Retailing. Trains girls for careers in retailing: Copywriting, Personnel, Display, Home Furnishing, Buying, Styling, Publicity. Field work in leading stores. Catalog. Miss Muriel Cox, Director, 744 Boylston St., Boston 16, Mass.

BUSINESS AND SECRETARIAL

WEBBER COLLEGE

Business and finance, secretarial science, accounting, merchandising, foreign trade. B.B.S. degree. High school graduates, college women prepared for careers, management of property and finances. Sports, active social program. Beautiful 300-acre campus. Catalog. **Box C, Babson Park, Fla.**

BERKELEY

New York City 17
420 Lexington Avenue
East Orange, N. J.
White Plains, N. Y.

Train for the better-type secretarial positions. Intensive, comprehensive courses for high school graduates, college women. Distinguished faculty. Placement service. New term July 1. Bulletin: Secretary.

PACKARD

Executive Secretarial, Business Administration and Selling and Advertising for high school graduates. Also shorter courses day and evening. Co-educational. New terms July 1 and September 9.
Packard School, 255-D Lexington Avenue, New York 16.

LATIN AMERICAN INSTITUTE

Diplomatic Service School: Preparation for foreign service, export, international administration. **Business School:** Complete secretarial training in English, Spanish, Portuguese, French. Catalog. Address the **Director of Admissions, 11 West 42nd St., New York 18, 116 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3.**

FINE AND APPLIED ARTS

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Founded 1884 by Franklin H. Sargent. The foremost institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training in America. Courses prepare for Teaching and Directing as well as Acting. Catalog from Secretary.
Room 144, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

The ST. LOUIS SCHOOL of FINE ARTS

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY ST. LOUIS, MO.

Professional training in Fine and Commercial Art leading to B.F.A. degree. Students live on University campus. Early application urged. For catalog, address: **Kenneth C. Hudson, Dean, Room 30.**

CHICAGO ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS

Direct Project Training

Art Essentials, Com. Art, Dress Design, Layout & Lettering, Indus. Design, Fash. Illus., Cartoon'g, Draw'g & Paint'g, Inter. Decor., Illus. Write for Free Catalog. Suite C-5, 18 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3.

THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

Professional School. Fine, Industrial, Advertising Arts, Dress Design, Interior Decoration. Accredited. Summer term June 24, 1946.
Box 301, Michigan Ave. at Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

MOORE INSTITUTE

School of Design for Women

Advertising illustration, interior decoration, fashion arts, teacher training, fine arts, B.F.A. in all courses. Photography, jewelry, ceramics. Distinguished faculty. Residence houses. 102nd year. Write for catalog.
1344 N. Broad St., Philadelphia 21, Pa.

Art Institute of Pittsburgh

Demands for student-artist work far exceed supply. You earn as you learn in 2 yr. Commercial Art, 1 yr. Dress Design, Interior Decoration, Fashion. Start any time. Placement service. Approved for veterans. Catalog.
Willis Shook, Dir., 635 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

KANSAS CITY ART INSTITUTE and SCHOOL OF DESIGN

Drawing, Painting, Sculpture, Ceramics, Industrial, Fashion, Commercial, Interior and Advertising Design, Fashion Illustration, Low tuition, Scholarships, Beautiful campus, Girls' Dormitory, Summer school. Write for catalog.
Dept. 1056 K. C. Art Institute, K. C. 2, Mo.

MEINZINGER ART SCHOOL

Develops native ability in fine and vocational art. Professional courses in Advertising, Fashion Illustration, Layout, Lettering, Design, Photo Retouching, Portraiture, Automotive Rendering, etc. Catalog. **Fred J. Meinzinger, Director, Dept. 3, 12 E. Hancock, Detroit 1, Michigan.**

LABORATORY TECHNIQUE

LABORATORY TECHNICIAN

BE A MEDICAL ASSISTANT. 6 to 10 months' course. Urinalysis, bacteriology, hematology, blood chemistry, gastrics - feces. Men and women. Free Placement Bureau. Approved for G. I. Training. Catalog.
CHICAGO COLLEGE OF LABORATORY TECHNIQUE 414 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 5, Illinois

Northwest Institute of Medical Technology

offers thorough, intensive course in Clinical Laboratory technique including Basal Metabolism in 9 months. X-Ray and Electrocardiography 3 months. Co-ed. Graduates in demand. Catalog. Estab. 28 years. **3412 E. Lake St., Minneapolis 6, Minn.**

GRADWOHL

School of Laboratory Technique

Great demand for Gradwohl-trained technicians continues. Advance enrollment necessary. New classes for men and women start every three months. 12-month course. Hematology, serology, X-ray, parasitology, medical chemistry. 33d year. Write for catalog.
3516 Lucas Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Franklin School of Science & Arts

offers unusually strong, complete, and well balanced courses in Medical Technology—12 months; X-Ray Technology—6 months; Medical Secretaryship—12 months. Unsurpassed instruction and training facilities. Demand for graduates exceeds supply. Free placement. Catalog C. **251 S. 22nd St., Phila. 3, Pa.**

WILSON School

Practical and theoretical course in Medical Laboratory Technique (X-Ray, Hematology, Urinalysis, Blood Chemistry, Basal Metabolism, Cardiography, Bacteriology, Serology and Gastric Analysis.) Co-ed. Free placement. Certificate granted. **CATALOG.**
Box S, 285 HUNTINGTON AVE., BOSTON, MASS.

BURDETT COLLEGE

SPECIALIZED COURSES
Accounting, Business Administration. Secretarial, Medical Secretarial. Coeducational.
Founded 1879 *Catalogue*
156 STUART STREET BOSTON 16, MASS.

Katharine Gibbs

- **BOSTON 16** 90 Marlborough St.
- **CHICAGO 11** 720 North Michigan Ave.
- **NEW YORK 17** 230 Park Ave.
- **PROVIDENCE 6** 155 Angell St.

SECRETARIAL. Outstanding training for high school and private school graduates. Special course for college women. Resident facilities. Catalog: **Assistant Director.**

Bryant COLLEGE

ONLY COLLEGE IN NEW ENGLAND OFFERING B.S. IN TWO YEARS. 2-yr. Ex. Secretarial course combines flexible academic program with broad cultural, technical training. Academic standards of a senior college. Prepares for important, well-paid positions. Acctg., Bus. Admin., intensive 1-yr. Secretarial. Interesting social life. Dormitories on campus. Providence, N.Y., Boston placement. 84th year. Coed. Catalog.
Director of Admissions, Providence 6, R.I.

PROFESSIONAL & VOCATIONAL

FASHION AND PHOTOGRAPHIC MODELING

• A distinctive career for attractive girls •
Prepare for today's superior opportunities in modeling for photographers, department stores, exclusive shops, in fashion shows, film shorts and television.
FREE PLACEMENT SERVICE • DAY-EVE. SESSIONS
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE C ON REQUEST
BARBIZON STUDIO of MODELING
576 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 19, N. Y.

SPRING GARDEN INSTITUTE

Fashion Design, Dressmaking, Millinery. 96th Year. Send for *Catalog C.* New term begins September 23, 1946.
Broad & Spring Garden Sts., Philadelphia 23, Pa.

NORWALK HOSPITAL SCHOOL of NURSING

Accredited three-year Nursing Course for high school graduates, 18-30 years. Excellent education and clinical facilities. General hospital 270 beds. Attractive surroundings overlooking Long Island Sound. (1 hour via train from New York City.) Scholarships available for well prepared applicants. Class enters in September.
Request Booklet C Address:
Supt. of Nurses, Norwalk Hospital, Norwalk, Conn.

MEN'S SCHOOL OF NURSING

PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL prepares H. S. and college graduates, 17 to 35 yrs. old, for Registered Nurse Examination. 3-yr. course. Maintenance and allowance.
LEROY N. CRAIG, R.N.
4401 Market St., Phila. 4, Pa.

N.Y. INSTITUTE of DIETETICS

In One Year qualify as Dietitian in hotels, schools, hospitals, laboratories, institutions, etc. Day or Eve. Co-ed. Age no obstacle. Available to Veterans under G.I. Bill. Placement service. Licensed by N. Y. State. Catalog 1.
660 Madison Ave. (at 60th St.), N. Y. City. Tel. REgent 4-7400.

ELECTRICAL TRAINING

Intensive 8 months residence course in fundamentals of industrial electrical engineering, including radio, electronics. Prepares for technician, engineering aides. Approved for veteran training. 53rd year. Catalog.
Bliss Electrical School, 7680 Takoma Ave., Wash. 12, D. C.

BE A HOTEL HOSTESS

Enjoy Your Work! Fascinating positions and a sound substantial future await trained men and women in glamorous hotel field. Thousands of Lewis graduates "making good" as Hostess, Executive Housekeeper, Manager, Purchasing Agent, Social or Food Director, and in 55 other types of well-paid positions. Previous experience proved unnecessary. Grade school education plus Lewis Training qualifies you. Lewis National Placement Service Free of extra charge. One student writes: "Offered 3 positions by Lewis School, I selected one as Hostess-Assistant Manager of a famous resort." Write for Free Book, "Your Big Opportunity."
Veterans: This course approved for Veterans' Training.
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOL
Sta. HL-201, Washington 7, D. C. 30th SUCCESSFUL YEAR

(*Continued from page 207*)

"Jump the light!" I shouted.

"Jump nothing! This is Times Square!"

Seeing this would avail nothing, I looked about to see if someone was following us. I saw two policemen and the man who had helped me to the platform talking at the corner. I turned to the driver, to threaten him. At that moment the light turned green, and he shot ahead.

Sighing, I sat back and tried to compose myself. My hands were wet and dirty. My left shoulder was twisted with pain, and I wondered if it was dislocated. With a handkerchief I cleaned my hands and brushed my clothes. I combed my hair with my hands. My hat was gone—probably crushed by the wheels of the subway train.

At Fifth Avenue, we hit another red light. The driver turned. "What happened, bud?"

I replied with a ten-dollar bill, and he smirked and asked no more questions. As the taxi sped down Madison Avenue, I inspected the automatic pistol I kept in a shoulder holster. I flipped down the safety lock and put the pistol into my coat pocket. As we reached the hotel and the taxi stopped, I rushed out.

ENTERING the lobby. I walked briskly toward the elevator. A well-dressed dowager regarded me intently. The elevator boy studied me questioningly. These, I knew, were witnesses. But I didn't care. I fingered the pistol in my pocket. I only had one thing in mind. I wanted to empty the clip into Wingate's fat body.

The elevator climbed slowly and the elevator boy, a big, blond kid, kept throwing furtive glances at me.

The doors opened on the fifth floor, and I went straight to Wingate's suite. I was prepared to shoot the lock open, but I didn't have to.

The door was open, and I rushed in to find Wingate standing in the middle of the parlor, suitcases in both hands, and the deepest fear fouling his face. I kicked the door shut and pointed the automatic at him. Slowly he placed the suitcases on the carpeted floor.

I didn't stir. I only stared into his face and tried to see through the fog of fear. "You thought the train cut me in two," I said sharply.

Wingate said nothing. It was true. He must have scurried away as soon as he drove me from the platform with his walking stick. He had not seen me escape.

"Sit down," I commanded.

He sat down on a sofa and removed his hat. His gray hairs were out of place and his lips trembled. He looked like a man shaking apart.

"Get the money out."

When he started to rise, I thought better of it. "Sit down. Just throw me the keys. And be careful—or you won't have to be."

Wingate slowly reached into his right trouser pocket and removed the key ring. He held it up, and his hand trembled.

"Throw it."

He flipped it, and it fell on the floor before me. I picked it up, quickly opened the traveling bag, and removed the thick envelope. I took one quick glance at the money, and I knew I had earned it. I had almost paid for it with my life.

I asked Wingate why.

Wingate couldn't utter a word. He was a broken man. The sight of me storming into his room had broken him. His composure was gone. His eyes were wide and wild. His lips quivered nervously.

"I was the only victim you had in mind. Wasn't I?"

He nodded.

"Why?"

Wingate coughed. "You're no good."

A

Completely feminine—a large, draped picture hat of sheer black plastic net. By Marion Vallé. About $33.

where

you can buy the male-tested fashions shown on pages 12 and 13

B

White carnations trim the rippled brim of this grey, open-crowned milan cloche. By Alice May. About $25.

on sale at these stores

C

An unusual medium brimmed profile hat of bali buntal, trimmed with brown and black taffeta ribbon. By Sally Victor. About $53.

if you live in	go to	to get these hats
Baltimore, Maryland	Hutzler Brothers	A, B, C, D
Boston, Mass.	Wm. Filene's Sons Co.	A, B, C, D
Brooklyn, New York	Abraham & Straus	A, B, C, D
Chicago, Ill.	Mandel Brothers	A, B, D
Cincinnati, Ohio	The John Shillito Company	A, B, C, D
Columbus, Ohio	The F. & R. Lazarus Co.	A, B, C, D
Dayton, Ohio	The Rike-Kumler Company	A, B, C, D
Milwaukee, Wisconsin	Boston Store	A, B, C, D
Minneapolis, Minnesota	The Dayton Company	A, B, C, D
New York City	Bloomingdale's	A, B, C
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Kerr's	A, B, C
Philadelphia, Pa.	Strawbridge & Clothier	A, B
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joseph Horne Co.	A, B, C, D
St. Louis, Missouri	Stix, Baer & Fuller	A, B, C, D
Washington, D. C.	The Hecht Company	B

D

Emphasis on line—gold ribbon trims this white shantung straw hat with dramatically draped brim. By Laddie Northridge. About $45.

Cosmopolitan

GREAT WRITING MAKES GREAT READING

This was no revelation, but I knew a revelation was forthcoming. I waited for it like a man in a docket awaiting judgment.

In a moment Wingate regained his breath. He wiped his face with a silk handkerchief. Then he began to speak. "You recall Leslie Warburton?"

I heard the name, recognized it.

"What about her?"

Wingate answered me with a maddening stare.

"You're her father," I surmised.

"I'm her father," he said, his voice almost cracking.

Wingate didn't have to say any more. I remembered Leslie Warburton, and as I searched Wingate's face I seemed to see her more clearly. I remembered her laughing at me when I tried the blackmailing trick on her.

"Where is your daughter?"

"She jumped overboard from a boat off the coast of Brazil. You killed her."

I knew what Wingate meant. He knew I had sent a false report on her movements in Manhattan to Seymour Warburton, her husband. It was true. My only defense—if it is a defense—was that Claude Hatcher had instructed me to do so. I cursed Claude and cursed myself more bitterly.

Wingate continued, "Shortly afterwards, my wife died—because of my daughter's death. Finally Seymour told me about your report."

I don't know why I told him. I shouldn't have felt any pity for the man who had tried to murder me. But I told him, "It wasn't true."

Wingate nodded. "I know. She was my daughter. And I was certain it wasn't true when I heard you talking to that girl at the bar."

Aline Penton. I hadn't thought of her for long terrible minutes. I had been too close to death to think of anyone but myself.

Wingate muttered, "Shoot, Mr. Moseley. Shoot straight."

I winced at the words, and I looked at an old, sick man dying before my eyes. I knew I didn't have to shoot—even if I had wanted to shoot him. One sure glance told me he was close to death. He wanted to embrace death and lie down in darkness. He appeared very unlike the man who had pushed me from the subway platform. He looked rather like a man who was old and full of years.

Then, thinking about Leslie Warburton and the crimes I had committed against her and many like her, I knew Wingate had thrust his walking stick at the man who deservedly was the victim.

So I replaced the automatic in my pocket and left. I clutched the thick envelope and wondered what sort of hell Aline Penton would share with me.

THE Mexican sun is warm and bright and lies flat and gleaming over the long desert. The landscape we see from our windows is monotonous now after too many weary glances. As I look out across the scrubby land, I wonder where the subway trains disappear—the trains which in the night rush across the land and run over me. I'm beginning to hate the place, but I don't know where else to go. Aline is getting tired of it also. I can tell by the way she rushes the comb through her blond tresses.

THE END

Philip Wylie's "A Generation of Vipers" caused more indignation and enthusiasm than any book of social criticism in recent years. In the June Cosmopolitan he discusses "What's Wrong with American Marriages"

Hire a Veteran

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

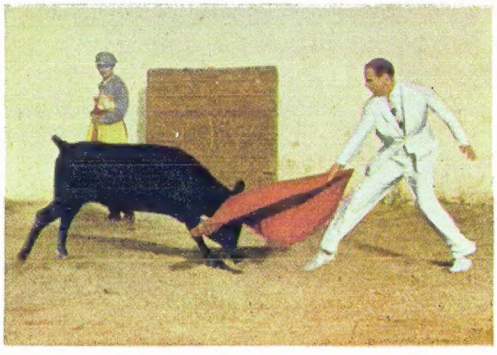
A lesson from BELMONTE

Spain's great bullfighter

Juan Belmonte

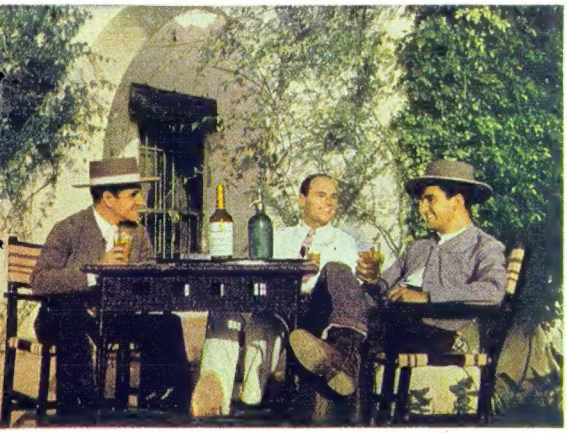
1 **"Bullfighting as an amateur** was my hobby back in Mexico City," reports Barnaby Conrad, a friend of Canadian Club Whisky. "So when in Sevilla, Spain, writing my new book, I made for the bullring with the hope of arranging a fight. It was closed, but . . . 'Senor!' the *guardia civil* at the gate said, 'here comes the great Juan Belmonte. Perhaps he can help you!' *Did* he?—no man was ever more gracious . . .

'When he learned I'd fought bulls, he invited me to his farm where he was training young bulls. Seeing him work, I appreciated he is called *El Terremoto*—The Earthquake.



3 **"Then—'Your turn!'** he shouted at me. My little bull was a scrapper—had me on my mettle pronto. Under the eye of El Terremoto and his celebrated son, Juanito, I really strutted my stuff.

4 **"Later,** as the bulls filed to pasture, Belmonte told of his ambition to visit the States. 'Soon the Pan American Clippers will be flying there,' he said. 'Then I may go.'



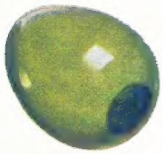
5 **"But I found** there's one great Yankee pleasure he's already acquainted with. For that afternoon in his patio I had the honor of toasting his unmatchable artistry in the unmatchable flavor of America's favorite imported whisky—*Canadian Club!*"

Even these days travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth—often from a cherished pre-war supply. And why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. You can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

IN MARTINIS...

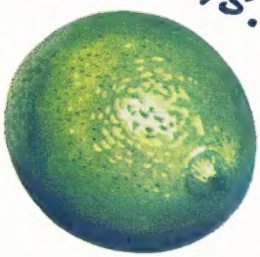


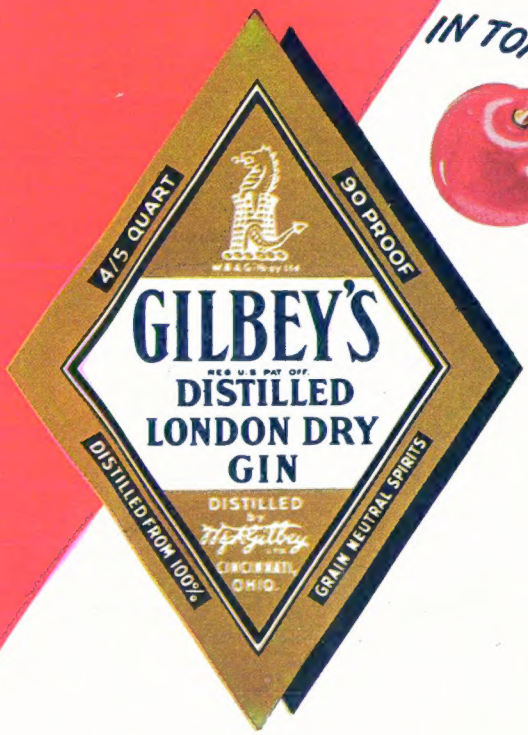
IN FIZZES...

The largest selling gin in America!

IN TOM COLLINS'

IN RICKEYS...





THE *"INTERNATIONAL GIN"* DISTILLED BY W. & A. GILBEY LTD. IN THE UNITED STATES AND IN ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA AND CANADA

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York. 90 Proof. London Dry Gin. Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.